

Will HOLLYWOOD Put SEX Into RADIO?

Radio MIRROR

SEPTEMBER

10¢

MACFADDEN
PUBLICATION

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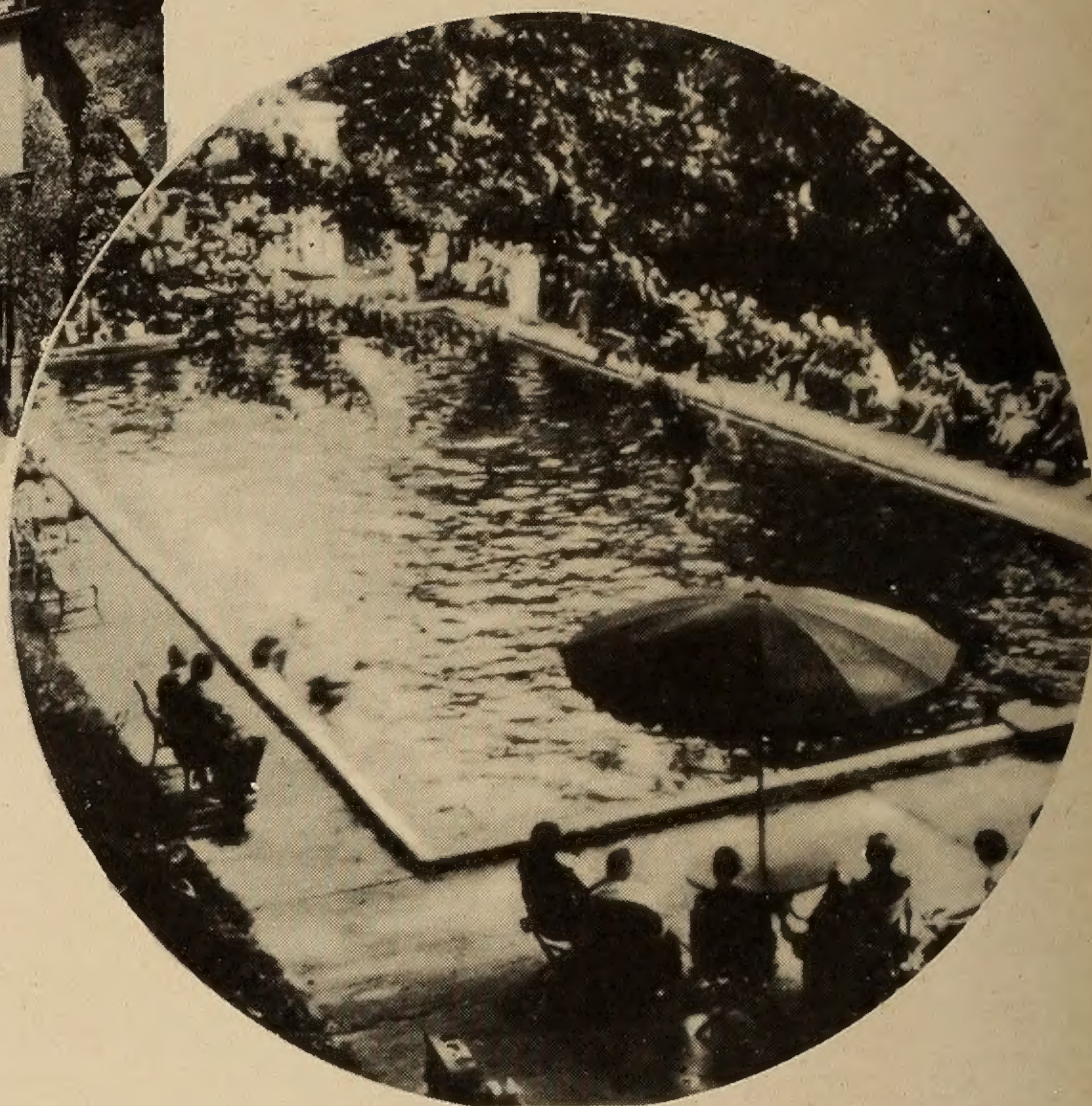
GRACIE ALLEN
by Tchetchel

The secret behind JOE PENNER'S comeback
The comic tragedy of *Gracie Allen's* real brother

PHYSICAL CULTURE RESORT



*Where
Building Health
is a
Happy Game*



If you or some member of your family has a knotty health problem, by all means investigate the Physical Culture Health Resort where hundreds of amazing recoveries have taken place. • Controlled by the Bernarr Macfadden Foundation this is the largest health center in the world where every health regimen is administered in full accordance with natural law and consequently receives the complete co-operation of Nature in whose power it is to remedy most of the weaknesses that inflict themselves upon humanity. • Located in the heart of the gorgeously beautiful Genesee country of western New York, its surroundings are ideal. Fellowship and friendliness abound. None of the depressing air of pain and misery so common at many health resorts. Here building health is a happy game. A delightful place to spend a few days or weeks in rest, recreation or health training. To sufferers from foot ailments Mr. Macfadden announces the opening of a foot clinic at Physical Culture Hotel where excellent results are being obtained. • Write for full information, moderate rate schedule and details regarding some of the almost miraculous recoveries that have taken place here.

DANIEL FROHMAN, FAMOUS THEATRICAL PRODUCER, ENTHUSIASTIC OVER PHYSICAL CULTURE HOTEL

"I have never seen a more delightful place. And it has been so highly commended by its guests who were taking the treatment there. It is the most picturesque and delightful health resort I have ever seen anywhere in this country or abroad, and I hope it will always prove a success, and make you feel happy over the splendid results you are achieving for the benefit of those who need its service." **DANIEL FROHMAN.**

PHYSICAL CULTURE HOTEL INCORPORATED

DANVILLE

NEW YORK

Note: The New Deauville Hotel, Miami Beach, Florida, opened as a pleasure resort last winter, will be ready in the early Fall to give the same health building regimens that have been so phenomenally successful in Dansville. For further information write New York Information Bureau, Room 1517, Charin Building, New York, N. Y.

WHAT ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS THINKS OF PHYSICAL CULTURE HOTEL

My dear Mr. Macfadden:—I can never thank you enough for my wonderful two weeks at Physical Culture Hotel. You have something there which doesn't exist anywhere else in the world. It is altogether remarkable. I enjoyed it and benefited greatly by it.

To show you how much I think of Dansville I am bringing my mother on from California for a three months' stay. I am so anxious that she should have the advantages of your institution, as she has been everywhere and continues to be more or less of an invalid with arthritis. I know she can be cured at Dansville. With gratitude for my wonderful experience there.

Sincerely,

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS.

SPORTS AND AMUSEMENTS

Among the many facilities for personal enjoyment available at Physical Culture Hotel are a splendid swimming pool, tennis, golf, volley ball, dancing, mass singing and horseback riding. Everything possible is done to make your visit not only a wonderful adventure in health building but one of the happiest vacations you ever spent.

-----MAIL COUPON TODAY-----

Physical Culture Hotel, Inc., Dept. WG-9
Dansville, New York.

Please send me full information including moderate rate schedule.

Name.....

Street.....

Town..... State.....

"A Social Crime!"

ROUGH COPY

"A Splendid Idea!"



SAYS
POLITE SOCIETY

**A SOCIALITE
AND A DENTIST CLASH
OVER A LAMB CHOP**



SAYS
MODERN DENTIST



(But the civilized way to build firm gums is IPANA and MASSAGE)

YOU'RE RIGHT—quite right. This is a social crime! The girl is a barbarian—a social outlaw! But before you dismiss her—before you turn the page—listen to the frank opinion of a modern dentist.

"A crime? Nonsense! I hope millions of people see this picture! It may be shocking to some people but, from my professional viewpoint, it's a perfect lesson in the proper care of the teeth and gums. If more people chewed as vigorously, there would be a lot less evidence of tender, ailing gums—of that serious dental warning—'pink tooth brush'."

Today's soft foods rob our gums of the vigorous chewing they need for sturdy health. Denied this natural work and exercise, they grow flabby, tender, sensitive! And when they signal that sensitivity, when they flash that warning "tinge of pink"—see your dentist.

"Pink tooth brush" doesn't always mean that you are in for serious trouble—but *your dentist should be the judge*. Usually it only means gums underworked and over-sensitive—gums that need exercise—gums that will quickly respond to the healthful stimulation

of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

It is very simple to rub a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth. You'll soon feel a tingle of new circulation—new life. Gums look better, feel firmer. They show a grateful response to this new stimulation. For Ipana is especially made to benefit your gums as well as clean your teeth.

Young or old—play safe. Even before you have a first warning of danger, adopt this modern *dental health* routine. You'll certainly be far safer from the really serious gum troubles.



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COMING IN THE OCTOBER ISSUE

On Sale August 26



You hear them on the air and you love their mad humor, but what would it be like to be married to such a zanie as Stoopnagle or Budd? Next month, the Colonel's bride tells you in as heart warming a story as you'll ever read. . . . And watch for the cover of Lanny Ross.

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BY TCHETCHET

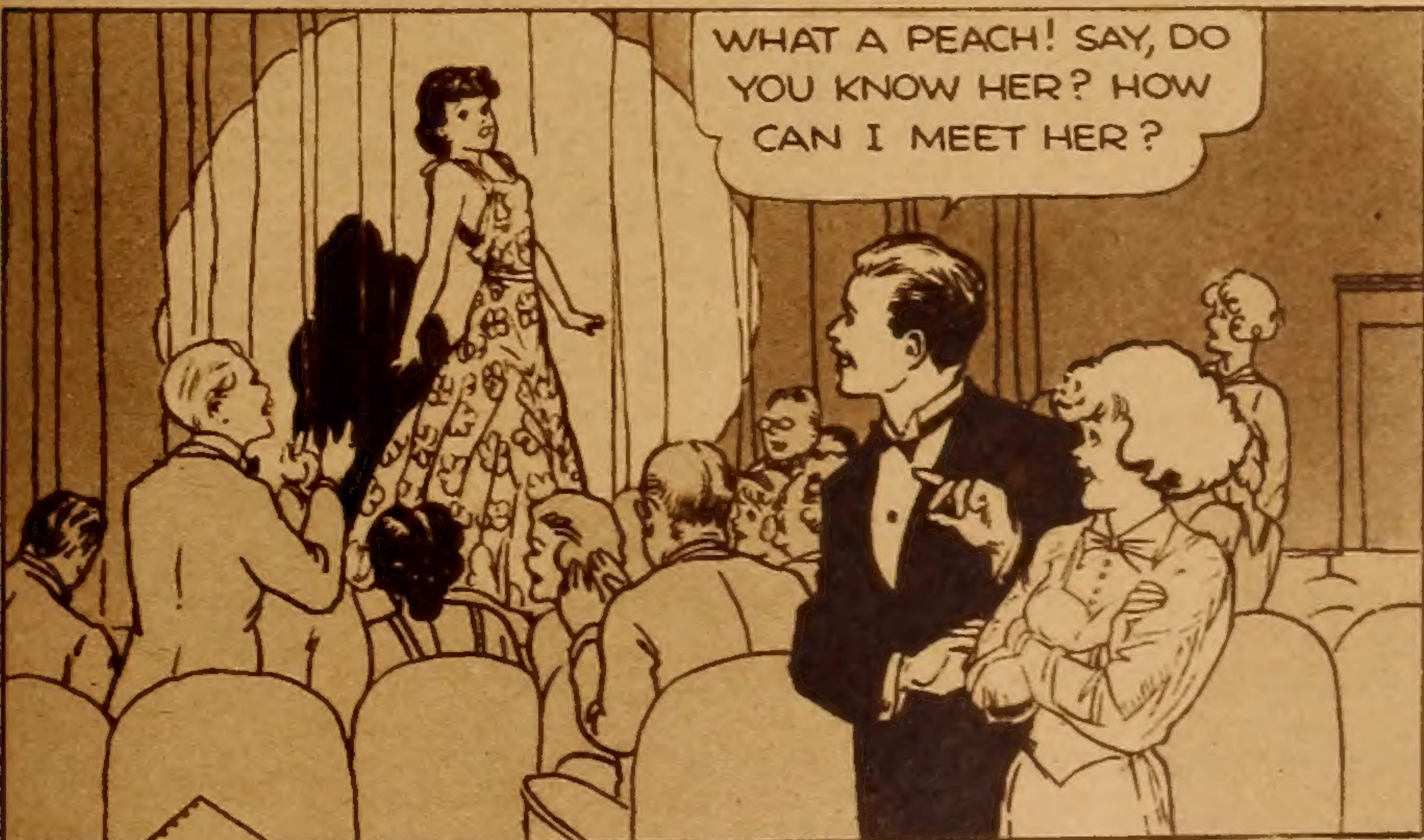
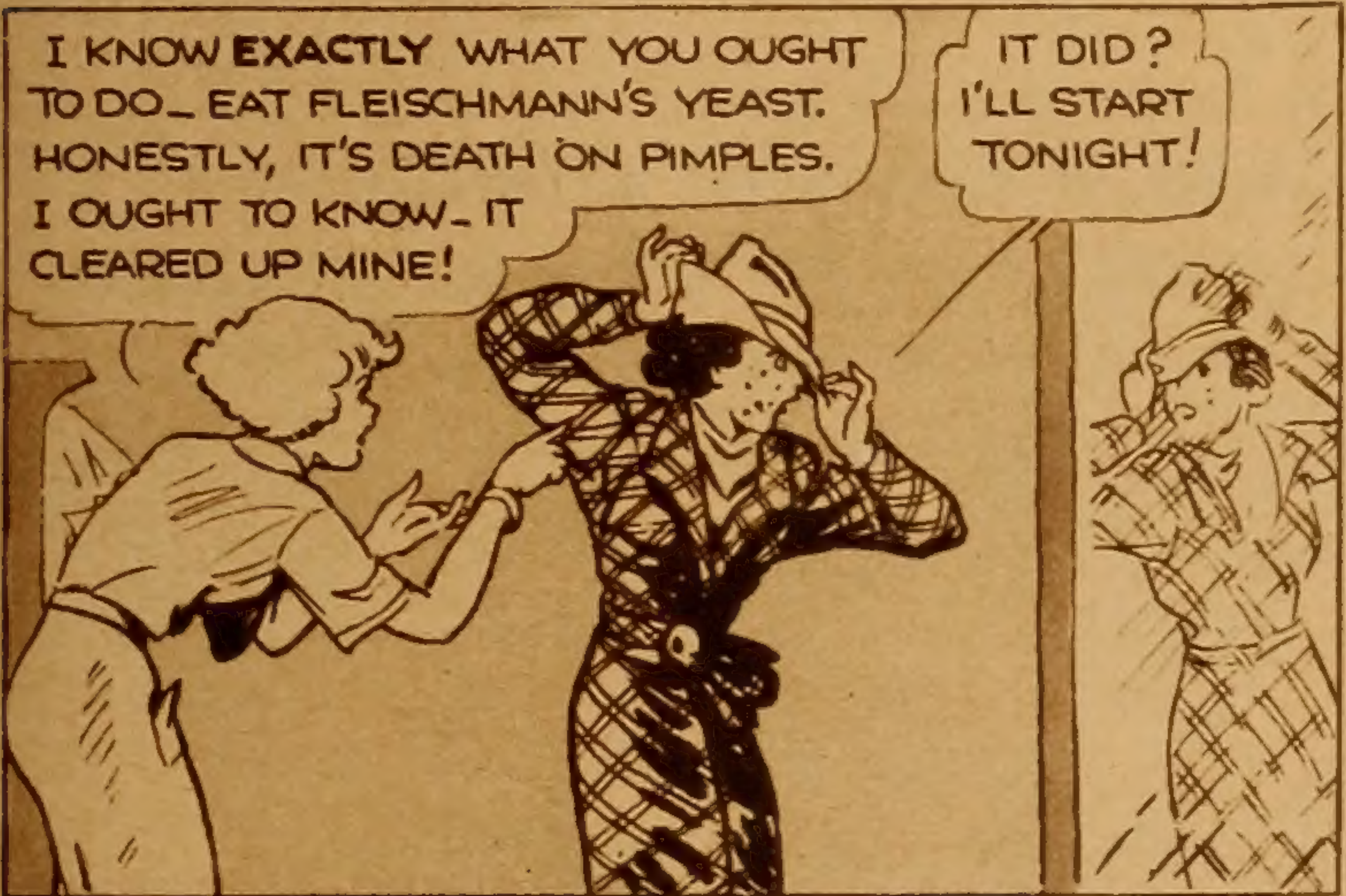
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**SHE'S GOT STYLE
ALL RIGHT—BUT
SHE'D JUST RUIN
OUR SHOW...**



READ HOW
KAY'S
PIMPLES
NEARLY
KEPT HER
OUT OF
THE
FASHION
SHOW



—clears the skin
**by clearing skin irritants
out of the blood**

Copyright, 1936, Standard Brands Incorporated

**Don't let adolescent pimples keep
YOU from being admired**

UNSIGHTLY skin blemishes are a big trial to many young people during the years that follow the beginning of adolescence—from about 13 to 25, or even longer.

Important glands develop at this time, and final growth takes place. Disturbances occur throughout the entire system. The skin, especially, gets very sensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin, and it breaks out in pimples.

But even severe cases of adolescent pimples can be corrected. Fleischmann's fresh Yeast clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then, the pimples disappear.

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast *regularly* each day, before meals. Eat it plain, or dissolved in a little water until your skin is entirely clear. Start today.

reflections in the radio mirror

by

Fred R. Sammis

IZZIE NELSON and his wife, Harriet Hilliard, have been in a darn tough spot the past few weeks. A New York columnist began a rumor that Harriet's going to have a baby and the young couple have been swamped trying to deny the report. The harder they tried to say it wasn't true, the more everyone was inclined to believe it.

I was skeptical at first, until one of RADIO MIRROR's ace writers dropped in to see them backstage at the Paramount theater where they were playing an engagement.

Well sir, from what Ozzie said at that time, I've decided that the Nelsons are really going to be parents soon.

"Harriet," Ozzie confided, "is only going to be before the public another three or four weeks. The rest of the summer she'll stay at home and won't sing with the band. And, contrary to what you may have been told, she's not going to start work on her next picture for RKO in Hollywood until late in the fall, probably some time around the middle of November."

He only grinned when the writer mentioned what a perfect arrangement that would be for Harriet if she were having a baby early in the fall.

Harriet herself acted just like the young bride she is. She smiled and blushed and was even more beautiful as the color seeped up into her cheeks. This will be the first important blessed event on radio row in a long time.

PHILOSOPHERS like to tell us that laughter is the greatest cure for men's troubles.

Humor can do lots of things. If you're a Fred Allen or a Jack Benny, for instance, it can win you a lot of fame and a nice fat weekly salary check. I found out recently from reading an obscure item in a daily paper that the business of being funny can sometimes do even more. It can, it seems, elect you to public office.

Down in Birmingham, Alabama, a few weeks ago, one of the town's biggest radio favorites, a comedian, ran for a seat in the House of Representatives. It was his first plunge in politics and he was running against an old line politician out for re-election. The radio comedian won by a comfortable majority of votes, proving that a good way to get started in the political game is to buy a Joe Miller joke book.

I THINK I'm the happy bearer of glad tidings for many of you listeners. If everything works out as planned now, the Slumber Hour will be back on the air this fall. And it will have Milton Cross, again, too, singing the *(Continued on page 75)*

THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

BY WELDON MELICK

GOLD MEDAL HOUR. Had radio existed in Biblical days, Lot's wife would have been hypnotized into a sack of flour after listening to General Mills programs five hours a week. This Gold Medal recipe for demolishing a housewife's morning consists of 15 parts Betty and Bob, an effective stimulant, 15 parts Broadway Cinderella, a new and untested ingredient, 15 parts The Reporter, spicy but non-habit forming, and 15 parts Hymns of All Churches with Joe Emerson as baritone nerve tonic. On Fridays substitute 15 parts Betty Crocker for last ingredients, 15 parts The Reporter, spicy big dose. At the end of one week you will either be Gold Medal-conscious—or unconscious.

CBS, Mon. through Fri., 10 A. M., 60 min.

RADIO CIRCUS. George can Givot, but I can't take it—not unless the Greek Ambassador of Good Will will go on an archeological expedition and dig up some new old gags. The fossilized ones he is using are worn to the bone. Joy Hodges slings blues, The Three Heat Waves "give hot" and Albert Carroll impersonates. Quite a circus, if you like tea-parties.

CBS, Mon., 11:30 P. M., 30 min. Thurs., 12 Midnight., 30 min.

WIFE SAVER. I suppose household hints are more thrilling to the ladies when they are wafted into the kitchen on a romantic male voice. Anyway, this quar-

ter hour is saved from stereotyped drabness by Allen Prescott's chatty enthusiasm for treating the clogged pores of a gas stove, care of shoulder straps, skinning tomatoes and making sticky dresser drawers behave. Verbally concocting a "Nibbler's Salad," he seems to be having more fun than in grammar-school days when he dressed up in Grandmaw's clothes and tried to crash the Sewing Circle.

NBC, Wed., Fri., 11:30 A. M., 15 min.

SUNDAY VESPERS. Streamlined religion in a Sunday program replacing the National Vespers until fall. Excellent organ music, along with Dr. Paul Scherer's ultra-modern applications of Bible stories, and discussion of religious problems in his mail.

NBC, Sun., 4 P. M., 30 min.

LARRY VINCENT. The newest air discovery to be given the keys to the CBS grand piano has an easy, pleasant mike personality. A well-rounded musician, he accompanies himself as he sings pop numbers and old favorites, including his own composition.

CBS, Mon., 2 P. M., Wed., 8:45 P. M., 15 min.

TEA TIME MELODIES. This is one summer fill-in that will cause pangs when it leaves the airplanes. There never was enough of Ramona's gifted voice and fingers on the Whiteman show, and a second helping is plenty welcome. Jack Shilkret's

orchestra and the corking rhythm of the Three Jesters are perfectly in keeping with the sparkling mood.

CBS, Sun., 5:30 P. M., 30 min.

VIVIAN DELLA CHIESA. The sweet-toned Italian soprano continues to add to her charmed following, and to her weekly schedule of joy-giving in the form of ballads and operatic numbers. She is heard at various times during the week.

NBC, Tues., 7:45 P. M., 15 min.

MUSICAL TOAST. A crunchy, tasty half-hour with Jerry Cooper and Sally Schermerhorn doing the vocal spots, the Debonairs male trio shoving out old vintage tunes like "Wait 'Til the Sun Shines, Nelly," and Ray Block's orchestra keeping score.

CBS, Tues., 7 P. M., 30 min.

THREE X SISTERS. I don't know whether XXX in this case would stand for very old, or whether they would stand for kisses. The brand in either case wouldn't distinguish them from a lot of other rhythm trios.

NBC, Fri., 6:35 P. M., 10 min.

MABELLE JENNINGS knows her way around the Washington labyrinth. Political personalities aren't the most exciting subjects for an air-column, but these comments are well-chosen and presented.

CBS, Sat., 7:15 P. M., 15 min.

ANOTHER ROMANCE HEADED FOR THE ROCKS, UNTIL...



IT'S DONE WONDERS FOR MY COMPLEXION, TOO



LIFEBOUY IS Milder AND GIVES MORE REAL VALUE THAN ANY OTHER SOAP I KNOW

YES! Lifebuoy is milder! A special ingredient in its luxurious lather is responsible for its super-gentle action. "Patch" tests on the skins of hundreds of women prove it's more than 20% milder than many so-called "beauty soaps."

And yes—again! That "special ingredient" is the same ingredient that keeps you safer from "B. O."—penetrates deep into your pores to purify, to deodorize. And it keeps you safe, cool, fresh—even in torrid weather. Start today to make Lifebuoy a habit!

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau





what's new on radio row

By JAY PETERS

SUMMER DOG DAYS FIND STUDIOS BUZZING WITH PLANS FOR FALL SHOWS

BROADWAY burns under a blistering sun and stage impresarios conduct their enterprises in the cool countryside, usurping the quarters of once contented cows. But on Radio Row the ether entrepreneurs carry on with great vigor, unmindful of the weather. For it is audition time in the studios, the period of the year when programs are being tried out for the new season, and there Old Sol functions as the Master Incubator, hatching out ideas with which to intrigue your interest this fall and winter.

Result: Mid-summer finds the corridors of the air castles athrong with aspirants eager for ethereal glory. Experts in all arenas of entertainment brush elbows with the dilettanti and the known and the unknown in almost every avenue of endeavor as they parade to the try-out chambers. It is a motley crew, for radio, catholic in its tastes and appeal, picks its talent anywhere and everywhere.

All, or nearly all, are imbued with the idea they have something big and important to contribute to radio; those not so motivated are hopeful radio has something big and important to contribute to them—having visions of those \$15,000 weekly wages they've read or heard about.

* * *

THE theory is that from study of the summer auditions the trend for the coming season may be accurately forecast. But, alas, this is not true. Or at least it hasn't been in other years and there is no reason to believe the summer of 1936 is any different. You, gentle reader, decide the trends in radio entertainment, if any, and not the sponsors or their advertising agencies or the numerous vice-presidents of the networks. Those functionaries, important as they may be to the broadcasting scheme of things, seek only to anticipate your likes and dislikes and are constitutionally shy about taking chances. They prefer to experiment with the tried and true rather than the new; which helps to explain why broadcasting has failed to develop an art form or its own talent. But you never can tell what may emerge from a session of the audition board; perhaps right this minute there is being born a genuine novelty which will lay all radioland by the ears a few weeks hence.

* * *

HOLLYWOOD looms large on the radio horizon for the coming season. More and bigger and better programs than ever will originate in

the cinema capital but that doesn't mean the dimming of the lustre of New York as the radio metropolis by so much as a feeble flicker. Indeed, another Radio City is projected for Manhattan, this time by the Columbia Broadcasting System which has acquired for that purpose a vast site in the Park Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street area. There will be reared another structure to rival in magnificence and appointments the first Radio City built by the Rockefellers for the National Broadcasting Company. And elaborate as may be the new studios of NBC and CBS in California they are mere bungalows compared with the two Radio City developments.

Meanwhile Hollywood is feeding to the nation eight full hour shows and a dozen shorter programs of importance, a most impressive showing; and other sponsors who prefer film talent and the glamorous background of movieland against which to project their entertainments are plotting to originate from there. Even Amos 'n' Andy succumbed to the allure of the Sunkist State after their winter sojourn in Palm Springs, but they are returning to Chicago in September. The latest of the elaborate type of variety show to migrate there is the Camel Caravan outfit with the popular author, Rupert Hughes, presiding over guest artists as m. c., and two orchestras, mind you, under the batons of Nat Shilkret and Benny Goodman.

* * *

PRESS TIME FLASHES

Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh, returning in September from his exile abroad, is expected to make his debut as a broadcaster in the interest of an air transportation company. . . . He has been offered a 13-week contract at \$15,000 per week, which is the largest salary for any individual in radio history. . . . Eddie Cantor will collect a like amount from his new sponsor but has to reimburse his stooges and other talent on the program from that sum.

Ed Wynn, finishing soon his radio contract, contemplates return to the legitimate stage in a revue fashioned for and by himself. . . . John Boles flirts with a sponsor and may be listed among the flicker favorites to ride the kilocycles this fall. . . . When Joe Penner makes his studio comeback October 4th he will sing to the music of Bob Crosby's band and tell gags concocted by Harry Conn, late fun-fabricator for Jack Benny.

Walter Cassel, the baritone, signs a contract with 20th Century-Fox . . .



Wide World

Top, Lily Pons, busy denying rumors of a marriage with Andre Kostelanetz, was named in a suit recently filed against him. Above, Helen Hayes, who will return to the air this fall, receives an award for acting from Daniel Frohman.



Wide World

Beatrice Hagen is Radio's Baby Star of 1936. She was chosen in a talent hunt by Southern California radio editors.

And Leah Ray, warbler with Phil Harris, reports for work to the same studio . . . While Kate Smith, taking her first vacation in six years, sails away on a chartered yacht to Alaska . . . And Fred Astaire rests in Europe before resuming movie-making in Hollywood and broadcasting for the (Continued on page 56)

Frances Langford, shown here with Igor Gorin, may abandon Hollywood Hotel before long, according to radio gossip.



FAMILY DOCTORS KNOW THAT VERY OFTEN...

"INCOMPATIBLE"

MEANS-
IGNORANCE
OF CORRECT
FEMININE
HYGIENE



For years, countless women have depended on "Lysol" as a means of antiseptic feminine hygiene . . . Doctors, clinics, nurses, know "Lysol" as a dependable germicide

IF YOUNG wives would only turn a deaf ear to "bridge table advice" which is usually more *friendly* than *informed*—and talk to reputable authorities, they would have the advantage of facts and knowledge . . . They would know that the "Lysol" method of antiseptic feminine hygiene is one recommended by many leading experts.

It is important to follow a method of feminine hygiene which you can use with confidence. "Lysol" has earned the confidence of countless women . . . probably no other preparation is so widely used for this purpose.

"Lysol" disinfectant is a dependable germicide. It is used by doctors, hospitals, clinics and nurses, the world over, because of its reliable, concentrated germ-killing power. "Lysol" has 6 qualities that make it valuable for feminine hygiene:—

The 6 Special Features of "Lysol"

1. NON-CAUSTIC... "Lysol" in the proper dilutions is gentle and reliable. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.
2. EFFECTIVENESS... "Lysol" is a *true germicide*, active under practical conditions . . . in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.). Some other preparations don't work under these conditions.
3. PENETRATION... "Lysol" solutions spread because of their low surface tension, and thus virtually *search out* germs.
4. ECONOMY... "Lysol", because it is concentrated, costs less than one cent an application in the proper solution for feminine hygiene.
5. ODOR... The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears *immediately* after use.
6. STABILITY... "Lysol" keeps its *full* strength, no matter how long it is kept, no matter how often it is uncorked.

New! Lysol Hygienic Soap for bath, hands and complexion. Cleansing and deodorant.

FACTS ALL WOMEN SHOULD KNOW

Lehn & Fink Products Corp., Dept. RM 9
Bloomfield, N. J.

Please send me the book called "LYSOL vs. GERMS", with facts about feminine hygiene and other uses of "Lysol".

Name

Street

City State

© 1936, Lehn & Fink Products Corp.



EAST-TO-EAST HIGHLIGHTS

Salt Lake City: The roaring in the loudspeakers that came from the speedsters in the Indianapolis 500 mile race has long since faded, but the Intermountain district listeners still have that thrilling sound coming into their parlors.

KSL is putting on a series of special broadcasts from the famous Bonneville Salt Flats, 120 miles west of Salt Lake City, where last year, Sir Malcolm Campbell drove his Bluebird at 301 miles an hour.

The broadcasts are not simple problems of ordinary remote broadcasting, either. They are sent to KSL through the short wave transmitter KNEF, and engineers find difficulty in maintaining the transmission because of the intense heat generated by the glaring expanse of white salt.

KSL, incidentally, is staying on the air from 6:30 a. m. each Saturday to 1:00 a. m. the following Monday.

* * *

Knoxville: For people who have insomnia all week instead of just over the weekends, WNOX outdoes KSL by going on a twenty-four hour a day schedule. To make it possible, the regular staff employees, who formerly did no broadcasting at all, now have to double with the regular announcers and artists in the continuous operation. All this started when the station moved to its new location in a five-story building which contains an auditorium studio seating 800 and two more studios on the sidewalk level.

Hollywood: Pacific Coast studio visitors are going to have two nice theater radio studios from which to watch programs when the Columbia Broadcasting System takes over station KNX. It is reported that \$400,000 will be spent in their construction.

* * *

Chicago: Another Columbia move for accommodation of visitors to programs is being made here. Station WBBM will have a 500-capacity auditorium in the Wrigley Building. The station and CBS are spending \$160,000 on the project to accommodate their guests.

* * *

San Francisco: Walter Paterson, who plays Captain Nicholas Lacey, Claudia's husband in *One Man's Family*, is going to be a husband off the air as well as on. The bride will be Miss Helen Clifford.

Miss Clifford is the daughter of Mrs. E. W. Fanning of San Francisco and of Howard Clifford, noted mining man, whose interests are centered around the Idaho-Maryland

HERE'S WHERE YOU'LL FIND NEWS OF ALL YOUR LOCAL FAVORITES



Above, portable shortwave station KNEF, set up by KSL for speed racing on salt flats 120 miles from Salt Lake. Right, Julie Dillon of the Western NBC studios gives up her beach chair to Mr. Spangles, her English setter. Note that rubber bathing suit.





Romaine

Bob McAndrews is the first of the NBC junior announcers in San Francisco to get on the regular staff.

Mine at Grass Valley.

Paterson came to the United States from England seven years ago with his father, who is an American citizen. He had studied law in England and had intended to become a lawyer here, but the microphone got him before the bar did. Carlton Morse, author of *One Man's Family*, selected him because of his English accent.

Miss Clifford has heard every episode of the series since they went on the air. It must have been the voice.

* * *

COMPASS MERRY GO ROUND

Cleveland: Duke Lidyard, who went to New York to work in the CBS studios there, has returned to WHK as announcer . . . **Soap Creek Corners, Iowa:** Residents of this hamlet are proud of the fact that the Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday shows on the Affiliated network, use their village for the locale of the dramatic sketches . . .

Bridgeport, Conn.: The voice of Fannie Pious, who plays in *Friendly Folks* on WICC, is getting to be as famous in this area as that of her sister, Minerva. Minerva plays in those Town Hall Tonight sketches.

* * *

New York: That new vocalist you hear over the Mutual Broadcasting System with Dick Messner's orchestra, is the beautiful brunette, Gail Reese. She replaces Kea Rea, who has gone into pictures . . . **Philadelphia:** LeRoy Miller, formerly of WCAB, Allentown, has joined the (Continued on page 82)

Let's see what the doctor says about laxatives



YOUR doctor has spent a great part of his life studying and healing human ills. As sympathetic as he is with his patients, he is strictly a scientist in his attitude towards health. He has, for instance, certain definite standards which he demands of a laxative before giving it his approval. These requirements are listed below. Please read them carefully.

THE DOCTOR'S TEST OF A GOOD LAXATIVE

It should be dependable.
It should be mild and gentle.
It should be thorough.
Its merit should be proven by the test of time.
It should *not* form a habit.
It should *not* over-act.
It should *not* cause stomach pains.
It should *not* nauseate or upset digestion.

EX-LAX MEETS THIS TEST AT EVERY POINT

Next time you need a laxative remember this: Ex-Lax fulfills the doctor's requirements at *every* point. Doctors everywhere use Ex-Lax in their own families. Mothers have given it to their children with per-

fect trust for over 30 years. Since Ex-Lax was first introduced, it has steadily risen in public confidence. Today more people use Ex-Lax than any other laxative in the whole world.

PROVE THE DOCTOR'S POINTS YOURSELF

Try Ex-Lax. See how mild and gentle it is—how thorough. Find out for yourself how easy it works. No upset stomach. No pain. No nausea. Ex-Lax is intended only to help Nature—and to do it without shock or violence. And as important as all these advantages are to you, remember that they are *doubly* important to your children.

A PLEASURE TO TAKE

If you have been taking nasty, druggy-tasting laxatives, you'll be delighted to find how pleasant Ex-Lax is. For Ex-Lax tastes just like delicious chocolate. Children actually *enjoy* taking it. And it is just as good for them as it is for adults.

At all drug stores in 10c and 25c sizes. Or if you'd like to try Ex-Lax at our expense, mail the coupon.

**When Nature forgets—
remember**

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

-----TRY EX-LAX AT OUR EXPENSE!-----
(Paste this on a penny postcard)

Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170 F-96
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
I want to try Ex-Lax. Please send free sample.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Age.....

(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., Montreal)

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SAY?

AND so they returned to the air-waves!

Yes, just because you and you and you squawked when your favorite serial, *Girl Alone*, abruptly came to an end, the National Broadcasting Company heeded your cries and reinstated this popular show on a coast-to-coast network. So you see, your letters do help. And what's more, *RADIO MIRROR* pays you money, in prizes—\$20.00 for the best letter, \$10.00 for the second best and \$1.00 each for the next five selected. Mail your criticism to the Editor, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City, by August 24.

\$20.00 PRIZE

GOOD COMPANY!

My radio has resolved itself into a true and loyal friend, always on hand to give assistance where needed and saving me from worry.

I am an office woman, with a young son who gets home from school several hours before I return from work. He likes the radio so well that he goes straight home from school and turns on the programs he likes, which keep him interested, safe and sound; and each day during the long cold winter when I have reached home I have found him in a big chair drawn up close to the radio, engrossed and contented.

He is becoming familiar with good music, gets up in the morning to exercise with the early risers' program, and I know receives many a message over the air in the way of beneficial advice which he heeds more than if delivered by "Mom."

On the whole, the radio is a life-saver for me, teaching my boy much good in various ways, keeping him off the streets—and in good company!

MRS. H. G. DONALDSON,
Grand Junction, Colo.

\$10.00 PRIZE

HERE'S THAT PHILCO COMMENTATOR AGAIN

No doubt sponsors, like everything else, could be classified as the good and the bad. And when we come to an especially good sponsor I think he deserves a distinct pat on the back.

Certainly Philco Radio de-

IF YOUR LETTER'S A

CHEER OR A CATCALL

IT CAN WIN A PRIZE

serves this honorary tribute for the unprecedented manner in which Boake Carter is permitted absolute freedom in expressing his views on the news of the day.

He analyzes the news as he sees it and, right or wrong, says what he thinks. And whether I agree with him or not on some particular subject, his program remains one of the most interesting on the air.

This would not be so if he were restrained by the censorship of some less broadminded sponsor. Philco deserves a place at the head of the list of "honorable mention" among sponsors.

STANFORD COX,
Galax, Va.

\$1.00 PRIZE

SCRIPT WRITERS, ATTENTION!

Why do the authors of the scripts for those continued radio programs keep the characters always in trouble? I think the radio audience would enjoy it if they let things run along smoothly for awhile. Perhaps they think suspense is the spice of the program—but too much spice causes indigestion.

N. M. BROYLES,
Colorado Springs, Colo.

\$1.00 PRIZE

SHOULD CLASSICAL SINGERS SING POPULAR SONGS?

Here's a complaint against the worshipers of popular music. Why, oh why do they demand classical singers to sing those loud songs. Can't they stick to their popular singers and request them to sing them? They know how.

There are quite a few classical and operatic singers who complain against this. But the sponsors rule over them and so in order to please their public they sing them. They prefer the Brahms and Schubert love songs, which they know how to sing.

Why, anyone can say without objections that jazz music rules the radio. It's practically always played on all kinds of programs.

So why do they request popular songs from classical singers? Why?

JO ANN BOCKNO, Holyoke, Mass.

\$1.00 PRIZE

"I HEARD YOU THE FIRST TIME"
I don't want (Continued on page 83)

NBC-Chicago announcers were at a loss for words when Helen Stevens Fisher of the *National Farm and Home Hour* took these precautions.



Behind Closed Doors

MAJOR BOWES' change of sponsors, which was announced early in June, was a closely guarded secret until all details were arranged. No doubt you've read that in September he will pack up his amateurs and go to work in the interests of Chrysler Motors instead of Chase & Sanborn coffee.

All negotiations were carried on between the Major and Walter P. Chrysler, president of the motor concern. They've been personal friends for years, and by working together they were able to keep the news from every columnist in town until the Major announced it at a cocktail party in his office suite in the Capitol Theater building. Although it was known a change of sponsors was in the wind, nobody knew whose the new bankroll would be.

Lots of uninvited guests crash the gates at New York cocktail parties, and the Major's was no exception, but if you hadn't been invited you didn't get one of the mimeographed announcements of the sponsor change. All you got was something to eat and drink.

This particular party was a special occasion, obviously. Always before, Major Bowes' parties have followed a fixed rule. Bar in one room, complete with formally dressed waiter. Buffet supper in the next, consisting of two turkeys, one ham, one large tray of baked beans, cole slaw salad, and other delicacies too numerous to mention. It has never been wise to make a dinner date for after a Bowes party.

But here's the reason it was a special occasion. Besides all the above-mentioned articles of food and drink, there was champagne. I've been to three other Bowes parties, and he never had champagne before.

There's really no reason the Major shouldn't celebrate. His salary with Chrysler will undoubtedly be larger than what he is receiving now from Chase & Sanborn. You hear all sorts of figures, from \$15,000 to \$25,000 a week, but even playing safe and taking the lower figure for the truth, gives you that awed feeling. Particularly when you realize that the traveling amateur units are all paying propositions too.

SPEAKING of incomes, Ken Murray told me a funny thing one day. Perhaps you've read his daily syndicated humorous column in your local paper. Well, that column is much more than a sideline with Ken—it's a very important part of his weekly income. It has been syndicated now for about two years, and recently it has begun adding new newspapers to its list at a rapid rate. At a toll per newspaper of ten or fifteen dollars, (not all of which comes to Ken, however), it all mounts up to a steady, comfortable sum. In fact, Ken told me he expects in the long run to make more out of that little column than he has made in all his years of vaudeville and radio work.

JUNE 30th, one of radio's most popular half hours drew to a close. The Eno Crime Clues program is now broadcasting history, but before the curtain was rung down, the sponsors sent out an interesting bulletin which—if other sponsors take heed—can be a forward step in the method of handling contests. If you were a Crime Clues fan, you know that a contest has been running for a first prize of \$100 a month for life. Thousands have sent in their entries. The announcement the bulletin made was that every contestant will be informed by letter the name of the person who wins this first prize. Thus all hard feelings on the part of losers will be avoided.

QUICKLY CORRECT THESE 4 FIGURE FAULTS

Perfolastic not only **CONFINES** it **REMOVES** ugly bulges!



If YOU Do Not **REDUCE** Your Waist and Hips
3 INCHES in 10 DAYS with the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE
... it will cost you nothing!

Thousands of women owe their slim, youthful figures to Perfolastic—the sure, safe way to reduce! Since so many Perfolastic wearers reduce *more* than 3 inches in 10 days, we know that we are justified in making YOU this amazing offer. You risk nothing... simply try it for 10 days at our expense.

YOU APPEAR SMALLER AT ONCE!

Look at yourself before you put on your Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere—and afterwards! The difference is amazing. Bulges are smoothed out and you appear inches smaller at once. You are so comfortable, yet every minute you wear these Perfolastic garments you are actually reducing... and at hips, thighs, waist and diaphragm—the spots where surplus fat first settles.

NO DIET... DRUGS... OR EXERCISES!

No strenuous exercises to wear you out... no dangerous drugs to take... and no diet to reduce face and neck to wrinkled flabbiness. You do nothing whatever except watch the inches disappear!

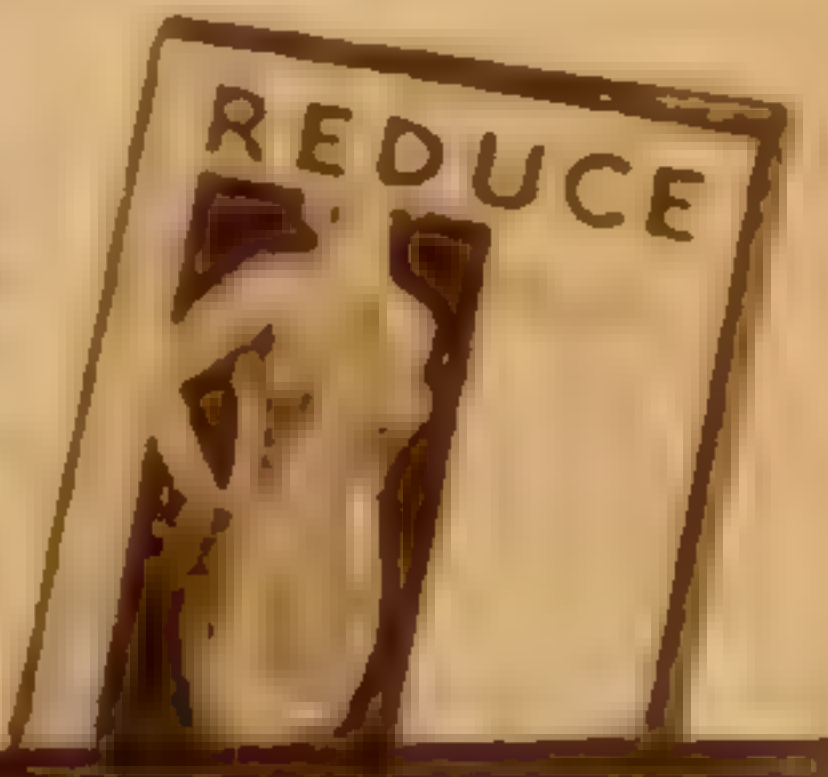
MASSAGE-LIKE ACTION DOES IT!

Every move you make puts your Perfolastic to work taking off unwanted inches. The perforations and soft, silky lining make these Perfolastic garments delightful to wear.

"Reduced my hips 9 inches", writes Miss Healy; "Hips 12 inches smaller", says Miss Richardson; "Lost 60 pounds with Perfolastic", writes Mrs. Derr; "Formerly wore a size 42, now I take an 18. I eat everything", writes Mrs. Faust, etc., etc. Why don't you, too, test Perfolastic?

SEND TODAY FOR 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER AND SAMPLE OF MATERIAL!

See for yourself the wonderful quality of the material! Read the astonishing experiences of prominent women who have reduced many inches in a few weeks! You risk nothing... we want you to make this test yourself at our expense... Mail the coupon NOW!



PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

Dept. 289, 41 E. 42nd ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Diaphragm Reducing Brassiere, also sample of perforated material and particulars of your


10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card



Emily Lane's the vocalist for the Eddy Duchin band now. A Southern songbird, right out of Virginia.

THE smiles that the maestros flash this season are not being put on for display—they're real. And the reason is that the band business has been better this summer than for many years past. They're dancing under the stars on the roofs of hotels, by the water's edge at the sea shore, under a big moon at mountain resorts, and the majority of places are reporting unprecedented attendance. Why shouldn't the maestros be happy?

It's also the open season for road tours and most of the leaders you know are making long jumps from one section of the country to the other to fulfil engagements. They travel by train, plane, bus and auto, ninety per cent of them making use of their own cars. Rudy Vallee goes de luxe by train with two private cars and a baggage car to carry the instruments. Paul Whiteman, having overcome his aversion to high altitudes, travels by plane, as do some of the other boys in the band. Wayne King has two planes of his own. Mal Hallett owns a bus which he uses on the road to transport the band with a separate truck for the instruments. Jack Little has a fleet of Ford cars.

* * *

THE boys in Ozzie Nelson's band will add 10,000 miles to their speedometers this summer, since they drive their own cars. Their method of migration is typical of most bands. After finishing with an engagement at two or three in the morning, they consult road maps and plan their route to the next stop, hop in their cars and drive the rest of the night until they reach their destination. And how they drive. Ozzie and Harriet in their Cadillac average a good 80 while the rest of the boys hit it off at around 75. The wonder is that they do not wrap themselves around telephone poles, but last summer they came through without a scratched fender. Their longest jump was from Columbus, Ohio to Hamilton, Ontario, which is a distance of 450 miles. They took off at three-thirty at night and arrived at two the following afternoon, just in time for a round of golf.

facing the music

HOT WEATHER'S BROUGHT SMILES

TO THE MAESTROS' FACES WITH

SUMMER BAND BUSINESS BOOMING



Jimmie Brierly, CBS's young tenor, who has been assigned lots of work on sustaining programs this summer.

BY KEN ALDEN

When do they sleep? Nobody knows. Oh yes, Ozzie ran out of gas somewhere in the wilds on this trip and had to flag the others and take some out of each tank, enough to get him to the next gas station. It's a great life.

* * *

ONE of the biggest hits of all time and one which had more law suits than any other was "Dardanella." Recall it with that tricky bass? Its composer, Johnny Black, died June 9 as a result of injuries received in a brawl at his own Dardanella Club in Hamilton, Ohio. Johnny pocketed a good \$50,000 in royalties from this song with plenty of litigation. Probably the best known court battle over "Dardanella" was that which the publishers brought against Jerome Kern ("Old Man River," "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes," etc.). Kern wrote a piece using the same bass which he claimed had been used any number of times before. But he lost the case, the judge deciding that the bass in "Dardanella" had never been so used before in a popular song. Many funny incidents characterized this hearing. Victor Herbert was brought on the stand and asked to define a melody. He had written as many good melodies as any other man but, for the life of him, he could not define one, and had to demonstrate by singing.

(Continued on page 69)

Flatters your Skin in glaring sun!

NEW GLARE-PROOF POWDER SHADES

The full glare of the summer sun throws a hard light on your skin.

New "Sunlight" shades catch only the sun's softest rays—flatter you!



POND'S "SUNLIGHT"

Shades soften the

hard glare of the sun on your face

OUT in the pitiless glare of the sun, skin faults are magnified. Color flattens out. Now Pond's new "glare-proof" powder shades change all that! Scientifically blended to catch only the softer rays of the sun, they soften its glare on your skin . . . Make it flattering! Away from the dark, deadening "sun-tan" powders—Pond's "Sunlight" shades give a rich, glowing look to your tan. Lovely with no tan!

MONEY-BACK TRIAL—Try Pond's Sunlight shade (Light or Dark). If you do not find it more flattering than ordinary sun-tan shades, send us back the box and we will refund purchase price plus postage. Pond's, Clinton, Conn.

2 Sunlight Shades—Light, Dark. Low Prices— Glass jars, 35¢, 70¢. New big boxes, 10¢, 20¢.



Copyright, 1936, Pond's Extract Company

"If you want the truth—

—go to a child." And the old saying is certainly true, isn't it?

Here was the case of a young woman who, in spite of her personal charm and beauty, never seemed to hold men friends.

For a long, long time she searched her mind for the reason. It was a tragic puzzle in her life.

Then one day her little niece told her.

* * *

You, yourself, rarely know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That's the insidious thing about it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant. It puts you on the safe and polite side.

Listerine halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. The entire mouth feels invigorated.

Get in the habit of using Listerine every morning and night. And between times before social and business engagements. It's the fastidious thing to do. *Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.*





YOU CAN MAKE YOUR SUMMER MENUS BRIGHTER BY USING JELLIED RECIPES

This month Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit give you their pet recipes. Below, an appetizing carrot and cabbage salad. See pg. 52 for their program.

Photo made exclusively for Radio Market by Walter Searl



Keep Cool with GELATIN DISHES

By MRS. MARGARET SIMPSON

IF there is anything in this reincarnation idea, I'm going to put in my bid right now to be a radio star for my next appearance on earth. Of all people, it seems to me, they have worked out the ideal balance between working hours and their preferred manner of living.

At the head of the list of those who lead an ideal existence are Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit, stars of the Gulf summer Sunday show, pinch hitting for Phil Baker.

"It's a perfect arrangement for us," Frank said. "Three days in New York, the rest of the time at home." Home being, in the case of the lucky Crumits, their charming country place at Longmeadow, Massachusetts. "When I remember the weeks on end we used to spend, either in New York or on tour, with only occasional and very short country vacations, it seems too good to be true."

"You see," Julia explained, "theater work does somehow build up in you a longing to get away from it sometimes, but it also heightens your nostalgia for New York when you're away from it for too long at a time, and at present we have both New York and the country, in just the proportions we like."

"There's another reason for this arrangement being just up our alley," Frank took up the story, "and that's food. We long ago learned the importance, for our voices, of light meals, but too often light meals mean tasteless and unsatisfying ones—and that's tough for people who like food as much as we do. But now—well, even if we're rushed for time in New York and have to snatch a drugstore lunch counter sandwich, we know that we'll make up for it at home."

"Frank's right," Julia chimed in with that infectious laugh of hers. "At home we go to town with all sorts of salads and fruits, some plain and some made with gelatin, and with jellied soups and entrees."

I was all ears at that, for the importance of gelatin in summer menus has long been a pet idea of mine, just as it will be yours, too, when you try some of these delicious recipes that Julia and Frank suggested. There's jellied black bean soup, for instance, Frank's favorite and, really, his own invention, for as he explains, "I like black bean soup, but it seemed too husky for a summer dish, then I thought it would be swell made with gelatin—and it was."

JELLIED BLACK BEAN SOUP

½ lb. black beans	½ cup minced onion
1 tablespoon salt	½ cup minced parsley

Soak beans over night. The following morning, drain, cover with fresh cold water and boil for twenty minutes, skimming off scum as it arises. Drain again, and return to cooking pot with fresh boiling water, salt, onion and parsley, and simmer until beans are tender (about four hours) adding more water as it cooks away. Run beans through sieve or ricer, and add sufficient water to give the desired puree consistency. Soak one tablespoon gelatin in one-quarter cup cold water for five minutes, add three quarters cup hot water and when gelatin is dissolved combine with two cups of the black (Continued on page 88)



welcome *to* radio

He's been a guest star before, but this fall Fred Astaire will have his own show for Packard

BRIDESMAIDS AT 2 SMART LONG ISLAND WEDDINGS

Chose these new "Smoky" nail shades



Robin Red Be divine in pink with Cutex Robin Red nails

Rust Or glorious in green with Cutex Rust nails

IF there's one place where a color scheme is thought out as carefully as a symphony—it's at a wedding. So it's extra significant that bridesmaids at two recent Long Island weddings chose the new Cutex Robin Red and Rust!

Cutex Robin Red is a new smoky red that really does go with everything. Even girls who are afraid of deep reds will like it. It's just enough accent for pale colors, not too gay with white, and goes wonderfully with deep, rich browns and greens.

Cutex Rust is a grand new color. A subtle, smoky Sun-Tan shade, it's fascinating with brown, green, gray, yellow—and never looks garish on sun-tanned hands!

If you're conservative, you can still be beautiful. *Cutex Rose* is divine with all pastels, and gets along beautifully with all the bright, "difficult" colors so popular in the summer.

These three shades will give every dress you own that up-to-the-minute look!

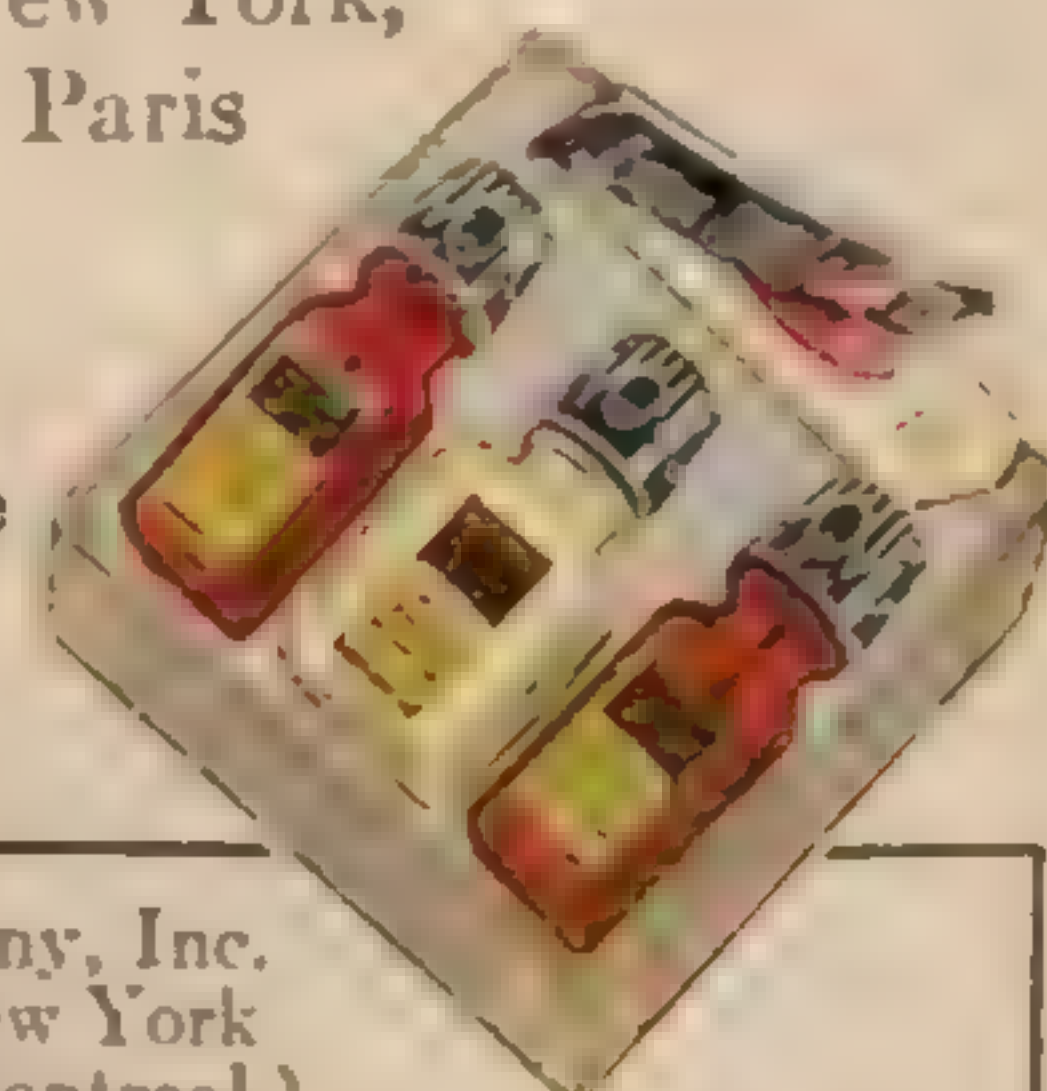
And don't forget, the new Cutex formula is a stronger, finer lacquer that resists fading in the sun and holds its true color for days. It's more economical, too, because it doesn't thicken... it's usable

right down to the last drop in the bottle!

All 9 lovely Cutex shades are correct—created by the World's Manicure Authority. They go on smoothly, stay on, never crack or peel. At your favorite shop—35¢. Cutex Lipstick to harmonize—50¢. NORTHAM WARREN, New York, Montreal, London, Paris



Your 2 favorite shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, Polish Remover and sample of Lipstick for 14¢



Northam Warren Sales Company, Inc. Dept. 6B9, 191 Hudson St., New York (In Canada, P. O. Box 2320, Montreal.)

I enclose 14¢ for 2 shades of Cutex Polish, as checked, and Polish Remover. Robin Red ☐ Rust ☐ Rose ☐ Ruby ☐ (Also sample of Cutex Lipstick will be included)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Preferences

OF MRS. WILLIAM I. HOLLINGSWORTH, JR.
OF DEL MONTE AND PALM SPRINGS

MRS. WILLIAM I. HOLLINGSWORTH, JR.—popular Californian who adds a vivid note to the social life of Washington, New York, London. She was educated abroad, and made her *début* when presented at the Court of St. James.



"OUR GUESTS KNOW FINE TOBACCOS AS WELL AS FINE FOODS AND PROPER SERVICE"

*In Victor Hugo's Charming Garden Room, Camels Are
"The Outstanding Favorite!"*

Victor Hugo's is Paris in Los Angeles! Here Hugo himself, managing owner, personally welcomes the world of society and of Hollywood to the delights of good eating and good digestion. When diners pause to smoke their Camels, Hugo himself gives the nod of approval. "Our guests know fine tobaccos as well as fine foods and proper service," he

says. "They have made Camels the outstanding favorite here." Camels help to give one that delightful sense of having dined well. Try Camels. Enjoy their delicate fragrance and mellow taste. Camels open up a new world of pleasure, where mildness and rare flavor reign supreme. They set you right—and never get on your nerves!

...the swimming at Pebble Beach...Los Angeles for late parties...tailored clothes...*swing* music...Santa Anita for the races...the contemporary American themes in painting...lapis lazuli...Parma violets...dining at Victor Hugo's—a Camel between the entrée and the salad...*coupé au marrons*...Camels again...and to top off—amusing savouries, in the English manner. "How *natural* it is to smoke Camels between courses and after dining," says MRS. HOLLINGSWORTH. "They are so delicate in flavor, so delightfully mild. Camels stimulate my taste, really aid digestion."

*Among the many
distinguished women of society who
appreciate Camel's costlier tobaccos:*

MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, *Philadelphia*
MISS MARY BYRD, *Richmond*
MRS. POWELL CABOT, *Boston*
MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., *New York*
MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE, II, *Boston*
MRS. ERNEST DU PONT, JR., *Wilmington*
MRS. CHISWELL DABNEY LANGHORNE, *Virginia*
MRS. JASPER MORGAN, *New York*
MRS. LANGDON POST, *New York*
MISS LUCY SAUNDERS, *New York*
MRS. BROOKFIELD VAN RENSSELAER, *New York*
MISS ROSE WINSLOW, *New York*

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COSTLIER TOBACCOS!

CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS... *TURKISH AND DOMESTIC*... THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND.

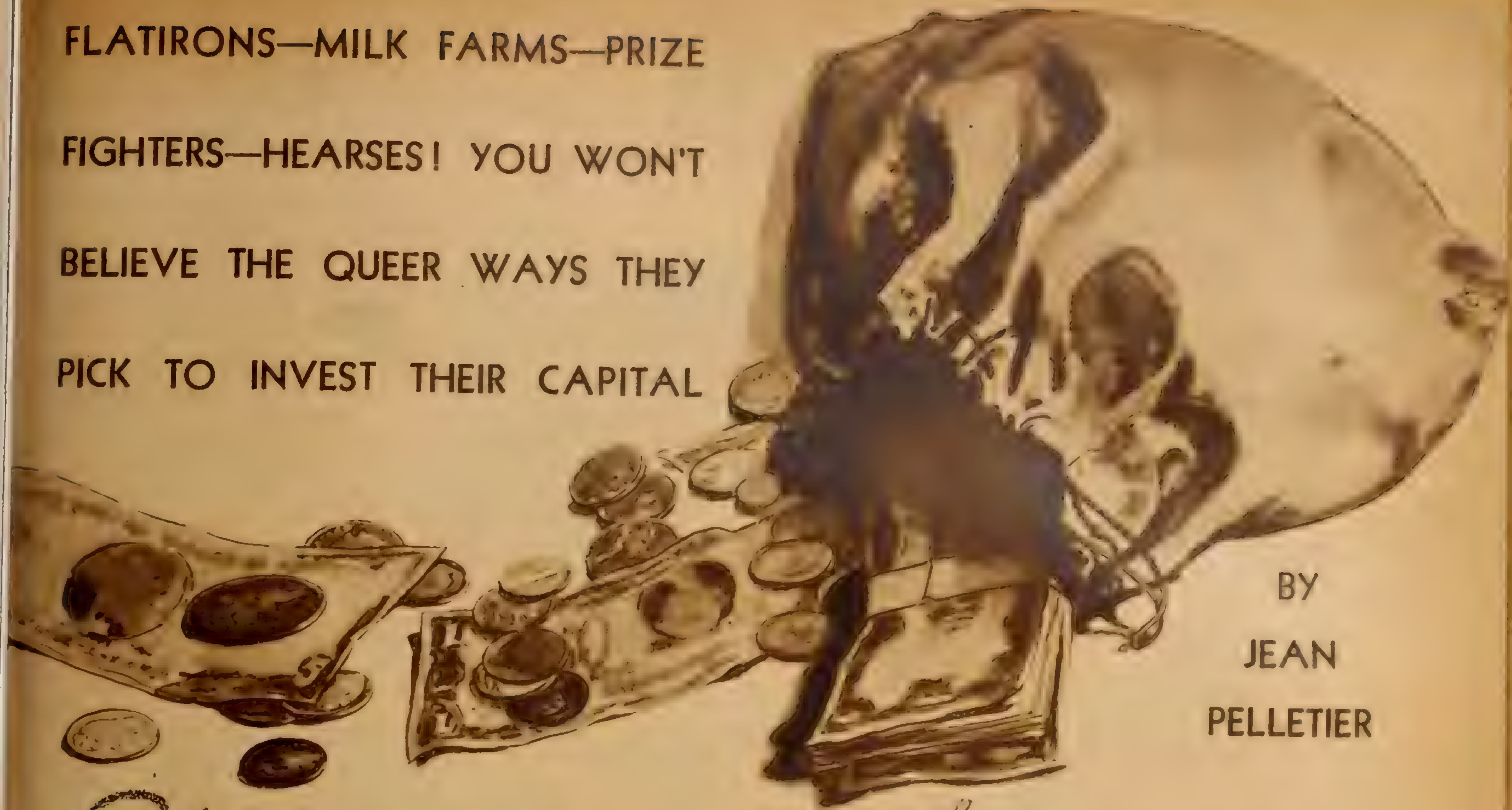
FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE... SMOKE CAMELS

FLATIRONS—MILK FARMS—PRIZE

FIGHTERS—HEARSE! YOU WON'T

BELIEVE THE QUEER WAYS THEY

PICK TO INVEST THEIR CAPITAL



BY
JEAN
PELLETIER

Strange ways the stars **SPEND THEIR FORTUNES**

THE lady next door who takes the twenty dollars out of the cracked sugar bowl or poppa's pants and gives it to that nice stranger selling shares in Alaska Enterprise Gold Mines may be nuts, but aren't we all at one time or another in our life when it comes to spending money?

Still, if you consider the startling ways in which radio stars invest or spend their hulking incomes, the financial aberrations of the lady next door, or of yourself for that matter, don't seem so mad after all. And remember that these luminaries have gobs of gold to let slither through their fingers.

Not that they all spend it foolishly. The profits made by them in strange enterprises are as much the subject of chatter in the world behind the microphone as are the wallopings some of them take where it hurts most—in the pocketbook.

Patented glass manufacturing, professional basketball and baseball teams, flexible flatirons, funeral homes, milk farms for reducing women, are just a few of the strange ways in which money is spent by such stars as Kate Smith, Phil Baker, Ben Bernie, Colonel Stoopnagle and Frank Luther.

Now don't tell me you wouldn't like to have \$100 extra a month to spend as you pleased. And don't insist either, that Hal Kemp needs any more musical education. But Hal thinks he does because he wants to be a concert conductor, and that century note every month, sometimes more, goes into records of Beethoven, Brahms and the rest. So far he has around 1,500 of the disks. The wax ones, not the gold.

But wait a minute. Every thirty days, the maestro digs down into the other pocket for another hundred dollars

for scores to follow while he listens to the records. If there are many guys like that around, perhaps you'd better go into the music publishing business.

That's just what Paul Whiteman, Fred Waring and Guy Lombardo have concluded, except that so far they've stuck to popular music. Now you may regard them as rivals on the air, but in reality, they're partners as far as publishing music is concerned. You may have heard of the company, Words and Music, Inc. No? Well you certainly must have heard the songs they've published since they got together. They include "Living Waltz," "I'm Grateful to You," and "Monopoly," among others.

You might think they'd stick to conducting, in which they can't miss making money—until you stop to realize that no one can start these songs rolling better than they themselves.

Carmen Lombardo is not one to let brother Guy make all the money around that band. He went out and sank thousands of dollars into getting himself a seat on the Wheat Exchange.

The enterprise of which the Lombardo brothers are really the proudest is their farm. Yes, a farm. It's a place of some sixty-five acres in Connecticut. They've reconditioned it, put money into cattle and chickens, which they hope will repay them, but best of all, have brought their parents down from Canada to live on it.

Individually, musicians have reputations for doing fantastic things with their money. As a group—well, in one case, an entire orchestra has turned hotel owner. Glen Gray's Casa Loma Hotel—named that by them of course—in Coral Gables, Florida, and the Buckwood Inn in Shawnee-on-the-Delaware.

This farm urge seems to be (Continued on page 74)

WILL HOLLYWOOD



BY
JOHN
EDWARDS

Glamor rules the airwaves now! Above, Marlene Dietrich, Cecil B. DeMille, and Clark Gable, shown as they broadcast the first Lux Theater show in Hollywood. Left, Bill Powell and Myrna Loy, co-stars on the following week. Opposite page, Miss Dietrich in a scene from her Paramount film, "Desire."

M-G-M

HISTORY WAS IN THE MAKING THE NIGHT OF JUNE FIRST WHEN

PUT

Sex

INTO RADIO?

YOU'VE been taught many dates to remember—July 4th for instance—and you probably still remember the year Columbus first discovered that America was standing between him and the golden land of India, but radio has suddenly acquired a date more important than any of those you find in history books. Though it may not be a subject for school discussion a few years from now, June 1, 1936, will stand out in broadcasting history like the rock of Gibraltar in the Mediterranean.

For on the night of June 1, history was in the making. June 1, at 9:00 eastern daylight saving time, over a coast-to-coast hookup of CBS stations, Marlene Dietrich and Clark Gable, under the direction of Cecil B. DeMille, began a full hour dramatization of the movie "Morocco," called, for radio purposes, "The Legionnaire and the Lady."

Perhaps you tuned in and heard DeMille introduce his two stars and heard Marlene sing at the end of the program. If you did, you undoubtedly tuned in again the next week at the same time and heard Myrna Loy play opposite Bill Powell in a radio version of "The Thin Man," their co-starring picture which gave a new meaning to mystery thrillers.

But the chances are 99 to 1 that you listened without being conscious of the inner significance of what you heard.

These two broadcasts, but especially the first, were ushering in a new era. On all fronts, sponsors began taking heed. All eyes became focussed on Hollywood.

For months, programs had been slipping quietly out of Radio City and just as quietly popping up a week later in Hollywood. Each week during the spring, announcements made their way into the daily papers that another big air show was being planned for the fall, to star one of the movies' biggest draw names.

But it took June 1 to bring things to a real head. Now it is possible to sit back and see what all this means to you, the listener, to the sponsor, and to the film industry. While for you radio has suddenly taken on an added lure, and an added pleasure in tuning in, for others it has aggravated a headache that's been growing bigger and more painful week by week.

Early in June, almost before the *(Continued on page 72)*



BROADCASTERS TOOK A LESSON IN GLAMOR FROM THE MOVIES



Burns and Allen rehearse a funny line, but there's one joke Gracie can never forget. When she began the hunt for her missing "brother" she didn't realize how much it was going to interfere with her real brother's life.

The Comic

His life has resumed a more or less normal course of recent months, but George Allen will never be quite free of the horror of that supposed-to-be-comic search. Even now, he refuses to pose for photographers, even in intimate family groups, or to grant interviews, for fear he'll start the whole crazy hunt over again, bring the pack howling again about his ears. He avoids any sizable social affairs. For in a crowd he's still introduced as "Gracie Allen's brother," and immediately, he insists, the entire guest group throngs around to observe his antics. He hasn't any parlor tricks.

"I'm not," he moans to his intimates, "funny at all!"

In that lament, perhaps, lies the nub of the whole story of Gracie Allen's real-life brother.

George resembles his sister. He is short, slight, with a mop of dark, curly hair, and the sensitive Irish eyes—like his sister's—to which tears come when he's moved, even if the emotion is a happy one. He has Gracie's quick smile; her nervous hands. But the resemblance between Gracie Allen and her brother ends with the physical.

Gracie is an actress, with an actress' love of people and excitement: She is a comedienne, with a bubbling sense of humor which sees any joke, even if it is on herself. George likes being alone. In a crowd, he is uncomfortable, shy. He is not humorless, but the humor lies deep; it chuckles, rather than guffaws.

Had George Allen been cut in his sister's mold, the joke of the missing brother would have given him untold amusement, would have meant more than that in opportunity for fame and wealth. As it turned out, the game brought him only embarrassment, a harried sense of being pursued for a crime he hadn't committed, a case of the "missing brother" jitters which has lasted two and a half years.

The joke began mildly enough. For the sheer fun of it, Gracie Allen burst unannounced into an Eddie Cantor broadcast, babbled as incoherently as is her fashion about a missing brother. A half hour later, she was telling the same story to Jack Benny and his program-mates. That her story might have any effect upon her real brother—who at that moment, sat, wondering, at his radio in San Francisco—didn't enter her mind. Her dialogues with George Burns before the microphone are sprinkled with anecdotes which concern strictly mythical relatives. This nameless brother was another one of the make-believe tribe.

One Sunday night's fun was all Gracie and her fellow conspirators had counted on. But the public was not so easily satiated. The radio audience liked this game, and insisted that Gracie go on with the deal. So, for the several weeks that followed, Gracie hurried from program to program, cheerfully searching the globe for her missing brother, while all over the country, amused radio listeners hunted for Gracie all over the dials of their reception sets.

A reporter discovered that Gracie had a real brother, living in San Francisco. Like a pack of wolves, newspaper men descended upon George Allen, pulled the curtains of privacy from his quietly peaceful life. Photographers followed him wherever he went, recording—insanely, George Allen thought—every move he made.

People began pointing him out on the street: "There's Gracie's brother." Sympathetic souls who took Gracie's plaint seriously chided him for his cruelty in not informing his frantic sister of his whereabouts.

"I'm Gracie's brother," he explained over and over again.

THIS is the story of a man whose whole life was changed by a joke—a joke which he didn't think was funny.

It is a story which could not be told before, because a gag-crazy public could be relied upon, with its telling, to take up the joke again, laughingly to hunt and hound this man in desperation.

It is the story of George Allen, San Francisco bachelor, quiet, conservative, thirty-ish, Gracie Allen's only brother.

George Allen isn't missing. He reports every morning to his accountant's desk in the San Francisco offices of the Standard Oil Company; he goes home each night to his bachelor quarters in a bay city apartment house.

George Allen never has been missing. But when, two and a half years ago, Gracie launched a mythical search for a mythical missing brother, a literal-minded public tagged George Allen "it," and pursued him with a relentlessness which had its sinister aspect for a man who didn't see the joke.

While the "search" was at its height, George Allen, who hates publicity, was besieged by reporters and photographers who pried into every moment of his average life. He was sought out by vaudeville managers and offered stage contracts at fabulous figures, although he shudders at the thought of stepping before an audience. He was pointed out in public places, laughed at on the streets. He thought of changing his name. He did change his home address, his business office. When the chase became too hot, he packed his bags and left town.

Tragedy of GRACIE ALLEN'S REAL BROTHER

IT COULD NEVER BE TOLD BEFORE, THIS STORY OF A SHY MAN WHOSE LIFE WAS NEARLY RUINED BY HIS SISTER'S GAG

BY
PAULINE
SWANSON

For Burns & Allen,

sponsored by Campbell's,

see page 52.

"But she knows where I am. I'm not missing. Don't you see, it's all a joke?"

Half of the country laughed at the search. The other half—factual folk—believed in it.

Gracie, gaily going on with the game, posed for newsreel photographers with representatives of the Burns Detective agency, glibly solicited their assistance in her hunt for her brother. In San Francisco, George Allen, who had sneaked into a theater disguised in dark glasses, sat through the newsreel, only to hear two women who sat in the next row agree, in all seriousness:

"Poor thing, she's so dumb, she'll never find him."

While Gracie Allen's mythical brother became a national joke, the real George Allen, burrowing into his coat collar to avoid inquiries, ate all of his bachelor meals uncomfortably in his own kitchen. He didn't dare go into a public restaurant, for everyone recognized Gracie's brother, and laughingly challenged him to get in on the game.

"Don't step on it," a passerby would laugh, leading a companion out of the path of a defenseless worm, "it might be Gracie's brother." The two would go their way giggling, and George Allen would burrow deeper into his collar.

"Is the whole world crazy?" he thought.

Proof that the world was, indeed, crazy, came with the



San Francisco Examiner photo

The only picture in existence of George Allen. It was taken when Gracie's gag was still amusing to him, before it forced him to quit his job and run away. Now he's torn up every other photograph he ever had taken.

peak of the search when Gracie, bent upon a visit with her family, swooped down on San Francisco. In her wake came a caravan of photographers, of feature writers, and of the just plain curious, to turn the spotlight upon Gracie Allen's brother. In frenzied (Continued on page 64)

PRESENTING—

Your Pictures—of—The

RADIO MIRROR TAKES



Paramount Photo

George Burns and Gracie Allen have purchased a Beverly Hills home—the former Pauline Frederick mansion. Here they are in the garden strolling with adopted daughter Sandra.

Below, two young thespians who divide their time between radio and the stage. Allyn Joslyn plays the leading role in the Broadway success, "Boy Meets Girl," and is one of the valued members of the True Story Court cast every Friday evening. Eve Arden, just below, Ken Murray's luscious feminine stooge, has appeared with him in stage revues, as well as in his Tuesday CBS program. Just now, however, she's devoting all her time to the air.

Ben Pinchot



Month

PRIDE IN OFFERING YOU THESE DISTINCTIVE CAMERA STUDIES



Maurice Seymour

It never wanes—the popularity of Irene Wicker, radio's Singing Lady (above). Long one of Chicago's proudest boasts, she may have left there and moved to New York by the time this sees print, but her program time won't be changed. Francis Anthony Fay, above right, has returned to his old Broadway haunts after a brief sojourn in Hollywood. Along with the move, his program's time and network were changed too, to 8:30 Fridays on the Blue chain.

That rough-ridin', square-shootin' bronco buster, Bing Crosby, dishes up some real Western atmosphere in his new movie, "Rhythm on the Range," in which he appears with Bob Burns.

Paramount Photo





MORE than a year ago, Joe Penner was walking down Fifth Avenue on his way to a rehearsal in Radio City. It was a hot Sunday afternoon in June, a muggy early summer day, the streets full of dust and gasoline smoke.

Suddenly, where he should have turned to the right to enter Radio City, Joe stopped, hesitated, then straightened his shoulders and turned to the left instead—to Park Avenue, and down Park to Grand Central Station. Threading his way through the shiny, echoing corridors, he went up to a ticket window and reached in his pocket for his money.

He stood there a moment, staring blankly at the handful of small change which was all he had. Not enough to buy a ticket to anywhere past Poughkeepsie!

Slowly he turned and walked back up to Radio City for the rehearsal. But it was his last rehearsal, and his last broadcast, for many months.

Now he is returning to the air, on a new series of Sunday afternoon programs sponsored by Cocomalt which will start next September from Hollywood. After a long, voluntary absence, he has learned a lesson and won a fight which together have made that return possible.

I went to see Joe in his suite at the Hotel Ambassador in New York early this summer. He had just signed his Cocomalt contract, and was getting ready to start on the European vacation he is taking as you read this.

Joe was looking very well, full of animation and excitement. I got the impression that it wasn't so much excitement over the impending trip, either, as it was pleasure over the whole prospect for the future. He talked about his new program, about Hollywood, and about the contract with RKO for three pictures a year which makes the Hollywood origin of the radio show necessary.

It was a chance question on my part which revealed to me the secret of his gaiety. It's the secret of his return to the air, too; and the reason it has never been told before

By **DAN WHEELER**

now is that it has always lain too close to Joe's heart for him to talk about it.

"What have you learned in the year you've been away from radio, Joe?" I asked him.

The question had more effect on him than I'd expected. He cocked a quizzical eyebrow at me, then, without answering, threw himself into a comfortable chair and lit a cigarette.

"Funny nobody has asked me that before now," he mused. "Particularly since I've learned such a lot, and since if I hadn't learned it I probably never would have returned to the air.

"I wasn't happy, when I was in radio before," he admitted. "I wasn't satisfied with the sort of comedy I did, and I wasn't even making very much money. At one time, just before I quit, I had five gagmen. It seemed as if I was always hiring a new writer, only to find that everything he wrote sounded like the jokes the others had been writing. I finally found out that four of them always took what they'd written to the head gagman, and by the time he had finished working on it, it might as well have been his joke in the first place. But I had to go on paying them all out of the salary my sponsors paid me.

"I got so sick of the mechanical kind of comedy I worked with, too. I used to listen to Jack Benny and think, 'Gee, I wish I could be like that—breezy and flip and smart!'

"Ever since I went into vaudeville I'd worked from a script, memorizing a lot of sure-fire gags and reeling them off like a parrot. In radio it was just the same, except that I didn't bother to memorize them but read them instead. I got to feeling that I was nothing but a mouthpiece, without any real ability of my own."

And there you have a picture of a man who was considered by the public to be at the peak of his profession—a successful radio comedian, drawing down a big weekly salary, his name and his sayings household words everywhere. Yet real success was not his, (*Continued on page 71*)

THE *Secret* BEHIND JOE PENNER'S RADIO COMEBACK

ONLY BY CONQUER-

ING HIS GREATEST

FEAR IS JOE ABLE

TO RETURN TO YOU



Cocomalt will sponsor Joe Penner's return to the air in the fall in a Sunday afternoon show.

Upper left, the way you will probably like to remember Joe as a duck's greatest booster. But Joe's through with ducks; in fact, he's going to have a brand new show in September—and life begins anew for him. Above, after a broadcast, and at right, with his lovely wife.



BEGIN THE LIFE STORY OF

YOU can't tell about small boys. They're likely to grow up to

By **DOROTHY ANN BLANK**

seems always to be sharing a joke with himself.

be almost anything—even president. It all depends upon what goes on inside a young 'un's head, and he will hardly ever tell you. He's afraid you might laugh. Ridicule has killed plenty of boys' dreams.

This is the story of a quiet little country lad who grew up to be somebody. Not president, but a figure almost as well known. You know him as Bob Burns.

He is a hero in his own home town, which everyone knows is Van Buren, Arkansas. But he's a big frog in any size puddle these days. A lot of water has flowed past the levee since the days when Robin Burns used to saddle his pony and ride off in the Ozark hills to find a place to think.

He calls it dreaming now. His definition of a dreamer is, "A lazy man who made good."

That boy had a lot of plans, but he couldn't think very well with folks around. He just had to get away from Van Buren and its seething five thousand population once in a while.

Forty-odd years is a right smart period of time. There were many lean years before 1935 and 1936 came along—fat years, these last two, which threw Bob Burns violently into the spotlight of the entertainment world. Years that made him famous far beyond his youthful visionings.

Yet out of his bright blue eyes still peers the whimsical, curious boy from Arkansas who kept his dreams to himself. He looks continually surprised, and vaguely puzzled. He

he was going somewhere. Success has not confused him. But . . . he thought somehow that the world was a much bigger place than it has proved to be. He knows now that life itself is really no bigger than Van Buren.

"And I hope I never forget it," he says wisely. "If I do, I guess I'll have to get a job and go to work!"

This story goes back more than forty years for its actual beginning, back to another decade, to another boy. His name was William Robert Burns—Bob's father—who left home when he was ten years old to go out into the world. Not far out, but far enough to get away from his step-mother.

He worked at various jobs in nearby towns, and got to be a civil engineer. He didn't go to any college. Bob calls his father a "practical civil engineer." He got his education by joining an engineering party, driving stakes, surveying, etc.

He was employed by the L. & N. Railroad at Covington, Kentucky, when he met and married a girl from Kenton, Tennessee. The rising young engineer and his bride moved to Van Buren, where W. R. Burns was made resident engineer of the Arkansas Central Railroad.

The resident engineering business wasn't a booming one. A hundred dollars was a big income in any month. Young Mrs. Burns helped out by dressmaking. Not only did she set a fine seam, Bob claims, but she made over a neat pair of pants.

(Continued on page 58)

Below is the main street of Bob's home town pictured on a postcard. Van Buren's always the background for the wondrous tales Bob is wont to spin on the Kraft Music Hall. Right, "Paw" gave Bob the iron physique which helped him hold the many tough jobs he took after he quit school. At the far right, "Maw" helped him to cut away from her apron strings when the stifling atmosphere of the small town society threatened to swallow him up.



BOB BURNS,

Arkansas Traveler




Paramount

Bob Burns is featured on the Kraft Music Hall, Thursday nights. See page 53



"Maw"
1-25-1915

BORN ON THE WRONG SIDE OF
THE TRACKS, RADIO'S NEWEST
STAR GREW UP TO SEE AND DO
THINGS NO ONE ELSE BACK IN
VAN BUREN EVER DREAMED OF



joan

One of Hollywood's favorites since she was chosen to be a Wampas baby star in 1931, blonde Joan Marsh is on her way now to conquering radio too. She's the featured singer with Walter Woolf King on the Flying Red Horse Tavern, every Friday night, on the Columbia network.

Paramount Photo



frances

Dancers at the Claremont Inn in New York may see Frances Stevens' brunette beauty; others must content themselves with listening to her solos with Jolly Coburn's orchestra, Fridays at midnight over the NBC-Blue network. A Kansas City girl, she may go out to Hollywood soon.

The Motion Picture

ARE YOU

Keeping Young!

BY DOROTHY BROOKS

CAN you, whether your age is twenty or thirty or forty, sit down now, today, and honestly say to yourself: "I am young. I have kept pace with the world, I have not lost the enthusiasm which makes me attractive to my friends, my sweetheart, my husband, my children?"

If you can, this is not for you. But if you fail in any way to meet this challenge, here is your message of hope, of faith, from a woman whose life is a model of inspiration to all who struggle to keep their youthful outlook.

Elaine Sterne Carrington gave me such a message to bring to you. As the creator of NBC's show, *Pepper Young's Family*, formerly called *Forever Young*, she is well qualified to lead you on the path to eternal youth. If you've listened to the principal character in this daily serial, Mrs. Young, who seemingly has discovered the magic secret, you'll know what I mean.

But besides creating the *Pepper Young* program, Elaine Sterne Carrington is one of the country's outstanding woman writers for the biggest national magazines. For years she has been giving inspirational talks. But not until now has she set down a way for you to take inventory of yourself, a first step towards keeping young which nearly everyone misses.

"Take stock," she urges. "Look at yourself and find out what you have become with the passing of years. Examine yourself as a wife, a mother, an individual. Not when you have leisure. Do it now."

I wish you could have been with me the afternoon I sat with Mrs. Carrington in her beautiful home and wrote down the questions every woman should ask herself in order to take this inventory. She herself, with her graying hair and sparkling blue eyes, has all the vitality and alive-ness of true youth. On her animated features lies the questing, eager spirit of a child.

As we talked, from upstairs floated fragments of laughter from eleven-year-old Patricia Carrington and her brother Bob. With a group of friends they

were about to begin a rehearsal in the children's theater which occupies an entire floor of their house in Brooklyn.

Mrs. Carrington smiled at the rising chorus of voices.

"My children are very nice people, really," she said. "They're the nicest guests I've ever had. I want them to have a good time here so that they can look back some day and say that 'this was a very pleasant visit, the best I ever had.' Honestly, that's the way I feel about them."

"Children are an eternal object lesson. If women would learn more from them, it wouldn't be necessary for them to spend hours in beauty parlors, torture themselves with diets to become slim, ruin their husbands' bank accounts to dress well. Such things are all so unimportant if inside they remain withered and old. Then they wonder why their children drift away from them and why their husbands turn to younger companions!"

"Women will spend fruitless hours looking into a mir-



Elaine Sterne Carrington poses in her Brooklyn home. This noted writer who is famous for her articles on women, gives to **RADIO MIRROR** questions women of every age should answer.

ror for a gray hair or the shadow of a wrinkle, yet they would be so much wiser, and spare themselves endless grief, if they would only sit down and take stock of their minds and spirits—honestly, if necessary with cruelty—in the same manner.”

“Many people don’t know how to do that, though,” I pointed out “It’s not so easy to take stock of intangible mental qualities as it is of physical features.”

“I have a set of questions which determine the conduct of Mrs. Young in the Pepper Young script,” Mrs. Carrington said, “and if they are answered by any woman, they will give her the key to real youth.”

As you’ll notice, the list of questions Mrs. Carrington gave me is divided into three groups—dealing with a woman’s relationships with her husband, her children, and with herself as an individual. Here are those which relate to the husband. But before you begin, a bit of advice:

IN THIS BRILLIANT ARTICLE THE CREATOR OF PEPPER YOUNG’S FAMILY CHALLENGES YOU WITH HARD TO ANSWER QUESTIONS

CHECK UP ON YOURSELF


HERE is part of a mental and spiritual inventory which Mrs. Carrington recommends for the guidance of women who wish to keep their youth. Can you answer these searching questions and the many more in the article honestly, candidly? If you can, you’ll find the answer pointing the way to the fountain of eternal youth.

1. Can you remember the last time you kissed your husband spontaneously—or he kissed you so?
2. Do you and your husband occupy separate rooms? If so, can you recall how it came about?
3. Select at random one of your husband’s petty faults. Can you remember how often, during the past twenty-four hours, you have nagged him about it?
4. Do you complain to your husband of real or imaginary ills?
5. Does your husband flirt with other women?
6. Do other men flirt with you?
7. Does the liberty of the younger generation shock you?
8. Has your son or daughter ever confided to you the details of a love affair?
9. Do you drink or smoke in the presence of your children, or do you do either unknown to them?
10. Do you gossip?

Cross off those questions you can answer satisfactorily. If your answer is not what you think it should be, start right away to live so that you can change it. When you come across a question that makes you hesitate, check it and come back to it. Study it, discover why it bothers you. You’ll find that shortly your viewpoint is beginning to broaden. Keep it up. You’ll be glad you did.

1. Can you remember the last time you kissed your husband spontaneously—or he kissed you so?
2. Can you honestly say that this morning at breakfast you were as sartorially attractive to him as he was to you?
3. Do you and your husband occupy separate rooms and if so can you recall when and how the arrangement came about?
4. What is your husband’s favorite sport or recreation? Write down just how much you know about it, and try to recall when was the last time you expressed any interest in it of your own volition.
5. Did your husband in the early days of your marriage or at any time bring his men friends home for a stag party? When was the last time he did so, and if he has stopped, why?
6. When was the last time you suggested an outing for just your husband and yourself, without the children or anyone else?
7. Has your husband ever made a practise of consulting you when buying clothes? If he no longer does so, why not? If he still does, does he reject your suggestions as being too conservative?
8. Select at random one of your husband’s petty faults. Now can you remember how often, during the past 24 hours, you have nagged him about it?
9. What special recognition without being reminded do you accord to (a) your husband’s birthday; (b) your wedding anniversary; (c) the date he proposed.
10. Do you complain to your husband of real or imaginary ills?
11. Are you as ready and eager to go out at night with your husband as when you were first married?
12. When was the last time you went to some extra trouble to prepare one of his favorite dishes?
13. Does your husband flirt with other women at parties?
14. Do other men flirt with you?
15. Do you exchange mutual confidences concerning these flirtations?
16. How long has it been since you and your husband sat down together for a whole evening’s talk?
17. Is the chief subject of conversation between you the children and household problems?
18. Does your husband heed or disregard your advice on business affairs?
19. How have your financial troubles and reverses affected you? Have you blamed your husband and complained to him or have you made the best of things as they were?
20. If your husband has suggested radical changes, such as changing his employment, going into business for himself, or a change of abode, have you been afraid and discouraged him or have you shared his spirit of adventure?

“Now when you have answered those questions,” Mrs. Carrington said, “ask yourself these. Look at yourself in relation to your children.” (Continued on page 80)



THE *Love* THAT SAVED FIBBER MCGEE

HE MARRIED HER WHEN HE WASN'T ABLE
TO HOLD A JOB TWO WEEKS BUT HER UN-
SWERVING DEVOTION MADE HIM A STAR

By ED LEWIS

Left, Fibber McGee and his good wife Molly of the radio. Opposite page, as Jim and Marion Jordan they are real-life sweethearts, who stuck together and lived as they pleased despite a disapproving family.

For McGee and Molly, sponsored by Johnson's Floor Wax, see page 52

THERE used to be a fellow who ran a little neighborhood grocery store in the town where I was born. I can't remember his name, but I do remember he used to sell us soda pop after school. He was small and stooped, with kind blue eyes, and he seemed old, though he wasn't really. He was married, to an energetic, jolly little wife, who sometimes tended the store, and had a couple of children. He never did seem to make much money in the store, and eventually he went broke. After that he had several jobs around town, but he didn't keep any of them. Everybody liked him, everybody was sorry for his wife, everybody said he'd never get anywhere in this world.

Well, he never did. I heard once that he'd wanted to be a newspaper reporter when he was a young man, and had left town and gone to the city, but ran out of money there before he found a job, and had to come back. He might have made a good reporter, too—he had the gift of words when he told stories to us kids.

You all know somebody like him, I guess. One of the world's gentle misfits. The sort of man to whom life gives, not hard knocks, but an unending series of reproving stares. The sort of man, in fact, that Jim Jordan might so easily have been, if there hadn't always been Marion, his wife, to stand beside him and encourage him through all the bad times.

You know Jim better, of course, as Fibber McGee of the NBC Monday night Fibber McGee and Molly radio program, or perhaps as Mickey in the Kaltenmeyer Kindergarten. Maybe Jim and Marion, who is the Molly to his Fibber, have been favorites of yours since the days when you wouldn't miss one of their Smackout shows for a pretty penny.

But you can't know the real Jim and Marion Jordan until you know the story of a man who almost wrecked his life by trying to live it in the way other people told him was the right way, the sensible way. That's what Jim did—and it was Marion who saved him.

Jim and Marion were both born in Peoria, Illinois, and went to high school together. It was in school that they fell in love with each other—that innocent, undemanding, careless sort of love which is the product of school dances and a mutual bewilderment over the mysteries of algebra. Jim and Marion "went together," all their friends understood that.

They both came from large families. Jim's parents had seven other children, and Marion's twelve. Typical small-town American families, you see, more typical of the turn of the century than of today. Not very rich, self-respecting, rooted to their homes, asking only the chance to live quietly and decently.

There was a strain of the vagabond in Jim, though. It must have come from his father, who quit teaching school when he was a young man and went to Texas to hunt buffalo. In one year, working two hundred miles west of San Angelo, where the nearest railroad terminated, Jordan and his partner had killed and skinned 2,500 buffalo. After that one year of adventure Jordan had returned to his father's farm, near Peoria, married, and settled down to solidity and substance. But he passed on his desire for the sight of far horizons to young Jim.

Jim's mother was the unofficial Dr. Dafoe of her township as far as babies were concerned, and delivered many children before the country doctor had arrived. She never accepted any pay for her services.

Jim and Marion graduated from high school, still very much in love. "Puppy-love," said their parents. Let Jim get a job, they advised, and prove that he was capable of taking life seriously—then he might talk marriage.



Jim's first job was as a time-keeper in a local grain weigher factory. He'd already worked there, during summer vacations, in the machine shop, and had practically learned the machinist's trade. His elders nodded their heads in approval, saying things about starting at the bottom and working up.

He was fired, though, for committing just about the most heinous crime possible in a factory. He was discovered sitting on a gasoline can, smoking a cigarette.

"I don't blame them for firing me," Jim says now. "But the fellow that did the firing was a new efficiency expert they had just hired. He got another boy in my place for less money, and kept the difference himself. That proved he was an efficiency expert. A year or so later, he was tried and convicted of embezzling about \$50,000 from that company."

Nobody around Peoria knew about the efficiency expert's private transactions at the time, and Jim's dismissal gave him a black eye locally. None of the business men were anxious to hire a boy who didn't know any better than to smoke while sitting on a gasoline can.

Marion's parents said it all went to show.

They said they weren't surprised when, after several months of hanging around town trying to get a job, Jim suddenly joined a vaudeville troupe and went with it on the road. He had always had a good singing voice, and enjoyed entertaining people.

He was only reasonably successful in vaudeville. It wasn't an easy life, either, but it suited Jim. He was happy in it, or would have been if he could have had Marion with him. Once in a while he could come back to Peoria for a few days. Meekly he endured the disapproval of her family. He supposed they were right and he was wrong; he'd made a mess of things somehow; he wasn't in any position to ask her to marry him if he refused (*Continued on page 76*)

The Fascinating Behind-the-Scenes Story of

Boake Carter

WHAT would you think of a man so superstitious that he wears his hat to the studio from his office in the same building; who always uses the same chair in the very same studio and who insists that the microphone be always on his left?

Such a person is Boake Carter.

Also such a person is the Mr. Carter who speaks of an international figure with a remarkable absence of any strict formality; who, when referring to Senator Joseph Robinson, says "Joe" Robinson; who, if he were flying over a stretch of mountains as he did with Hi Little, noted TWA pilot, to survey the damage done by floods in Western Pennsylvania, would refer to a particular bad spot known as Bald Rock as "Baldy" or "Old Baldy."

Such a man, too, is the Mr. Carter who comes rushing into the studio less than three minutes before air time and says, "Don't bother me now, I'm busy," and makes you wish you had heeded the warning if you forget and interrupt.

Thus begins the painting of a word picture of the most talked about commentator in radio this summer, the man who has just finished a month of broadcasting the two major presidential conventions in Cleveland and Philadelphia.

Let me warn you now, if you are an aspiring announcer, that there are many more quirks to this man that you should learn before applying for my job.

Be at the studio on time; be sure that the microphone is at the exact level at which he always has it, so that he can speak down and into the diaphragm; be absolutely certain that nothing but a dynamic mike is in position for him and that it is on his left.

Most personalities have what are termed pet aversions when they're before a microphone and Boake Carter is no exception to the rule. Other things to remember are that he will



insist the timing be perfect; that the signals you give him are "on the nose"—if he runs over time he'll want to know *why*.

The very first time I had the show I timed perfectly up to the moment when I was supposed to give him the one minute and thirty second signal. I forgot and the result was we had thirty seconds of piano music before the closing cue. It took Boake ten minutes to come down to earth.

He's exceedingly high strung, but a grand fellow to work with and there's always a gleam of satisfaction in his eyes

for a job well done, if it is well done.

Oh—I almost forgot to mention that the table used at the broadcast must always be at the same spot on the rug in the southeast corner of the studio. He always has a special chair and it, too, must have its place. A screen must be in front of the studio window so that spectators who like to stare through at the stars at work cannot watch him. Even the piano and the pianist's bench cannot be moved about for these Philco broadcasts.

Probably this makes you wonder (*Continued on page 66*)

ONLY HIS ANNOUNCER COULD BRING YOU SO MANY REVEALING FACTS
ABOUT RADIO'S ACE COMMENTATOR. LET CLAUDE HARING TELL YOU
ALL THE INTIMATE FACTS HE LEARNED FROM WORKING AT HIS SIDE

BY CLAUDE
HARING

A shot of an actual broadcast with Claude Haring seated at the left, timing while Boake Carter finishes his script. The author of the story began his career in radio by helping produce a special Christmas Eve program for station WCBA. Afterwards he became the man whose job it was to broadcast all sports events. He's never lost interest in baseball. This summer finds him covering all the games for WCAU—the station from which most of Boake's programs originate unless he is out on a special story. Claude is Boake's announcer because they manage never to get into arguments of any sort. Claude once was in the Coast Artillery stationed far away in various of the Hawaiian Islands.

FOR YOUR RADIO SCRAPBOOK



SERIOUS SONGSTRESS—Hazel Hayes, who is heard on Mutual's Art of Song every Sunday, looks like a blues singer but prefers operatic arias. Born 24 years ago in Kansas, she sang *Aida* when only 19 with the Denver opera. In college, she finished a four year course in two.



BACKSTAGE WIFE'S MARY NOBLE—Vivian Fridell plays the heroine in this daily NBC serial. She was born in Milwaukee on October 15, 1912, and had her own program on the college radio station while still a co-ed. She was successful in a Chicago audition, but went right ahead and took her degree before accepting a radio job. Her hobby is weaving, and she is single.



MBS ORGANIST—Dr. Charles M. Courboin, noted Belgian organist, is heard every Thursday evening on the Mutual network. He was for many years organist for the Belgian court, and was a favorite musician of the late King Albert, who decorated him in 1920.



ACTRESS ETHEL EVERETT—One of the leading roles in Omar the Mystic, dramatic serial heard five times a week over the Mutual network, is taken by this blonde young lady, who was born in New York City, was president of the honorary dramatic society in Hunter College, has been working in broadcasting studios four years, and in spare time records books for the blind.



WARING'S VIOLINIST—Blonde, green-eyed Ferne Buckner came to New York from California as a result of a record she sent to Fred Waring instead of an audition. She's the only girl instrumentalist in the Waring band, has played a violin since she asked for one at the tender age of six, and is unmarried.



MONOLOGIST SKINNER—Cornelia Otis Skinner, the famous daughter of a famous actor, has Walter Winchell's Sunday evening spot once more this summer. Her solo dramas are all conceived and written by herself, and listeners will hear many of the sketches with which she first won success.

Ben Pinchot



NBC'S CHESTER STRATTON—He has been called the chameleon of the network because he can play every type of role; you've heard him on many dramatic programs. Chet was born in New Jersey of a theatrical family, and has always been an actor. Once he ran away with a circus. He's not married.



SINGER MAXWELL—Every morning, except Sunday and Thursday, at 9:30, Richard Maxwell brings you Songs of Comfort and Cheer on CBS. He's a Mansfield, Ohio, boy, has studied voice for twenty years, but has also worked in a steel mill and selling real estate and shoes. His hobby's raising tropical fish.

FOR YOUR RADIO SCRAPBOOK



TENOR MORTON BOWE—After ten years of singing in radio ensembles, he's now a featured NBC soloist on the Blue system Mondays at 3, as well as being leading tenor on the Cavaliers Quartet. Morton is married, with two daughters, and can operate a linotype.



BESTOR'S VOCALIST—Patsy Kane's real name's Marjorie, but she says Patsy suits her personality better. She always wanted to be an actress, and her parents agreed, so she started when very young as a vaudeville amateur. She has sung with George Olsen, is unmarried, plays a good game of tennis, as well as doing a good job on vocal choruses for Don Bestor.



SUBBING FOR THE VOICE—Jacob Tarshish, the Lamplighter, takes the Voice of Experience's place during the latter's summer rest. Born in Lithuania, he came here as a baby, attended various U. S. universities, became noted as an inspirational public speaker.



ACTOR ROBERT E. GRIFFIN—Best known as Joe Marlin in the CBS serial, The Story of Mary Marlin, which ought to be back on the air this fall, Bob's always busy in other radio shows, too. He started his theatrical career in stock on the Pacific Coast, came to New York in a show with Paul Muni. If he weren't so busy acting he'd like to write, and he loves golf.



By
LESTER GOTTlieb

For Husbands and Wives, the new Bakers Broadcast, see page 52 Sunday column.

At left, Allie Lowe Miles and below, Sedley Brown, co-founders of radio's fascinating show, Husbands and Wives, which is heard every Sunday in place of the Ripley, Ozzie Nelson program.

Those Marriage Blues!

DOES HUBBY GET PERFUMED LETTERS? DOES WIFIE
OPEN THEM? THEN HERE'S YOUR PERFECT PROGRAM

IT looks as though radio history were repeating itself. Last year it was Major Bowes. This summer, if soothsayers haven't been affected by the heat, it's a show that broadcast all winter and spring over the Mutual network and which—on the 21st day of June—moved in on a coast-to-coast hookup over NBC as the new show to take the place of the vastly popular Ozzie Nelson-Robert Ripley broadcasts.

Ladies and gentlemen—introducing to you Husbands and Wives. Its rise has been one of the year's radio thrills. Its cast is you and you and you. And, unless all signs fail, by 1937 it will be the novelty wonder of the airwaves.

It is, without a doubt, as chuck-full of human interest as a night court in a metropolitan center, and for one good reason—there are, approximately, 30,000,000 husbands and wives in this fair country of ours living, loving, laughing and scrapping. Every time one of those 30,000,000 steps to the microphone and tells his or her troubles, a responsive chord is struck in all you 29,999,999 others.

For that is what this program is, a clearing house and a public forum for domestic woes. Between them Allie Lowe Miles and Sedley Brown have managed to help some 10,000 assorted husbands and wives air their troubles in public. They've led them to the mike, have made it possible for audiences to hear the tale of practically every kind of domestic discord.

Probably you know that each Sunday night a half a



dozen husbands and a half a dozen wives, all with their grievances, all bona fide amateurs, who go on the air without pay for the sake of talking it off their chests, are put through their paces in this riotous half hour in Radio City.

Sedley Brown and Allie Lowe (Continued on page 62)

Ken Murray WASN'T

NO man ever did less to help his son than I," Ken Murray's father is likely to tell you. "As far as I'm concerned, Ken is a self-made man."

It isn't true, though. Whether he knows it or not, he is talking utter nonsense when he says that.

Ken and I drove out to Long Island one day this summer to see him and talk to him. He's a strong, well built man with hair just faintly touched with gray, and shrewdly humorous eyes that twinkle at you from amid a mesh of fine lines when he laughs. He and Ken look very much alike, except that the father is lighter in coloring. There isn't as much difference in their ages as you'd expect—the father was only seventeen when Ken was born.

Perhaps, if you're a veteran vaudeville-goer, you remember Jack Doncourt. At one time or another he played in practically every fair-sized town in the country; and at the start of his career he was the juvenile in the road company

of the famous old play, "A Texas Steer."

He has retired now, and lives quietly with his mother in a modest bungalow in the suburban Borough of Queens. Sometimes, I think, when he listens to Ken on the air, he wishes he could be back in the stir and bustle of theatrical life. But on the whole, he is at last content to let his son be the comedian of the family.

It wasn't always that way. For instance, because of his anger at Ken's persistence in taking the stage for a profession, he refused to allow the boy to use the Doncourt name.

From the first, he didn't want Ken to be a vaudeville performer. He never failed to feel a pang of dismay when his small son appeared at the stage door while he was playing in New York, and insisted upon hanging around in the wings. The contrary little kid refused to show any interest in any other line of work. The plan was for him to go to college when he'd finished school, and study to be a lawyer, but Ken's grades in history and civics and other subjects lawyers ought to know a lot about, were always very very low. And Ken didn't seem to care.

All he cared about was being in every show his school put on—and not only in it, but usually running it, too. It got so that those shows were a serious menace to all the other high school students' health and studies, Ken took them so seriously, and made the actors work so hard.

It irritated Jack Doncourt to see the glamor with which Ken invested a profession he knew to be hard, gruelling and full of disappointments. He wanted to save the boy all this—and here he was bent on rushing into it headlong!

Besides, he honestly did not think the boy would make a comedian. Once, yielding to Ken's entreaties, he attended a school performance which happened to be given while he was in New York, and he was unsparing in his criticism afterward.

"You were awful," he said. "You haven't any idea of how to point a comedy line, the stuff you spouted wasn't funny, and—well, you were just plain sour!"

Ken never asked his father to another school performance. He realized for the first time the full extent of his father's opposition, and though stage doors still drew him to them with a magnetism that wasn't to be denied, he visited them when his father was out on tour.

When he graduated from high school he meekly took a job selling phonographs which Doncourt secured for him;



Wide World photos

They are pals now—father Jack Doncourt and son Ken Murray. Ken plays records of his shows and Jack likes them. But a few years ago he didn't think Ken was much good. That's why Ken changed his name from Doncourt.

FUNNY to his FATHER

and his father went out on the road again secure in the belief that Ken had given up that kid notion of being a comedian.

That is, he felt secure until his return. Walking up Broadway, he met a friend, another comedian named Pete Curley.

"Well!" said Curley, and started in to laugh. "You'll never guess who I've got working as my straight man."

"Who?" asked Doncourt.

"Your boy, Ken."

Doncourt didn't wince. "That so?" he asked casually. "How is he?"

"All right. His voice is a little weak, but—all right."

When Ken returned that evening he knew from one look at his father's face that the secret was out.

"So you think you're going to be a comedian?" Doncourt said, and when Ken nodded he half turned away in disappointment. "Well, I've done all I could. I tried to give you a chance in life but you want to be a vaudeville ham instead. I guess I can't stop you."

"No, sir," Ken replied.

The older man clenched his fists, and spoke in a carefully controlled voice. "All right, but—" He paused. "Just don't use my name. Get some other name, any other name but Doncourt. It means something in vaudeville, and I'm not going to have you making it look foolish!"

And that is why you listen to Ken Murray, not Ken Doncourt, every Tuesday night on the radio.

The father started to leave the room, but still he hesitated. The seasoned vaudevillian and the disappointed father were using him as a battleground—and the vaudevillian won out.

"Another thing!" he said. "When you're doing an act with somebody else, always remember you got to top everything he says. You won't get anywhere mumbling to yourself!"

"Yes, sir," Ken said, as Doncourt left the room.

A week or so later Doncourt met Curley again. "How's the boy doing?" he asked.

Curley looked worried. "Something's got into him," he replied. "He keeps on screaming."

Joseph grunted. Struggling against his bruised affection for Ken there was a faint light of satisfaction somewhere that his advice in this small respect had been taken.

By NORTON RUSSELL

"Well, anyway," he said, "anyway, the audience can hear him!"

Nowadays, as he tells of the incident, he adds, "And I think it was that training that developed Ken's voice so it's strong and powerful now."

Ken Murray and Jack Doncourt pursued their careers independently for a couple of years after that, meeting now and then in New York between tours. Their mutual affection was too great to permit an open quarrel, a breaking-off of relations. On all other subjects but Ken's profession they were always in complete agreement. But always in the father's heart there was that silent disappointment; and in the son's, a silent regret that he'd had to hurt his father.

Once it happened that they were booked into the same Syracuse theater. They made the trip to Syracuse on the train with the other people on (Continued on page 65)

For Ken's program
sponsored by Rinso,
see page 52



THE POIGNANT STORY OF A MAN WHO CALLED HIS SON

A FLOP ONLY TO SEE THE BOY'S STAR OUTSHINE HIS OWN

BACKSTAGE ON THE WHITE RABBIT LINE

COAST to coast on a bus! The White Rabbit Line! Jumps anywhere, anytime!"

No, it's not a newfangled method of transportation. It's the first and oldest amateur hour on the air, one of the oldest of children's programs, and the pride and joy of Milton Cross, veteran NBC announcer. And if, just because it is broadcast at nine o'clock on Sunday mornings, you don't know about it already, you ought to learn. The chances are that you'll want to join the several million listeners who *do* get up that early, just to listen in on this show.

But even the program's loyal fans don't know what goes on in the Radio City studio where it originates. They don't know why it is always spoken of, around the studios, as "Milton Cross' hour," nor why Mr. Cross regards the long years he has spent producing it every week as a happier and even a prouder achievement than the numberless times he has been called on to announce dignified operatic and high-priced commercial shows. Neither do they know the tragic reason why this program, for the past three years, has meant more to him than ever before.

You may have wondered, skeptically, if all the fine performers you hear on this children's hour are really "just kids"—and if they are really amateurs. The answer is that they are all just kids, but under the expert guidance of Mr. Cross and his assistants, they don't remain amateurs very long. They get to be seasoned troupers, adept at the complex art of entertainment, and ready for their graduation into the adult world of the big radio programs.

Not long ago the White Rabbit Line celebrated its twelfth birthday, and Mr. Cross could look back down a round dozen years which started when WJZ left its temporary quarters in the Westinghouse plant at Newark, and moved into the old Aeolian-Hall building in Times Square. All that time it has remained a one-man show, for no matter how many assistants and how many child performers came and went, Milton Cross was always the guiding force behind them.

It needs only a visit to a typical mid-week rehearsal to discover why the program is so intimately a part of Milton Cross' life.

The rehearsal hasn't really started when we arrive. Cross is standing in the center of the studio, while all around him



beats a bedlam of noise and activity. A swarm of children surrounds him, all shouting. Some of the smaller ones are hanging onto the tails of his coat; one little fellow is hammering at his midriff; another is clasping his knees. And he himself is beaming with delight.

"All this is a sort of warm-up," he tells you. "It gets them in shape for a fine rehearsal." But if you know Milton Cross at all, you know that the real reason he's pleased is just that he loves to have a lot of kids around him.

Gathered about a microphone are four older boys, going over parts of the week's script. They are some of the

"steady-regular" group—Walter Tetley, Eddie Wragge, Jimmy McCallion and Art Scanlon. Billy Halop would be there, too, but he is usually late, now that the stage show, "Dead End," is taking his time. Most of the boys have done some legitimate theatrical work, although none is over sixteen; and some of them work now and then in movies. You hear all of them in various commercial programs. Walter Tetley has a fine Scotch brogue and is the most "veteran" of juveniles in radio. Long before the White Rabbit Line got its name, he sang Scotch songs and told Scotch stories on the hour.

Things get noisier. A bevy of children have got into the sound-effects corner, and are banging drums and traps. Two small boys are wrestling. Still in the midst of it all is Mr.

Cross—large, solid, imperturbable, and extremely happy. Suddenly, he looks at his watch, and his hand goes up. Time to start. Abruptly, everything quiets down.

A Children's Hour rehearsal runs off with surprising smoothness, considering the age of the performers. Just as if they were in the music room at home, the children gather around the grand piano, and chorus numbers are run through. There's a great deal of laughter and talk between songs, and everybody has a grand time.

If you want to attend the broadcast itself, you have to get your tickets early. A few years ago, it was different, but now there are so many fans who want to see as well as hear that the demand for tickets is tremendous.

Informality is the keynote of the broadcast, just as it was of the rehearsal. The children sit where they like, or wander about the stage. By the principal mike is a little platform, and on it is perched a stout boy of ten, very self-possessed and at ease. He is Junior O'Day, better known as Mickey O'Day, whose duty it is to speak the opening announcement.

At the stroke of nine, Milton Cross adjusts his eye-glasses, steps over to the announcer's desk, gently strokes his cheek with the first two fingers of his left hand, and presses a button with his right. The hour begins, with the familiar White Rabbit Line announcement, followed by an opening chorus.

Then Cross steps over to the principal mike and gathers the principals of the cast around him—Jimmy McCallion, the bus driver; six-year-old Joyce Walsh; Walter Tetley; Art Scanlon, the bus' Negro porter.

By one's and two's the children do their scheduled acts. There's an oddly attractive air of professional assurance about most of them. Little Diana Donneworth, who is only three years old and so small that she has to be helped up on a chair to be on a level with the microphone, throws her pretty little head back and sings at the top of her voice, with a twitch of her shoulders now and then. The talented four-year-old Ronald Liss, who reads both words and music with ease, sings "The Animal Store," throwing in little gestures as his active imagination prompts him. For instance, when he reaches the line: "Or wagged a tail at me," he puts a hand behind his (Continued on page 87)

The White Rabbit Line is heard every Sunday morning on NBC-Blue, at 9, EDT.



Rehearsal and broadcast times for the White Rabbit Line are grand fun for Milton Cross, its conductor, as well as the children. Top pictures, Cross at the mike with Jimmy McCallion, Art Scanlon, Walter Tetley and Eddie Wragge; and a rehearsal at the piano. Lower pictures, a few of the cast enjoying themselves; and Cross conferring with Junius and Renee Stevens and little Diana Donneworth.

By ALETHA
SHOEMAKER

STEP ABOARD AND FIND OUT

WHY ONE OF RADIO CITY'S

OLDEST AND MOST BELOVED

HOURS IS A ONE MAN SHOW



LEARN HOMEMAKING FROM the STARS

One of the prettiest features of the Kemp home is the beautiful arched stairway (left, above) with its plum carpeting. Through the archway is a view of the modernistic dining room. The walls are blue and the chair coverings ivory leather. Above, Hal Kemp entertains his two domestic pets in a corner of the stream-lined living room. Note the cleverly built-in bookshelves.

BY RUTH GERI

ALTHOUGH June is the month traditionally dedicated to brides, it seems to me that nothing could be more appropriate than a consideration of the new problems which Mrs. Newlywed faces, at this time. Summer is half over, and the halcyon honeymoon days with them. Graver, but no less fascinating thoughts are occupying the mind of Mrs. Newlywed. She is most probably house or apartment hunting and out on a grand shopping spree. Remember, if you are a fortunate bride, it would be well to mix caution with enthusiasm as you shop for furnishings. Always bear in mind that your "dream home" will not happen like a miracle—it will be the result of careful, judicious planning.

I'm sure a visit through the home of the Hal Kemps will be helpful to you. Mrs. Hal Kemp looking scarcely old

enough to be even a bride let alone the mother of three-year-old Sally Rush and year-old Junior was all excited and enthusiastic over the new house in Forest Hills, Long Island.

"Honestly, I feel more like a bride now than when we were married," she laughed. "You know this is the first time that Hal and I have had our own home and I had more real honest-to-goodness fun buying everything for it than I would have believed possible. Of course we just rent the house," she added a bit ruefully. "Hal and I both agree that young married people ought to wait a bit before building a house. Then we'll know just exactly what we want and won't make any mistakes. Of course," her eyes twinkled mischievously, "I've got a pretty good idea already of what it will be like. It's going to be modern—very

HAVE YOU YOUNG IDEAS ABOUT MODERNIZING YOUR HOME THAT



Photos made exclusively for RADIO MIRROR by Bert Lawson

The red and white nursery (upper right) is where Mr. and Mrs. Hal Kemp spend their leisure moments with three-year-old Sally Rush and baby Junior. Above, the bar-room boasts of the home's Southern hospitality. One of the things the Kems have gone in for in the furnishing and decorating of their home is broadloom carpeting, which of course is the perfect thing for the modern house. Right, Hal beckons to you to follow him through their up-to-the-minute, white kitchen and down the back stairs to the playroom. Mrs. Kemp tells you of the economical and fanciful way she and Hal fixed up this bare cellar room.

modern—that's why I bought modern furniture. Somehow I feel that the new type of decoration is young, that it belongs to our generation, that it expresses *us* and our mode of living. It's simple and comfortable and direct and it lends itself to such wonderful color treatment.

"Of course you have to be very careful, even more so than when you use the standard conventional furniture, otherwise the effect will be garish and you'll soon tire of it. I found that out soon enough. But I went to Gimbels and bought *everything* there down to the last thumbtack. In that way, the decorating adviser and I had some coherent idea of just what I was buying and we were able to follow out definite color schemes and proportion (Continued on page 73)



YOU CAN'T WORK OUT? THEN LET HA

GIVE YOU SOME POINTERS

They TALK



IF you've been thinking of asking your favorite announcer how to win that argument with your wife or how to hit your boss for a raise, think again, kid.

The lads who identify the programs on the National Broadcasting Company and the Columbia Broadcasting System are some punkins, all right. Their gift of gab is earning them a nice living and you can hardly beat the hours.

But all that glitters is not gold. These same lads often find the honey in their voices has misplaced itself and gotten into their hair.

Those who are married can't win arguments with their wives, and those who aren't, can't win 'em with their best girls.

They never ask for raises for the same reason you don't: They're afraid the boss has been contemplating firing them all along. And . . . oh, their trials and tribulations are many. Kelvin Keech says so. He should know. Harry Von Zell, Ken Roberts, Paul Douglas, Alan Kent, Ted Husing, Bert Parks, Ben Grauer. They should know, too. And they say so.

We'll start out with Ben.

Ben is a nice guy and a smooth talker. For popularity among announcers themselves it would be a pretty close race between Ben and Harry Von Zell, with George Hicks making the going tough for both of them.

"This announcing," Ben told me, "is a lovely business, except that you are sometimes apt to transplant the spirit of the studio into the drawing room.

"There are times when you—well, I have begun to think that perhaps my words are pearls of wisdom. Those are the times when some little gal exclaims, 'Oh, isn't the war threat terrible?'—and I clear my throat and proceed to analyze the situation, being careful to speak in well modu-

Ben Grauer, above, told a drunk what he thought of him too fluently; Paul Douglas, left, allowed the power of words to lead him into loveless marriage.

lated, though clear tones not too close to the ear, since that causes blasting."

Ben's silky command of the English language has won him some tough arguments. It has also gotten him into some scrapes. Once, the night of the Baer-Braddock fight, it got him a punch on the nose.

He had lost a wad on Baer, so he and a little gal had dropped into a famous New York bar to dispel their growing gloom. They had been there only a few minutes and were dancing when a very large drunk made his dubious way to their side.

"Lesh make thish a threeshom," he suggested through his haze.

—Ben, with faultless, yet withering diction, told him to go to blazes.

The large drunk didn't. He went to the bar and brooded sullenly over the dictionary-ful Ben had handed him. He'd apparently decided what it all had meant by the time Ben and the girl returned to the bar, for he walked up and smacked Ben smack on the schnozzle.

When Ben returned to this world, the large drunk had been tossed out. But he'd left his trademark. Grauer's nose, bleeding profusely, was twice its normal size.

Kel Keech's fluency with words pried him out of a similar debacle in Paris a couple of years ago. An American who had tried to absorb all the alcohol on the West Bank had wanted to take a poke at him, but Kel talked him out of it. However, on an occasion when Kel *really* needed

THEMSELVES into TROUBLE

BY BILL
STUART



AN ANNOUNCER'S GIFT OF GAB
IS HIS GREATEST ASSET—BUT
SOMETIMES IT'S A LIABILITY

Harry Von Zell, above left, didn't catch the name of the girl he spoke to at the opera; Kelvin Keech, above, couldn't talk himself out of a wartime jam.

those smooth adjectives and adverbs, they failed him completely.

That was in Paris, too. During the war, Kel had wangled a three-day leave from his division and had tied in with some of the lads at the Red Cross canteen. He became so interested with playing his banjo in their dance orchestra, he found himself AWOL—and that's no radio station.

After frenzied discussion, it was decided that unless Kel wanted his ears beaten off by the tough 5th Marines, he'd better use that God-given persuasiveness to talk himself into the hospital.

Twenty minutes later, a medical officer fixed Kel with a steely eye and demanded, "What's wrong with you, soldier?"

Kel opened his mouth—and not one golden word came forth. In desperation, he pointed to his stomach. As the doctors thumped and probed a moment later, Kel wondered miserably if the old folks would recognize him after the Marines were through.

"Never saw a better stomach," declared one medico finally.

"But," added another, "he does have chronic bronchitis. Ward three, soldier."

Those were the sweetest words Kel has ever heard. His own have never equalled them.

Yes, the announcers find by and large that their knack of making sentences sit up and do back flips either deserts them entirely in moments of stress, as with Kel Keech, or runs away with them, as with Ben Grauer.

It ran away with Paul Douglas once and Paul thought for a long time before he revealed the results. It is a little sad because it has changed his life around for him; and I think the same thing has changed the lives of other men who have never been so frank about saying so.

"I talked myself into marriage," he told me. "I did it against my better judgment and against her better judgment."

The picture is not hard to set. At the time, Paul had been in New York for just two years. He was free, more than twenty-one, and good looking. Added to that, he was rapidly going some place in the radio business. People were agreeing he could hardly be (Continued on page 80)



benny take a bow

As guide, friend, and accomplice of the boys and girls who appear on the Feenamint National Amateur Hour on WOR, Benny Rubin is radio's newest master of ceremonies. And, as in the picture at the left, he also tries some warbling of his own, with Musical Director Arnold Johnson none too contented at the piano. The other three pictures show Benny with the contestants in a recent program; below, Arnold Johnson with Benny and Bill Cramer, Benny's secretary; below left, the ABC Quartet, and below right, Benny with Eleanor Whitley.

For the Feen-
amint program
see page 89



People Notice Skin Faults

LINES

"SHE'S LOOKING OLD"

LARGE PORES

"SHE'S LOSING HER LOOKS"

BLEMISHES

"HER SKIN IS NEVER CLEAR"



Miss Dorothy Day: "Pond's Cold Cream keeps my skin free from little lines."

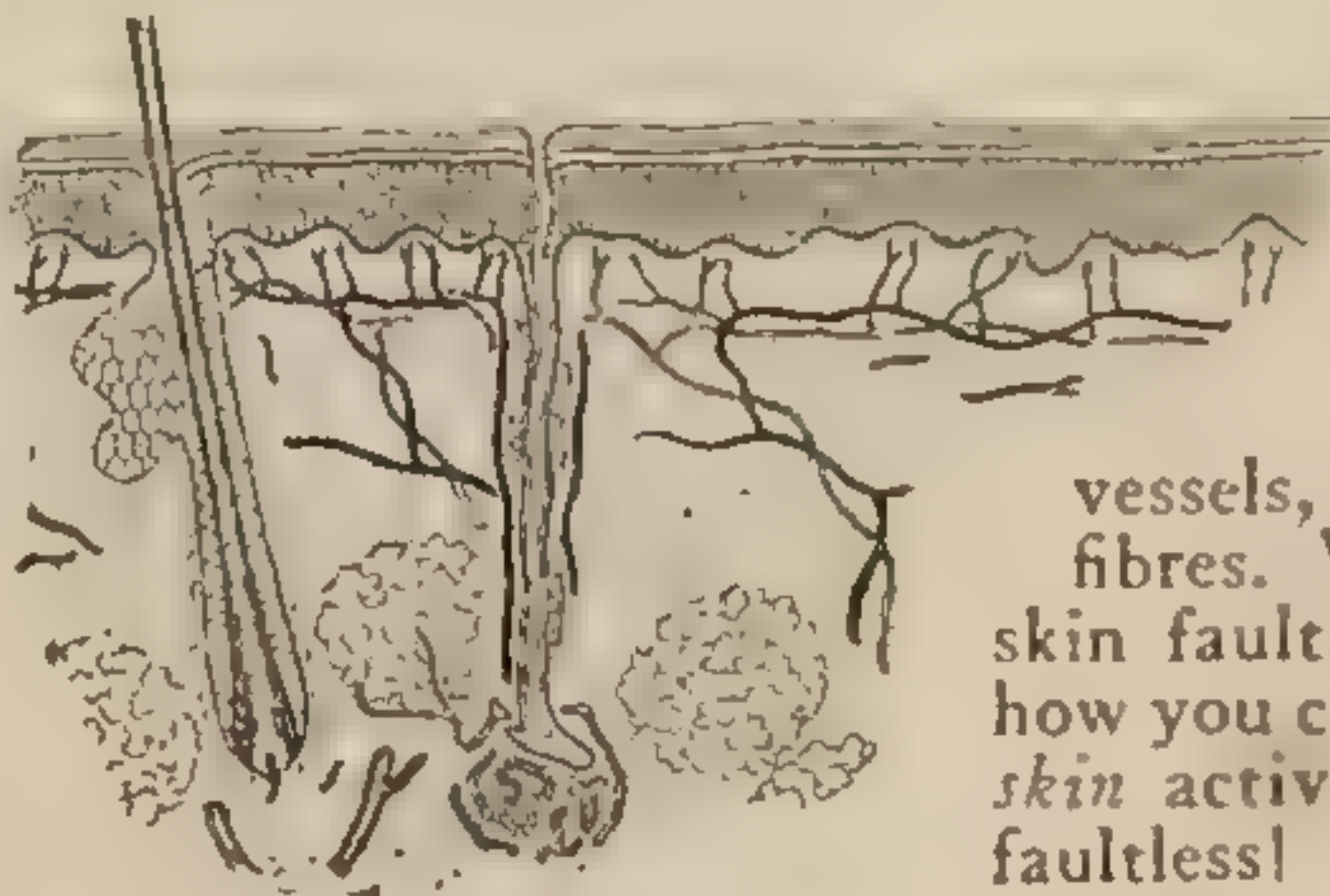
These faults start in your Under Skin—and there's where you must treat them

AT GLANCE at your skin—and people form opinions! A single blemish . . . "Her skin's never clear." Tired lines creeping in . . . "She's looking worn and old." The first coarse pores . . . "She's losing her good looks!"

Things you yourself hardly notice. But they are there—giving you away, sometimes unjustly.

You can change all that! . . . Surprise everybody with a glorious new impression of your skin—in a few short weeks. You must begin at once to fight those faults people notice. Fight them right where they begin—in your *underskin*. Look at

the skin diagram below. See, just under the skin, all the tiny oil glands, blood vessels, skin cells, which rush life to your outer skin—keep it free of flaws. When they lose vigor, skin faults begin.



Good looks start here . . .

Under the skin you see are blood vessels, oil glands, nerves, fibres. When these fail—skin faults come . . . Read how you can keep this *underskin* active, your outer skin faultless!

But you can *keep them active!* Rouse that underskin, by the faithful use of Pond's deep-skin treatment—and those little faults will quickly go!

Pond's Cold Cream is made with fine,

specially processed oils which go deep. It lifts out all dirt and make-up—freshens your skin immediately. Now—pat in a second application, briskly. Feel the failing underskin waken. Circulation more active. Soon oil glands, cells are acting normally.

Do this regularly. In a few weeks your skin will be noticed by everyone, but for a different reason . . . It's so fresh and clear and smooth . . . *beautiful!*

More than cleansing—this way

Here's the famous Pond's method:

Every night, cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream. Watch it bring out all the dirt, make-up, skin secretions. Wipe it all off! . . . Now pat in more cream briskly. Rouse that failing underskin. Set it to work again—for that clear, smooth, line-free skin you want.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin becomes softer, finer, every time. Powder goes on beautifully.

Start in at once. The coupon brings a special 9-treatment tube of Pond's Cold Cream.

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

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"I keep my skin in good condition with Pond's Cold Cream. It never lets blackheads, coarse pores, or blemishes come out on my skin."



RADIO MIRROR RAPID

SUNDAY

All time is Eastern Daylight Saving

- 10:00 A.M.
CBS: Church of the Air.
NBC-Blue: Southernaires.
NBC-Red: Sabbath Reveries.
- 10:30
CBS: Press-radio news.
- 10:35
CBS: Poetic Strings.
- 11:00
CBS: Day Dreams.
NBC: Press-radio news.
- 11:05
NBC-Blue: Alice Remsen, contralto.
NBC-Red: Ward and Muzzy, piano.
- 11:15
NBC-Red: Nellie Revell.
- 11:30
CBS: Salt Lake City Tabernacle.
NBC-Blue: The World Is Yours.
NBC-Red: Major Bowes' Family.
- 12:00 Noon
NBC-Blue: Pageant of Youth.
- 12:30 P.M.
CBS: Romany Trail.
NBC-Blue: Radio City Music Hall.
NBC-Red: University of Chicago Round Table Discussions.
- 12:45
CBS: Transatlantic Broadcast.
- 1:00
CBS: Church of the Air.
- 1:30
CBS: Russell Dorr.
NBC-Blue: Sunday Forum.
NBC-Red: While the City Sleeps.
- 1:45
CBS: Eddie Dunstetter.
- 2:00
CBS: Kreiner String Quartet.
NBC-Blue: The Magic Key of RCA.
- 2:30
CBS: St. Louis Blues
NBC-Red: Peter Absolute.
- 3:00
CBS: Everybody's Music.
NBC-Blue: Gilbert Seldes.
NBC-Red: Anne Jamison.
- 3:30
NBC-Blue: Benno Rabinoff.
- 4:00
CBS: Sunday Serenade.
NBC-Blue: National Vespers.
NBC-Red: The Widow's Sons.
- 4:30
CBS: Heifetz Singers.
NBC-Blue: Fishface and Figgs-bottle.
NBC-Red: A Capella Choir.
- 5:00
NBC-Blue: Tom Terriss.
NBC-Red: Sunday Drivers.
- 5:30
CBS: Ramona.
NBC-Blue: Leopold Spitalny.
NBC-Red: Words and Music.
- Six P.M. to Eleven P.M.
- 6:00
CBS: Ma and Pa.
NBC-Red: Catholic Hour.
- 6:30
NBC-Blue: Jolly Coburn's Orch.
NBC-Red: A Tale of Today.
- 6:45
CBS: Poet's Gold.
- 7:00
CBS: Dancing by the Sea.
NBC-Blue: Tim and Irene.
NBC-Red: K-7.
- 7:30
CBS: Crumit and Sanderson.
NBC-Blue: Husbands and Wives.
NBC-Red: Fireside Recitals.
- 7:45
NBC-Red: Sunset Dreams.
- 8:00
CBS: America Dances.
NBC-Blue: Twilight Hour.
NBC-Red: Major Bowes' Amateurs.
- 8:30
CBS: Philadelphia Orchestra.
NBC-Blue: Goldman Band.
- 9:00
NBC-Red: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round.
- 9:30
NBC-Blue: Cornelia Otis Skinner.
NBC-Red: American Album of Familiar Music.
- 9:45
NBC-Blue: Paul Whiteman.
- 10:30
CBS: Community Sing.
NBC-Blue: Dreams of Long Ago.

MONDAY

All time is Eastern Daylight Saving

- 10: A.M.
CBS: Gold Medal Hour.
NBC: Press-Radio News.
- 10:15
NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife.
- 10:30
NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh.
NBC-Red: Sweethearts of the Air.
- 10:45
NBC-Blue: Dan and Sylvia.
NBC-Red: Today's Children.
- 11:00
CBS: The Goldbergs.
NBC-Red: David Harum.
- 11:15
NBC-Blue: Home Sweet Home.
- 11:30
NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade.
- 11:45
CBS: You and Your Happiness.
NBC-Blue: Dramatic Show.
NBC-Red: Voice of Experience.
- 12:00 Noon
NBC-Blue: Five Star Jones.
NBC-Red: Girl Alone.
- 12:15 P.M.
CBS: Musical Reveries.
NBC-Red: Honeyboy and Sassafras.
- 12:30
CBS: Merrymakers.
NBC-Blue: U. S. Navy Band.
- 1:00
CBS: Matinee Memories.
- 1:15
NBC-Blue: Dot and Will.
- 1:30
NBC-Blue: National Farm Hour.
- 1:45
CBS: Ted Malone.
- 2:00
CBS: The Goldbergs. (West)
- 2:15
CBS: Happy Hollow.
- 2:30
CBS: Manhattan Matinee.
NBC-Blue: NBC Music Guild.
NBC-Red: Waltz Favorites.
- 3:00
NBC-Blue: Morton Bowe.
NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family.
- 3:15
NBC-Red: Ma Perkins.
- 3:30
CBS: Hoosier Hop.
NBC-Red: Vic and Sade.
- 3:45
NBC-Blue: King's Jesters.
NBC-Red: The O'Neills.
- 4:00
CBS: Dept. of Education.
NBC-Blue: Foxes of Flatbush.
NBC-Red: Woman's Radio Review.
- 4:30
CBS: Chicago Variety Hour.
NBC-Red: Gene Arnold, Ranch Boys.
- 4:45
NBC-Blue: The Magic Voice.
NBC-Red: Grandpa Burton.
- 5:00
NBC-Blue: Let's Talk It Over.
- 5:15
CBS: Dorothy Gordon.
- 5:30
CBS: Vocals by Verrill.
NBC-Blue: Singing Lady.
- 5:45
CBS: Wilderness Road.
NBC-Blue: Little Orphan Annie.
- Six P.M. to Eleven P.M.
- 6:00
NBC-Red: Flying Time.
- 6:15
CBS: Bobby Benson.
- 6:30
Press Radio News.
- 6:45
CBS: Renfrew of the Mounted.
NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas.
- 7:00
CBS: Loretta Lee, Eton Boys.
NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy.
- 7:15
NBC-Red: Uncle Ezra.
- 7:30
CBS: Ted Husing.
NBC-Blue: Lum and Abner.
- 7:45
CBS: Boake Carter.
NBC-Red: Education in the News.
- 8:00
CBS: Alemite Half Hour.
NBC-Red: McGee and Molly.
- 8:30
CBS: Pick and Pat.
NBC-Blue: Melodiana.
NBC-Red: Voice of Firestone.
- 9:00
CBS: Lux Radio Theater.
NBC-Blue: Sinclair Minstrels.
NBC-Red: A. & P. Gypsies.
- 9:30
NBC-Blue: Goldman Band.
NBC-Red: Studebaker Champions.
- 10:00
CBS: Wayne King.
NBC-Blue: Carefree Carnival.
NBC-Red: Contented Program.
- 10:30
CBS: March of Time.

TUESDAY

All time is Eastern Daylight Saving

- 10:00 A.M.
CBS: Gold Medal Hour.
NBC: Press-Radio News.
- 10:15
NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife.
- 10:30
NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh.
- 10:45
NBC-Blue: Dan and Sylvia.
NBC-Red: Today's Children.
- 11:00
CBS: The Goldbergs.
NBC-Red: David Harum.
- 11:15
NBC-Blue: Home Sweet Home.
- 11:30
NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade.
NBC-Red: Master Builder.
- 11:45
CBS: You and Your Happiness.
NBC-Blue: Dramatic Show.
NBC-Red: Novelette.
- 12:00 Noon
CBS: Rustic Rhythm Trio.
NBC-Blue: Five Star Jones.
NBC-Red: Girl Alone.
- 12:15 P.M.
CBS: Mary Lee Taylor.
NBC-Blue: Cadets Quartet.
NBC-Red: Honeyboy and Sassafras.
- 12:30
CBS: Emery Deutsch.
- 1:15
NBC-Blue: Dot and Will.
- 1:30
NBC-Blue: National Farm Hour.
- 1:45
CBS: Ted Malone.
NBC-Red: NBC Music Guild.
- 2:00
CBS: The Goldbergs. (West)
- 2:30
NBC-Red: Gould and Shefter
- 3:00
NBC-Blue: Nellie Revell at Large
NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family.
- 3:15
NBC-Blue: Continental Varieties.
NBC-Red: Ma Perkins.
- 3:30
NBC-Red: Vic and Sade.
- 3:45
NBC-Blue: Have You Heard.
NBC-Red: The O'Neills.
- 4:00
NBC-Blue: Foxes of Flatbush.
NBC-Red: Woman's Radio Review.
- 4:30
CBS: CBS Chamber Orchestra.
NBC-Blue: Sonia Esson
NBC-Red: Gene Arnold, Ranch Boys.
- 4:45
NBC-Blue: The Magic Voice.
- 5:00
CBS: Jimmy Farrell.
NBC-Blue: Meetin' House.
NBC-Red: Top Hatters.
- 5:30
NBC-Blue: Singing Lady.
- 5:45
CBS: Wilderness Road.
NBC-Blue: Little Orphan Annie.
- Six P.M. to Eleven P.M.
- 6:00
CBS: Benay Venuta.
NBC-Red: Flying Time.
- 6:15
CBS: News of Youth.
NBC-Red: Mid-Week Hymn Sing.
- 6:30
Press-Radio News
- 6:45
CBS: Renfrew of the Mounted.
NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas.
- 7:00
CBS: Kreuger Musical Toast.
NBC-Blue: Easy Aces.
NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy.
- 7:15
NBC-Red: Voice of Experience.
- 7:30
CBS: Jack Miller's Orch.
NBC-Blue: Lum and Abner.
- 7:45
CBS: Boake Carter.
- 8:00
CBS: Lazy Dan.
NBC-Red: Leo Reisman's Orchestra.
- 8:30
CBS: Ken Murray.
NBC-Blue: Edgar A. Guest.
NBC-Red: Wayne King.
- 9:00
CBS: Fred Waring.
NBC-Blue: Ben Bernie.
NBC-Red: Vox Pop.
- 9:30
CBS: Camel Caravan.
NBC-Red: Ed Wynn.
- 10:00
NBC-Blue: String Symphony.
NBC-Red: Meredith Willson.
- 10:30
CBS: March of Time.
- 10:45
NBC-Red: Roy Campbell Royalists.

WEDNESDAY

All time is Eastern Daylight Saving

- 10:00 A. M.
CBS: Gold Medal Hour.
NBC: Press-Radio News.
- 10:15
NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife.
- 10:30
NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh.
NBC-Red: The Mystery Chef.
- 10:45
NBC-Blue: Dan and Sylvia.
NBC-Red: Today's Children.
- 11:00
CBS: The Goldbergs.
NBC-Blue: Honeymooners.
NBC-Red: David Harum.
- 11:15
NBC-Blue: Home Sweet Home.
- 11:30
NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade.
NBC-Red: The Wife Saver.
- 11:45
CBS: You and Your Happiness.
NBC-Blue: Dramatic Show.
NBC-Red: Voice of Experience.
- 12:00 noon
NBC-Blue: Five Star Jones.
NBC-Red: Girl Alone.
- 12:15 P. M.
CBS: Musical Reveries.
NBC-Red: Honeyboy and Sassafras.
- 12:30
CBS: Merrymakers.
- 1:15
NBC-Blue: Dot and Will.
- 1:30
NBC-Blue: National Farm Hour.
- 1:45
CBS: Ted Malone.
- 2:00
CBS: The Goldbergs. (West)
NBC-Red: NBC Music Guild.
- 2:15
CBS: Happy Hollow.
- 2:30
NBC-Blue: Afternoon Recess.
- 3:00
CBS: Ann Leaf.
NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family.
- 3:15
NBC-Red: Ma Perkins.
- 3:30
NBC-Red: Vic and Sade.
- 3:45
CBS: Gogo De Lys.
NBC-Red: The O'Neills.
- 4:00
CBS: Concert Hall.
NBC-Blue: Foxes of Flatbush.
NBC-Red: Woman's Radio Review.
- 4:30
NBC-Red: Gene Arnold, Ranch Boys.
- 4:45
CBS: Clyde Barrie.
NBC-Blue: The Magic Voice.
NBC-Red: Grandpa Burton.
- 5:00
CBS: Margaret McCrae.
- 5:15
CBS: Dorothy Gordon.
- 5:30
CBS: Buddy Clark.
NBC-Blue: Singing Lady.
- 5:45
CBS: Wilderness Road.
NBC-Blue: Little Orphan Annie.
- Six P. M. to Eleven P. M.
- 6:00
NBC-Red: Flying Time.
- 6:05
NBC-Blue: Animal News Club.
- 6:15
CBS: Bobby Benson.
NBC-Blue: Midge Williams.
- 6:30
Press-Radio News.
- 6:45
CBS: Renfrew of the Mounted.
NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas.
- 7:00
CBS: Lee Wiley.
NBC-Blue: Easy Aces.
NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy.
- 7:15
NBC-Red: Uncle Ezra.
- 7:30
NBC-Blue: Lum and Abner.
- 7:45
CBS: Boake Carter.
- 8:00
CBS: Cavalcade of America.
NBC-Blue: Folies de Paree.
NBC-Red: One Man's Family.
- 8:30
CBS: Burns and Allen.
NBC-Blue: Lavender and Old Lace.
NBC-Red: Wayne King.
- 9:00
CBS: Andre Kostelanetz Orch.
NBC-Red: Town Hall Tonight.
- 9:30
CBS: Come On, Let's Sing.
- 10:00
CBS: Gang Busters. Phillips Lord.
NBC-Red & Blue: Your Hit Parade.
- 10:30
CBS: March of Time.

USE THIS HANDY GUIDE TO LOCATE THE PROGRAMS ON

PROGRAM DIRECTORY

THURSDAY

All time is Eastern Daylight Saving

10:00 A.M.
CBS: Gold Medal Hour.
NBC: Press-Radio News.

10:15
NBC-Blue: Home Sweet Home.
NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife.

10:30
NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh.
NBC-Red: Ralph Kirby.

10:45
NBC-Blue: Dan and Sylvia.
NBC-Red: Today's Children.

11:00
CBS: The Goldbergs.
NBC-Red: David Harum.

11:15
NBC-Blue: Home Sweet Home.

11:30
NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade.
NBC-Red: Morning at McNeill's.

11:45
CBS: You and Your Happiness.
NBC-Blue: Dramatic Show.

12:00 Noon
NBC-Blue: Five Star Jones.
NBC-Red: Girl Alone.

12:15 P.M.
CBS: Mary Lee Taylor.
NBC-Red: Honeyboy and Sassafras.

1:00
CBS: Matinee Memories.

1:15
NBC-Blue: Dot and Will.

1:30
CBS: Academy of Medicine.
NBC-Blue: National Farm Hour.

1:45
CBS: Ted Malone.
NBC-Red: Doc Schneider's Texans.

2:00
CBS: The Goldbergs. (West)

2:15
CBS: Happy Hollow.

2:30
NBC-Blue: NBC Music Guild.

3:00
NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family.

3:15
NBC-Red: Ma Perkins.

3:30
CBS: Do You Remember.
NBC-Red: Vic and Sade.

3:45
NBC-Red: The O'Neills.

4:00
CBS: All Hands on Deck.
NBC-Blue: Foxes of Flatbush.
NBC-Red: Woman's Radio Review.

4:30
CBS: Greetings from Old Kentucky.
NBC-Blue: NBC Light Opera.
NBC-Red: Gene Arnold, Ranch Boys.

4:45
NBC-Blue: The Magic Voice.

5:15
CBS: Clyde Barrie.

5:30
NBC-Blue: Singing Lady.
NBC-Red: Answer Me This.

5:45
CBS: Wilderness Road.
NBC-Blue: Little Orphan Annie.
NBC-Red: Twin City Foursome.

Six P.M. to Eleven P.M.

6:00
CBS: Benay Venuta.
NBC-Red: Flying Time.

8:15
CBS: News of Youth.

6:30
Press-Radio News.

6:45
CBS: Renfrew of the Mounted.
NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas.

7:00
CBS: Atlantic Family.
NBC-Blue: Easy Aces.
NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy.

7:15
NBC-Red: Voice of Experience.

7:30
CBS: Jack Miller's Orch.
NBC-Blue: Lum and Abner.

7:45
CBS: Boake Carter.
NBC-Blue: Music is My Hobby.

8:00
CBS: Concert Hall.
NBC-Red: Fleischmann Hour.

8:30
NBC-Blue: Cugat Orchestra.

9:00
NBC-Blue: Death Valley Days.
NBC-Red: Show Boat.

10:00
NBC-Red: Kraft Music Hall.

10:30
CBS: March of Time.

FRIDAY

All time is Eastern Daylight Saving

10:00 A.M.
CBS: Gold Medal Hour.
NBC: Press-Radio News.

10:15
NBC-Blue: Home Sweet Home.
NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife.

10:30
NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh.
NBC-Red: The Mystery Chef.

10:45
NBC-Blue: Dan and Sylvia.
NBC-Red: Today's Children.

11:00
CBS: The Goldbergs.
NBC-Blue: Honeymooners.
NBC-Red: David Harum.

11:15
NBC-Blue: Home Sweet Home.

11:30
NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade.
NBC-Red: The Wife Saver.

11:45
CBS: You and Your Happiness.
NBC-Blue: Dramatic Show.
NBC-Red: Voice of Experience.

12:00 Noon
NBC-Blue: Five Star Jones.
NBC-Red: Girl Alone.

12:15 P.M.
CBS: Musical Reveries.
NBC-Red: Honeyboy and Sassafras.

12:30
CBS: Captivators.

1:15
NBC-Blue: Dot and Will.

1:30
NBC-Blue: National Farm Hour.

1:45
CBS: Ted Malone.

2:00
CBS: The Goldbergs. (West)

2:15
CBS: Happy Hollow.

2:45
NBC-Blue: Woman's Clubs.

3:00
NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family.

3:15
NBC-Red: Ma Perkins.

3:30
NBC-Red: Vic and Sade.

3:45
NBC-Red: The O'Neills.

4:00
NBC-Blue: Foxes of Flatbush.
NBC-Red: Woman's Radio Review.

4:30
CBS: U. S. Army Band.

4:45
NBC-Blue: The Magic Voice.
NBC-Red: Grandpa Burton.

5:00
CBS: Margaret McCrae.
NBC-Blue: Airbreaks.

5:15
CBS: Dorothy Gordon.

5:30
CBS: Mark Warnow Orchestra.
NBC-Blue: Singing Lady.

5:45
CBS: Wilderness Road.
NBC-Blue: Little Orphan Annie.

Six P.M. to Eleven P.M.

6:00
CBS: Buddy Clark.
NBC-Red: Flying Time.

6:05
NBC-Blue: Animal News Club.

6:15
CBS: Bobby Benson.

6:30
Press-Radio News.

6:45
CBS: Renfrew of the Mounted.
NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas.

7:00
CBS: Virginia Verrill.
NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy.

7:15
NBC-Red: Uncle Ezra.

7:30
CBS: Benny Fields.
NBC-Blue: Lum and Abner.

7:45
CBS: Boake Carter.

8:00
CBS: Red Horse Tavern.
NBC-Blue: Irene Rich.
NBC-Red: Cities Service Concert.

8:30
CBS: Broadway Varieties.
NBC-Blue: Frank Fay Calling.

9:00
CBS: Hollywood Hotel.
NBC-Blue: Fred Waring.
NBC-Red: Waltz Time.

9:30
NBC-Blue: Clara, Lu, 'n' Em.
NBC-Red: True Story Court.

10:00
CBS: Andre Kostelanetz Orch.

10:30
CBS: March of Time.
NBC-Blue: Vivian della Chiesa.
NBC-Red: Marion Talley.

SATURDAY

All time is Eastern Daylight Saving

10:00 A.M.
Press-Radio News.

10:05
NBC-Blue: Vaughn de Leath.
NBC-Red: Martha and Hal.

10:15
CBS: Fred Feibel.
NBC-Red: The Vass Family.

10:30
CBS: Let's Pretend.
NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh.

10:45
NBC-Blue: Originalities.

11:00
CBS: Ozark Melodies.
NBC-Blue: Honeymooners.
NBC-Red: Our American Schools.

11:15
NBC-Blue: Cadets Quartet.
NBC-Red: The Norsemen Quartet.

11:30
CBS: Concert Hall.
NBC-Red: Jerry Sears.

12:00 Noon
CBS: You and Your Happiness.
NBC-Blue: Genia Fonarova.
NBC-Red: Concert Miniatures.

12:15 P.M.
CBS: Musical Reveries.

12:30
CBS: George Hall Orch.
NBC-Red: Merry Madcaps.

12:45
NBC-Blue: Words and Music.

1:00
CBS: Jack Shannon.
NBC-Blue: Old Skipper and Gang.

1:05
NBC-Red: Rex Battle Orchestra

1:30
CBS: Buffalo Presents.
NBC-Blue: National Farm Hour

2:30
CBS: Three Stars.
NBC-Blue: Whitney Ensemble.
NBC-Red: Earl Smith Orch.

2:45
CBS: Clyde Barrie.

3:00
CBS: Down by Herman's.
NBC-Blue: Walter Blaufuss.
NBC-Red: Tophatters.

3:30
CBS: Tours in Tone.
NBC-Red: Week End Review.

3:45
NBC-Blue: Gale Page.

4:00
CBS: Ann Leaf.

4:30
CBS: Isle of Dreams.

5:00
NBC-Blue: Jackie Heller.
NBC-Red: Blue Room Echoes.

5:15
NBC-Blue: Musical Adventures.

5:30
CBS: Motor City Melodies.
NBC-Red: Kaltenmeyer's Kindergarten.

Six P.M. to Eleven P.M.

6:00
CBS: H. V. Kaltenborn.

6:05
NBC-Blue: Jesse Crawford.

6:15
CBS: News of Youth.

6:30
Press-Radio News.

6:45
NBC-Red: Art of Living.

7:00
CBS: Patti Chapin.
NBC-Blue: King's Jesters.
NBC-Red: Saturdays at Connie's.

7:15
CBS: Mabelle Jennings.
NBC-Blue: Home Town.
NBC-Red: Roy Campbell's Royalists

7:30
CBS: Song Stylists.
NBC-Red: Heinie and Grenadiers

8:00
CBS: Saturday Swing Session.
NBC-Blue: El Chico.

8:30
CBS: Meet McBride.
NBC-Blue: Boston Pop Concerts.

9:00
CBS: Bruna Castagna.

9:30
CBS: Salon Moderne.
NBC-Blue: National Barn Dance.
NBC-Red: Shell Chateau.

10:00
CBS: Your Hit Parade and Sweepstakes.

HOW TO USE THIS PROGRAM GUIDE

Programs of the three major networks are listed on these two pages — Columbia Broadcasting System (abbreviated to CBS) and the two National Broadcasting Company chains NBC-Blue and NBC-Red. In order to learn what network your local station is affiliated with, find it in one of the lists printed below.

All regularly scheduled programs, broadcast from 10 A.M. to 11 P.M., Eastern Daylight Saving Time, are included in the listing. If no program for a network appears in a time division, it is either because the program listed in the preceding time division is still being broadcast, or because no regular program is scheduled for that time.

All time given is Eastern Daylight Saving Time. For Eastern Standard Time subtract one hour; for Central Daylight Saving time subtract one hour; for Central Standard Time subtract two hours; for Mountain Standard Time subtract three; and for Pacific Standard Time subtract four.

Thus:
E. D. S. T. E. S. T. C. D. S. T.
10:00 9:00 9:00
C. S. T. M. S. T. P. S. T.
8:00 7:00 6:00

Stations on the Columbia Broadcasting System Network

WAAB	WICC	KERN
WABC	WISN	KFAR
WACO	WJAS	KFBK
WADC	WJR	KFH
WALA	WJSV	KFPY
WBBM	WKBN	KFRC
WBNS	WKBW	KGB
WBRC	WKRC	KGKO
WBT	WLAC	KHJ
WCAO	WLBZ	KLRA
WCAU	WMAS	KLZ
WCCO	WMBD	KMBC
WCOA	WMBG	KMJ
WDAE	WMBR	KMOX
WDBJ	WNAC	KOH
WDBO	WNAX	KOIN
WDNC	WNOX	KOL
WDOD	WOC	KOMA
WDRC	WOKO	KRLD
WDSU	WORC	KRNT
WEAN	WOWO	KSC
WESG	WPG	KSL
WFBL	WQAM	KTRH
WFBM	WREC	KTSA
WFEA	WSBT	KTUL
WGR	WSFA	KVI
WGSJ	WSJS	KVOR
WHAS	WSMK	KWG
WHEC	WSPD	KWKH
WHK	WTOC	CFRB
WHP	WWL	CKAC
WIBW	WWVA	
WIBX	KDB	

Stations on the National Broadcasting Company Networks

RED NETWORK

WBEN	WGY	WSAI
WCAE	WHIO	WTAG
WCSH	WHO	WTAM
WDAF	WJAR	WTIC
WEAF	WMAQ	WWJ
WEEL	WOW	KSD
WFBR	WRC	KYW

BLUE NETWORK

WBAL	WHAM	WXYZ
WBZ	WJZ	KDKA
WBZA	WLS	KOIL
WCKY	WMAL	KSO
WENG	WMT	KWK
WFIL	WREN	
WGAR	WSYR	

SUPPLEMENTARY STATIONS

(These stations carry both Red and Blue network programs.)

WAPI	WOAI	KGW
WAVE	WPTF	KHQ
WBAP	WRVA	KLO
WDAY	WSB	KOA
WEBC	WSM	KOMO
WFAA	WSMB	KPO
WFLA	WSOC	KPRC
WIBA	WTAR	KSTP
WIOD	WTMJ	KTBS
WIS	WWNC	KTHS
WJAX	KDYL	KVOO
WJDX	KFI	CFCE
WKY	KFYR	CRCT
WMC	KGO	

For Mutual Broadcasting System Program Listings Turn to Page 89.

ALL THREE NETWORKS FROM TEN A.M. TO ELEVEN P.M.

FIRST AIDS TO

Beauty



Photos made especially for RADIO MIRROR by Wide World

CLEOPATRA WOULD HAVE BEEN TWICE AS BEAUTIFUL IF SHE HAD SOME OF THESE TRICKY MAKE-UP GADGETS ANY WOMAN CAN HAVE TODAY

A VERY entertaining book could be written about the history of cosmetics. Not just the fabulous legends of the past—Poppaea's milk baths and Cleopatra's magic beauty lotions of wine and gold—but the very history which is now in the making all around us. Our own mothers can remember when only actresses wore make-up and then only on the stage! It's a far cry from those times to the present day with its wealth of cosmetics and beauty aids for every conceivable purpose. Any office girl's dressing-table today would be the envy of the most famous actress of the past. And not only for the choices of skilfully blended colors and the purity of products available to us, but most of all for the many little gadgets which help us to apply these preparations with ease and assurance. What theatrical belles of the Gay Nineties ever dreamed of our practical make-up scarves, our eyelash-curling contrivances, powder brushes and scientifically de-

delicate peachy flesh color at nominal cost.

It's an excellent protection while using the indispensable powder brushes of today. Once these same unfortunate actresses we mentioned before had to be content with dabs of ordinary cotton for removing excess powder, but the trim powder whisk which Virginia is using in one of these illustrations is so much more efficient and practical. Its feathery, soft bristles, set in two long, fine rows which make it easy to manipulate around the eyes and nose, are ideal for dusting away a too-heavy coat of powder and for removing the inevitable dusty film from the eyebrows and lashes and the hairline. These little whisking brushes have handles and backs in a choice of boudoir colors (rose, blue, jade, yellow or red) and are easily washed and kept sanitary.

As a matter of fact, in this day and age, one might easily adopt the motto: "Brush your way to beauty!" Tooth brushes and hair brushes are (Continued on page 78)



"It's all in the make-up," says Virginia Verrill, pretty CBS vocalist, who just signed an MGM contract. In putting the final touches to her make-up, Virginia dons the handy scarf which protects her dress from spotting. No wonder her eyelashes are so curly—she uses that tricky heatless eyelash curler. Above, Miss Verrill shows you the new brush for whisking away excess powder.

**By JOYCE
ANDERSON**

signed wave-caps for the hair?

In the picture above, you see Virginia Verrill using some of these important beauty aids. The make-up scarf, for instance, comes ready-made of good quality silk. It fastens with snaps close enough to the neck to protect dress collars and covers the lap sufficiently to keep hair combings, powder flecks and spilled lotions from spotting your gown. This new scarf comes in a

and then this snapshot
fell out of a book I
was reading. I only
hope seeing it again
will do for you what
it did for me. Will
Saturday be all right?
Bill



The snapshots you'll want Tomorrow—
you must take Today

SNAPSHOTS remember things you've let yourself forget. They keep, safe and true, the feeling of some special time, the thrill of some wonderful moment. Make those snapshots now that are going to mean so much to you later. And don't take chances—load your camera with Kodak Verichrome Film. This double-coated film gets the picture where ordinary films fail. Your snapshots come out clearer, truer, more lifelike. Any camera is a better camera, loaded with Verichrome—use it always . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Accept nothing but the
film in the familiar
yellow box.



What's New on Radio Row

(Continued from page 7)

Packard Motor Car Company in the fall. Now that Major Bowes and his amateurs have a new sponsor, Rudy Vallee and his Varieties are rumored to succeed for the coffee sponsor . . . Phil Baker, Bottle and Beetle return to the airwaves September 27th . . . Meanwhile those radio veterans, Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson, carry on very ably for the Gulf Refining Company . . . Ditto Don Wilson, Tim Ryan and Irene Noblette, and Don Voorhees' Orchestra for Jack Benny, Mary Livingstone *et al* on the Jello program . . . While Bob Burns relieves Bing Crosby as m. c. of the Kraft hour during Bing's well-earned three months' vacation.

Major Gordon W. Lillie, known to all and sundry as "Pawnee Bill," curryscombs his diction for his debut a few weeks hence as the hero of a series of Western stories . . . Walter Winchell, at the moment vacationing while Cornelia Otis Skinner again fills his Sunday night spot, renews his contract with the "lotions of love" sponsor, thus assuring his continuance on the air until January 1st, 1938 . . . Deane Janis, vocalist with Glen Gray's orchestra on the late Camel Caravan program, becomes a movie queen for Republic.

* * *

IN THE SOCIAL WHIRL

Lily Pons, exercised over reports of her romance with Armando Barbe, the South American baritone, has instructed her attorney to squelch them, even to the extent of suing somebody, if necessary . . . La Pons, by the way, who at the moment is occupied in Hollywood making a picture, has closed her Paris home and established her permanent residence in Fifty-seventh Street, New York.

Rudy Vallee, having been divorced from Fay Webb, is on the loose again, so far as the matrimonial match-makers are concerned, and from now on you'll be reading until you are dizzy about the Vagabond Lover courting this charmer and that. The decree doesn't become final until May 20th, 1937, and until then Rudy, having a New Englander's respect for law, won't be acquiring another Missus. Right now, after two unhappy marriages, Rudy says he is content with the role of an ex-husband, but time—and no doubt a slender brunette with limpid eyes—will determine that.

Add marriages: Gloria Grafton, "Jumbo" prima donna heard on the air with Donald Novis, and Maestro Orville Knapp . . . Sir Stork hovers over the homes of the Ray Perkinses, the Bob Hopes and the John Paul Joneses (she's Vet Boswell of the Boswell Sisters) . . . And the prospect of a little stranger in the domicile of the Ozzie Nelsons is said to be responsible for Harriet Hilliard's delay in reporting for work in Hollywood.

Add rumored romances: Richard Himber, the bandman, and Marguerite Neal, the Chicago harpist . . . Vera Van and Stuart Churchill . . . Gracie Barrie and Dick Stabile . . . Add to announcers being Renovated, David Ross, who reads poetry so beautifully but who, Mrs. Ross charges, can also be terribly cruel.

* * *

DID YOU KNOW

That Gracie Allen's eyes don't match? One is brown and the other gray.

That Doran Hurley, the novelist, once was a radio announcer? Back in 1927 he was one of the four mikemen employed by Station WJZ and among other chores,



Now!

THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING

Keep fragrantly dainty . . . bathe with
this exquisite perfumed soap!

Fastidious women everywhere now bathe with Cashmere Bouquet . . . because they know that it keeps them *doubly* safe from fear of offending!

Of course it keeps you sweet and clean, with its rich deep-cleansing lather. And in that rich lather is a lovely perfume . . . so rare and costly that it actually *lingers* long after your bath, keeping you *fragrantly dainty*!

Only a soap like Cashmere Bouquet . . . scented with the costliest perfume . . . can bring you this lovelier protection! You

cannot expect to find it in ordinary scented soaps!

Use this pure, creamy-white soap for your complexion, too! Its lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics; makes your skin alluringly clear and smooth.

Cashmere Bouquet now costs only 10¢. The same long-lasting soap which has always been 25¢. The same size cake, scented with the same delicate blend of 17 exquisite perfumes. Sold at all drug, department and ten-cent stores.

BATHE WITH

Cashmere Bouquet

THE SOAP THAT KEEPS YOU FRAGRANTLY DAINTY!

reported to the world the arrival of Colonel Lindbergh at Le Bourget.

That Announcer John S. Young in other days posed as a Spanish tenor and used to sing under the name Senor Roderigo?

That Bobby Breen, Eddie Cantor's protege, was once known as Jackie Breen and under that tag made his radio debut nearly two years ago? Bobby, by the way, now that he is famous, is being sued by a Chicago employment agent for a share of his earnings.

BEN BERNIE'S sister, Rose, runs a milk farm at Harrison, N. Y., for ladies anxious to reduce. In three years operation Miss Bernie claims to have lopped 5,000 pounds off her customers many of them radio stars whose sylph-like figures are the envy of fireside folks.

WHEN Dick Powell retires for the night he is equipped for almost any emergency. He is especially prepared to repel burglars or other unwelcome intruders. Installed in the bedstead at his fingers' tip is a switch which throws on every light in the house and illuminates the grounds with flood lights. In a handy drawer is a revolver and electric torch in case the wires are cut or anything goes wrong with the lighting system. The bedstead also contains book shelves, a telephone and a radio. The bed is twice the size of the regulation double bed and could easily accommodate a whole troupe of Singer midgets.

SAYS THE MONITOR MAN

The unsung heroes of the studios are the control-room engineers. They are the real wizards of the wireless. By manipulating their gadgets they give ordinary voices the volume and timbre of exceptional quality. One radio star whose name is a household word owes her success almost entirely to these mechanical geniuses. Heard in a concert hall or a theater, her voice is thin and lusterless. Electrically amplified, her notes rival a nightingale's.

The Voice of Experience may be a benefactor of mankind but since moving over to Radio City to give counsel to this trouble-torn world he has been dodging from pillar to post to escape his too-insistent public. After a broadcast, The Voice resorts to this strategy to make his exit: Slips from the studio through a rear door into a back corridor; rides a freight elevator to the sub-basement; walks a subway passage to a building across the street where he climbs into a cab from a truck-loading platform!

Paul Conlyn, who is the Smoky heard with Lazy Dan (Irving Kaufman), is developing into one of radio's most active authors. In addition to providing the dialogue for that program he helps concoct comedy for Ed Wynn, does the scripts for the Greater Sinclair Minstrels, the Hammerstein Music Hall program and the Arnold Johnson amateur night sessions. He also wrote the Eddie Dowling-Ray Dooley revue recently ended.

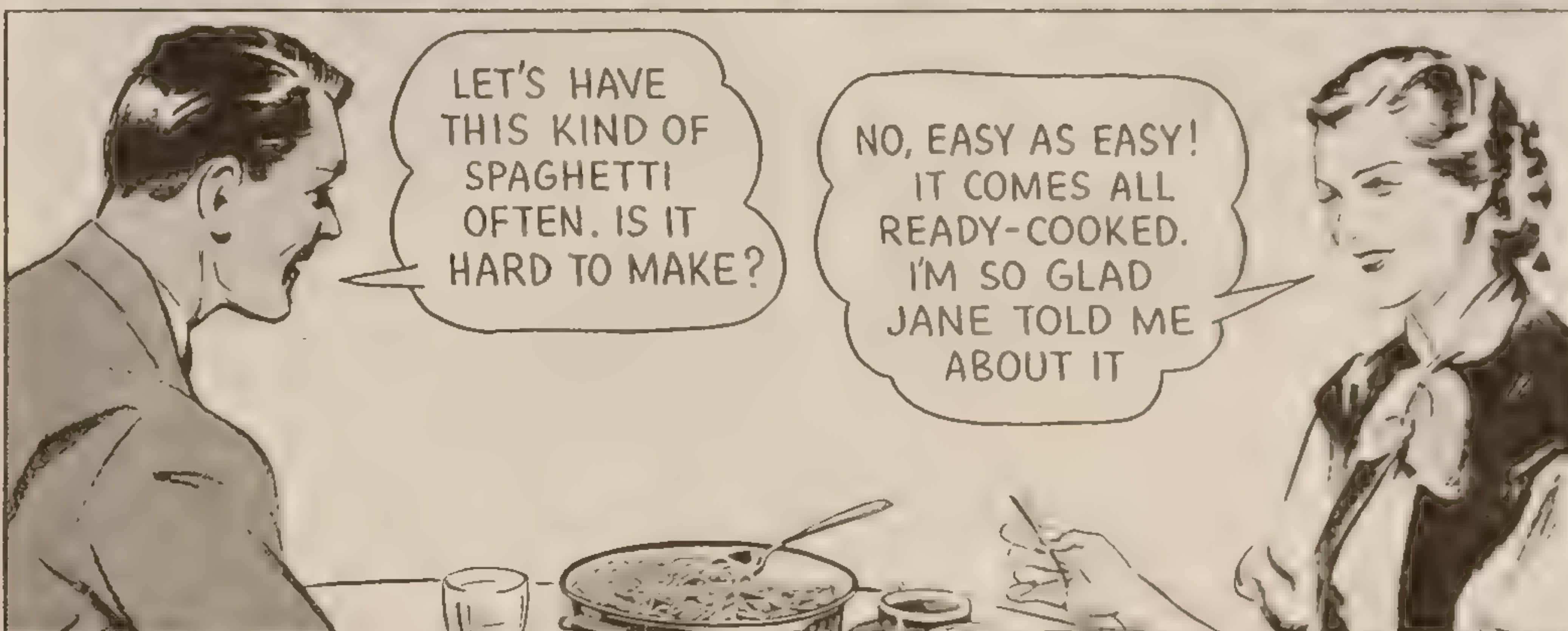
One reason, of course, for so many programs being projected from Hollywood is the abundance of film talent. But a star who faces a camera fearlessly doesn't necessarily confront a microphone with equal composure. Indeed, the magic black box positively terrorizes many of them. For instance Edward G. Robinson, famous for his hard-boiled screen characterizations, gets jittery every time he even thinks of a mike. Sally Eilers, Claudette Colbert, Sylvia Sidney and Richard Barthelmess, all seasoned troupers, are among the many notables who dread to broadcast and have to steel themselves for the ordeal.



HERE'S HOW IT HAPPENED



SHE TAKES JANE'S ADVICE



You, too, will find that this delicious spaghetti helps you serve better meals for less money

IT's the thrifty woman's friend, all right—this tempting, savory, ready-cooked spaghetti with the rich, flavorful cheese-and-tomato sauce that good home cooks declare is so much better than theirs!

Endless ways to use it!

You'll marvel how many things you can do with Franco-American. It's the perfect accompaniment for meat or fish . . . It makes a wonderful main dish for lunch or supper. It gives zestful flavor to cheaper meat cuts. It's simply grand for "dressing-up" leftovers. And *everybody* likes it. Even those who once thought

they didn't care for spaghetti at all, are delighted with Franco-American.

Yet it costs less than 3¢ a portion. You couldn't possibly buy all your ingredients—Franco-American chefs use *eleven* in their sauce—and prepare spaghetti at home for so little . . .

And think how much easier Franco-American is, how much time it saves you! . . . No cooking or fussing; simply heat and serve . . . Truly, you'll never bother with home-cooked spaghetti again once you try Franco-American. . . . Why not get a can of this delicious Spaghetti today?



MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS



**WRIGLEY'S
DOUBLE MINT
CHEWING GUM
PEPPERMINT FLAVOR**

***AZTEC QUEENS** enjoyed chewing gum—said to help keep face muscles young and teeth white. Two great modern beauty aids are a weekly visit to your **BEAUTY SHOP** and the daily enjoyment of **DOUBLE MINT** gum.*

Begin the Life Story of Bob Burns, Arkansas Traveler

(Continued from page 28)

The Burnses never had much money, but they did have two mighty fine boys. Farrar Burns was named after an engineering associate of his father's but was mostly called "Big Bub." Robin (Little Bub), was two years younger, and wore long yellow curls until he was in second grade.

Several exciting things happened to him at that time. First, his curls came off, which was more than agreeable to Robin because he minded them a lot. Second, he took a spurt and got to be taller than his brother Farrar. So they switched names and Robin became "Big Bub." He has been bigger than Farrar ever since.

The third and thrillingest thing was getting out of kilts and into his first pair of real pants. Robin felt the same about kilts as he did about curls. They were "boughten" pants, too—corduroys. Bought at Si Cordell's Dry Goods Store. Si Cordell always claimed he made a man out of Robin Burns. Still Van Buren's leading clothier, Si thinks Bob should make him one of his radio uncles, because he sold him his first pair of pants.

Si, incidentally, is one of the commissioners of the present Arkansas Centennial. What's more, he has been state championship fly-caster for a good many years. At Bob's homecoming last December Si's daughter Thyra played the part of Bob's grandmother.

But that's a long way from the change from kilts to corduroys. Yes, kids wore kilts in Van Buren in those days. Scotch? Sure. Bob is Scotch and Irish.

"But nobody ever paid much attention down there to nationalities," Bob says. "If anybody had asked me what I was, when I was a little shaver, I guess I'd have said 'Episcopalian.' It was more the kind of folks you were, that mattered."

HE attended a country school consisting of one room. In it all eight grades studied, recited and threw spitballs at once. Robin was not an ardent pupil. One thing he never could learn was to study. He was always glad when school let out so he could get down to the river.

He was always a "river kid." He swam in the Arkansas, hiked along it and fished its banks for miles both ways. Later on, it was to furnish his means of livelihood; but then he looked on it with a child's passion.

His other big interest was music. By this time he was an apt performer on the mandolin, provided he had his notes with him. His brother stroked the guitar. They both took lessons from Frank McClain, who was always on the look-out for budding talent for his Van Buren Queen City Silver Tone Cornet Band.

Everybody in town "took" from Frank McClain. It was at a rehearsal of his band, later, that Bob discovered if you blew into a gas pipe a sound came out which you couldn't believe you were actually hearing.

But at this time the Burns brothers had their own two-boy string orchestra. It was Uncle Collins Needham who really instilled in the boys their love of music. He started coming over and playing the Burns' piano as soon as the boys were old enough to carry a tune.

Uncle Collins contended that every kid should play at least one instrument and be able to sing. So he taught them to harmonize, Robin singing the lead and Farrar tenor.

On moonlight nights it was the special

delight of the Burns boys to go "serenad-in'." This was not a romantic custom, at their age, but a gastronomic one. They picked out not the prettiest girls to serenade, but the best cooks in town.

Nor did they serenade by the light of the moon, for they were lost without their music. They carried an old lantern which they set down on the porch, placing the guitar and mandolin parts carefully on the floor at either side of the light. Then they would get down on their knees, strike up "Over the Waves Waltz" and swing it! Even when some one came out they dared not look up, but knelt with bowed heads and played through to the end, coda and all.

If anyone mentioned anything about having just baked a big chocolate cake, the roving minstrels would oblige further with a vocal duet. One of their favorites was a pretty tune called "Oh, She Lives on the Same Street With Me." That song was worth a hunk of anybody's shortcake, in Van Buren. Bob still remembers the tune and most of the words. He sang it to your reporter the other day.

Encouraged by Uncle Collins, the Burns boys nearly drove their mother crazy by taking up one instrument after the other. The trombone was probably hardest on her nerves. Some one was always tooting, banging or strumming. At one time there were two pianos in the house, which was a rehearsal hall for all Crawford County's potential musicians.

Luckily, this was after they moved into a larger place. The first home Bob remembers they called the "boat house." It looked like any frame cottage, but was built out of lumber salvaged from an old wreck of a river boat. It stood in a section of town called Lickskillet (pronounced "Lickskilly"), the legend being that folks over there were so poor they always licked the skillet clean.

Be that as it may, the Burnses always had plenty to eat and more. If Bob felt hungry after a meal, he filled up on crackers. His mother used to buy them by the case, and his pockets were always full. He munched in school and in church, and of course this led to the inevitable nickname of "Crackers."

Robin and Farrar had a dog named Joe who was half shepherd, Bob guesses, and the other half bulldog. He was the finest dog Bob ever knew. He would fight anything.

PERHAPS this seems a long way of saying that Bob Burns was raised in a typical small town environment. He was a happy kid, but he was not contented. There's a difference.

He came from the wrong side of the tracks, and he knew it. Railroad folks weren't much punkins in Van Buren. And that town, in those days, had a social veneer as hard to crack as the crust of one of the Elite Restaurant's pies.

Not that the Burns boys didn't get invited places. But they never quite felt that they belonged.

There was nothing swell about the Burns family, or their kin. In fact, they had one set of relatives Bob never saw or heard much about, those on his dad's side. They were always sort of a mystery.

He and Farrar used to be curious about these relatives. Once they traveled clear to Tuscaloosa, where their father came from, and went to a lot of trouble to locate his kinfolks. They got right up to the house and turned around and went back to Van Buren without going in.

"Shucks," they decided, "if Dad has had some reason not to look his kin up in all these years, that's good enough for us."

The Burns never told their father how close they came to meeting his branch of



Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

WHY let bad breath interfere with romance—with success? It's so easy to be safe when you realize that by far the most common cause of bad breath is . . . *improperly cleaned teeth!*

Authorities say decaying food and acid deposits, in hidden crevices between the teeth, are the source of most unpleasant mouth odors—of dull, dingy teeth—and of much tooth decay.

Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special

penetrating foam removes these odor-breeding deposits that ordinary cleaning methods fail to reach. And at the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle.

Be safe—be sure! Brush your teeth . . . your gums . . . your tongue . . . with Colgate Dental Cream at least twice daily and have cleaner, brighter teeth and a sweeter, purer breath. Get a tube today!



"It's perfect"
that's what
women say
of new GLAZO



**So lovely, so superior, that
old-type polishes are OUT**

EVERYWHERE, women are hailing new Glazo as the perfect beauty "find" for fingertips. They're thrilled with Glazo's amazing new formula—so superior to old-type polishes in its richness of lustre, its longer wear and ease of application.

New Glazo wears several *extra* days, with no chipping, peeling or cracking to disturb its shimmering charm. It scorns streaking, flows on every nail with glorious evenness of color. And evaporation has been so reduced that your polish is usable down to the last brushful.

Glazo brings to your fingertips a wide range of exclusive, fashion-approved colors—and be sure to see those stunning "misty-reds!"—Glazo Suntan, Poppy Red and Russet. Glazo Manicure Preparations are now only 20 cents each.

*It's new
it's perfect*

GLAZO

20 CENTS
(25 cents in Canada)



the family tree. But Bob often wonders about these relatives.

Their mother, on the other hand, had a whole mess of kinfolks. Uncle Collins, the musical one, was a brother of hers. Then there was Uncle Will Ayres and his wife, Aunt Nannie. And you've often heard Bob speak of his cousin Purnell. Well, Purnell is their boy.

The Burns boys used to go to Booneville to visit Purnell during summer vacation. It was quite a train trip—almost thirty miles. Uncle Will Ayres had a magical machine which made curved bed-springs out of plain wire, which always fascinated Robin.

He hasn't seen any of the Ayres family for a long time. Once in a while they send him a message from Texas, where they now live, saying they always listen to him on the radio. Perhaps they think he is too busy these days to remember much about them. But they're wrong. They should have heard him telling me the other day about how much fun he and Farrar and Cousin Purnell used to have in their favorite swimmin' hole.

Another uncle Bob spins yarns about is Uncle Rob Cook. Uncle Rob bought land in Oklahoma from the Indians, was right there to dicker when they put Indian Territory and Oklahoma Territory together and made them into a state. They used to call him "Hell Roarin' Cook." His wife was Aunt Jennie, and no tellin' what she used to call him.

Then there was Uncle John and Aunt Nellie, who lived in Tallaheena, Arkansas. There was a long string of cousins in that family. Atha was the oldest boy, and there was Jessie, and Auda, and Ferris. Cousin Ferris was born soon after the Chicago World's Fair, and was named after the big Ferris wheel at the Fair.

The first postmaster the town of Hugo, Oklahoma had was an uncle of Bob's—Uncle Enoch. His wife was Indian; they used to call her Aunt Kitten, though that was not really her name. She and Uncle Enoch had lots of children but Bob can't remember how many or what their names were. He also had another Uncle John, who was the eighth best telegrapher in the whole United States.

PARAGRAPHS ago, we left a boy growing up. Robin quit the tiny one-room school to enter a big red brick one. By that time, Van Buren had built a fine new high school. Oddly enough, it stood exactly on the site of Robin's old home in Licksillet. The Burns family had long since moved over to the right side of town.

Robin was a well-liked boy. To begin with, he was ambitious. But he wasn't the brightest boy in school, and was certainly one of the laziest. His motto in the high school annual was "As idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean," and he belonged to a club called "Sons of Rest." But just the same, he was always *doing things*.

He appeared willingly at every entertainment or social function, marched in every parade. Whether he got paid or not, he gave his best performance. His brother did, too—but Farrar never had the stage on his mind as Robin did.

There was another boy Bob paired off with a lot for comedy. His name was Harry Kidd. People in Van Buren remember what a team those two made, cutting up together. If he had lived, Kidd today might be playing Amos to Bob Burns' Andy. Bob says they used to fit together like two halves of a cantaloupe. They could rustle up a routine in ten minutes that would make the preacher laugh.

But Harry was killed in an automobile accident when he was less than twenty.

Somehow Bob never felt like taking another partner on steady.

Harry's small nephew is an ardent student of the bazooka. Not many people can play the bazooka; a general once tried and failed. But that's another story. Not long ago Clarence Kidd wrote asking Bob's formal permission to play the bazooka before President Roosevelt at Hot Springs. The nephew of his old pal had been appointed as Bob Burns' official representative, to make Hot Springs hotter for the president.

Bob was never lazy about work. While still in grade school he had a job rowing passengers across the river in a skiff. The fare was ten cents. He didn't get the dime; he didn't own the skiff. Still, he sometimes made as much as a quarter a day, which was real money in Van Buren.

"That boy's going to amount to something," people began to say. "Hard to say what, though. He's always trying something new. But he'll get somewhere."

One of Robin's best friends was a girl named Caroline Scott. The Scotts are Van Buren's Family No. 1. Now Bob almost always had a sweetheart, wherever he was, but Caroline was never his sweetheart. She was his chum, the sister he never had. Her father liked the boy, too.

It didn't hurt Robin a mite socially to have the Scotts like him. He got bids to lawn parties and dances, and mingled with the T.U.T., a club of young belles who went in for place cards, favors and such like frippery. The initials stood for "Ten Upper Twelve."

BUT Bob never felt quite at home at these affairs, even at the Scotts'. Perhaps some day, after he had made his mark in the world, he might feel differently. But he was always vaguely uncomfortable in the big Scott home.

The last time he was in Van Buren he was a house guest there. "Those folks have always been awfully swell to me," he says sincerely. "But shucks. That house really ain't so big, after all."

But back in the old days it was quite different. Bob almost let himself in for a fine start on an inferiority complex, right then. He knew he had lots of friends, but at the same time there were people all around who were "always belittlin'." He could feel their small, unspoken thoughts, buzzing like gnats against a lamp post. "What can *he* do? Where does he think he's going? Who'd want *him*?"

The small town atmosphere was closing up on him. Boys are self-conscious young animals. That was when Robin began to like to get off by himself. He would walk miles by the river alone, just thinking. He began slowly to work out a philosophy of life. He would not have called it that then; but it was a philosophy. And a good enough one to keep all these years.

The world is so big, he argued, and people are so little, that nothing makes much difference anyway. Why not try for big things? Even if you succeed, nobody will remember what you did a hundred years from now. He wasn't a smart aleck, at all. He simply figured that if what *he* thought or did was so unimportant in the scheme of things, it was foolish to mind what others thought.

So he went plugging along. He did the best he could, and his dreams were lavish, because they cost him no more than cheap dreams and were more satisfying. From that time on there was nothing he wouldn't try to do.

At fourteen he had a man's job, piloting a real steam ferry boat across the river. The Arkansas was a mile wide at that point. In spring, at flood time, it was often swollen still wider; the current was

stubborn and wicked. Robin's only helper was a negro named Bill Pennyweight. Even in those days not many boys tackled jobs of that sort. There were no complaints about the way that ferry boat was handled.

The family moved to Fayetteville to give the boys a chance to attend the State university. Robin hadn't graduated from high school. He says he took three years of Latin—all first year Latin. He was good at English, too. How he managed to enroll for an engineering course at college without high school credits, he can't remember, but chances are the bazooka had something to do with it.

For two years he enlivened the university campus. Then he left by special request of the faculty, and went back to Van Buren High to finish his senior year there. He did well in football, and tolerable in first year Latin. But he didn't have the heart to watch himself flunk out, so he quit just before graduation. They allowed him to be in commencement exercises anyway. Bob finally got his high school diploma, last December. The present principal, Mr. D. M. Riggin, gave it to him because he always got such excellent marks in first year Latin—and because Bob now knows lots of things which have never even been taught in Van Buren.

"Out of school life and into life school." That's what they always say at commencement exercises. Robin Burns looked at his brother and Farrar looked right back. Now, they said in unison, was their chance to see the country. They retired to their summer home, a couple of tents on the Arkansas Levee which they called "Camp Mudhole." There they worked up a two-man vaudeville act, with which they planned to tour the southern states.

Up to now the trip to Tallahassee, Oklahoma, to Uncle John's, was the longest train ride Rob had ever taken. That was seventy-five miles. When he and Farrar said good-bye to Maw and Paw at the station that day, Robin Burns was going farther than he knew. He had with him a goodly supply of grease paint, gags and guts. He was going to need the last.

Bob's travels were to carry him far away from Arkansas and Van Buren—into vaudeville theaters and construction camps, seaside pleasure resorts and muddy trenches. Don't miss next month's instalment of this fascinating story of a modern soldier of fortune—the October issue will be on sale August 26.

Have You Always
Wanted a Career
Without Knowing How
to Go About Getting
One? Then You Should
Read Next Month's
Grand Feature, in
Which Irene Wicker
Lays Down the Real
Working Rules on How
to Combine It With
Home and Children

"Double Encore for Dentyne!
—for Aid to Mouth Health—
for Marvelous Taste!"



DENTYNE'S AN AID TO BEAUTIFUL TEETH. Explorers marvel at the strong, white teeth of savages—their teeth are kept healthy by foods that require plenty of chewing. Our soft, civilized foods give teeth and gums too little exercise. That's why many dentists recommend Dentyne as a daily health habit. Its firmer consistency invites more vigorous chewing—keeps mouth tissues firm and healthy—teeth sparkling white.

YOU NEVER TIRE OF DENTYNE. Its goodness is inexhaustible—A delicious, aromatic taste that's just indescribably good! For many discriminating men and women Dentyne is the *only* chewing gum. They appreciate its superior quality—its delightful, *lasting* flavor—and the smart flat shape of the package that slips so neatly into pocket or purse (a feature exclusively Dentyne's).

*Keeps teeth white —
mouth healthy*



DENTYNE
DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM



By courtesy of Paramount Pictures

HIRE THE WORLD'S BEST COOK

for 1/50th of a Cent per Meal—

LET Ida Bailey Allen, whose radio lectures, articles in the big women's magazines, best selling works on food science and courses as U. S. Food Administrator have earned her the title of World's Foremost Cook, assist you in preparing your next big company dinner. Now, through her New Service Cook Book, Ida Bailey Allen offers you her expert advice and actual step-by-step instructions in preparing, not just one gala meal, but actually over fifteen hundred separate, tasty dishes—and the cost to you for this expert advice is not even one-fiftieth of a cent per recipe!

But, Ida Bailey Allen's New Service Cook Book is far more than a mere recipe book—in it she answers the questions which two million housewives of all degrees of experience have asked her during the past two years. You will find the latest, most practical information about marketing, budgets, diets, serving—everything the cook of fifty years' experience or the bride of a week wants to find in a book about food.

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196 Pages

Bound in a stiff, board cover, printed on better quality paper, with large, open spaced type, easy to read at a glance, the Ida Bailey Allen Service Cook Book is specially designed for easy reference and actual use on the mixing table or stove shelf.

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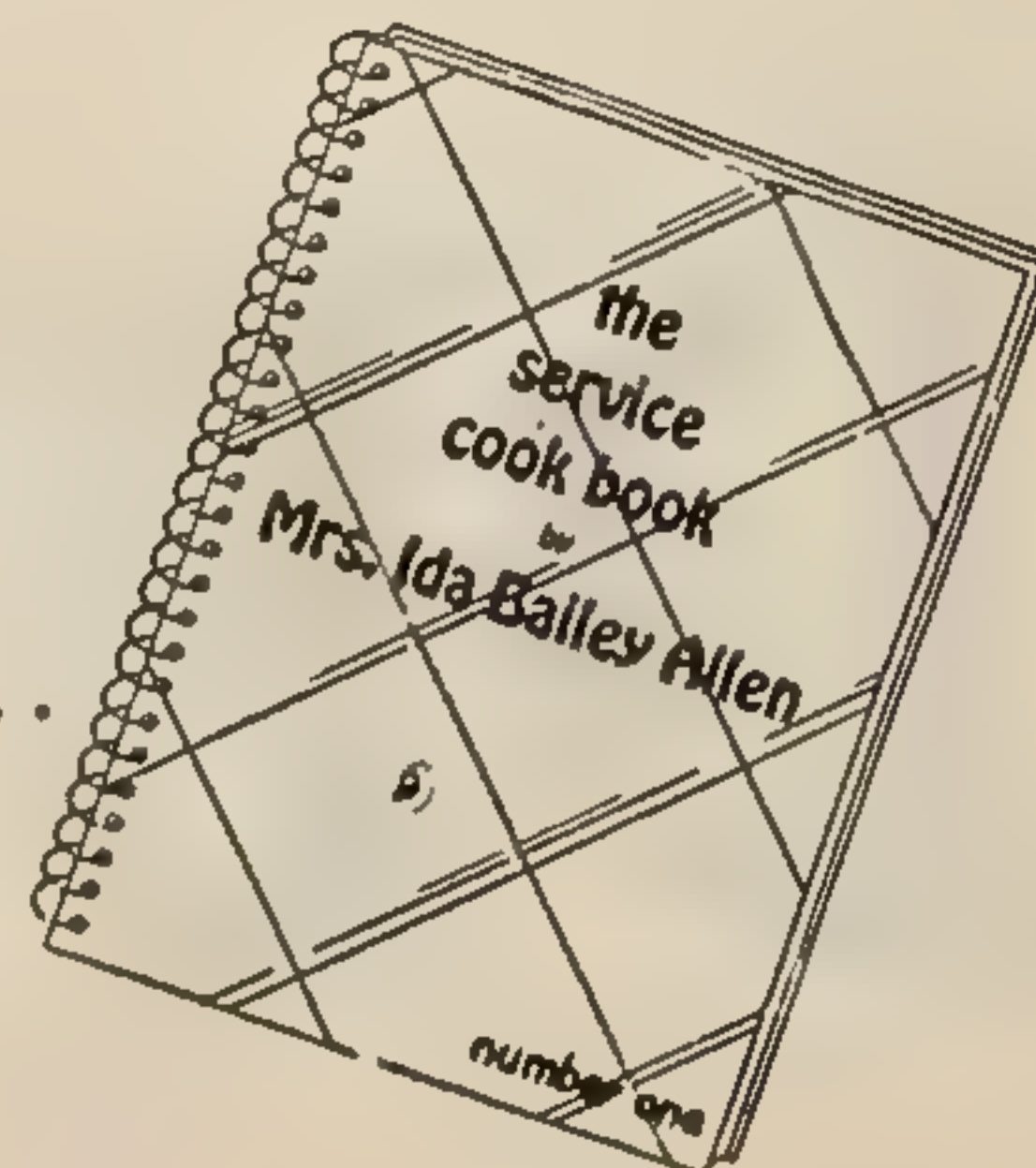
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Broadcasting Those Marriage Blues!

(Continued from page 41)

Miles not only conduct this three-ring circus of domestic scraps, they were responsible for its birth many months ago over the Mutual network. And so it was only natural that when I went to see them about this rare and wonderful brain child of theirs, that I should ask them to give me some hints about successful marriage. Surely, after so many weeks of helping others get back on the happy marriage road, they would be overflowing with advice and rules with which you couldn't go wrong.

Well, maybe one of them knows what marriage is all about, but I don't know which one it is. They never, I soon discovered, agree on a single point! They should, by rights, be two of their own husbands and wives, scrapping in front of the mike. Sedley, for instance, has been married and divorced and now he has a second wife.

This whole screwy idea was Sedley's in the first place. Sedley's almost as interesting as the program. All his ancestors, for five generations, have been material for newspaper headlines. His grandfather taught Edwin Booth how to fence and produced the great anti-liquor drama, "The Drunkard." His great grandfather founded the Boston museum. His grandmother was Anna Crosman, the original Gibson Girl.

SEDLEY is dapper and sophisticated, and fond of Tattersall vests, Bond Street clothes, and expensive malacca canes. Before he had the Husbands and Wives idea he was manager for several radio singers and home economists—still is, in fact.

It was Sedley's idea, but Allie Lowe Miles gave it to him. She was one of his home economists, and he dropped in at the WOR studios one day to listen to her broadcast her weekly program for housewives. The program was moderately popular, with guest speakers in the form of hefty housewives eager to impart some new recipe or the latest way to set a table for six. One or two more impulsive ladies, however, were eager to steer their talks toward more personal problems of the home.

"That would make a swell human interest program!" Sedley said to himself, and immediately after the broadcast he grabbed Allie Lowe and rushed her to a bookstore, where they bought every book they could find on marriage and sex. Over those books they laid out their plans for the show.

It started on the Mutual network, on a sponsored basis, and immediately snatched itself off a large section of the listening public, as well as a waiting list of husbands and wives eager to air their grievances. Eventually, as you know, it also found a sponsor and a coast-to-coast hookup on the National Broadcasting Company network.

Let's take a peek at a typical broadcast, or fight-to-the-finish-and-no-holds-barred. The arena is a studio in Radio City. The referees are Allie Lowe and Sedley. The judges are Mr. and Mrs. America, listening in. The pace is gruelling but the sponsors claim they've never lost a husband or wife.

The husbands come into the studio, shy, bashful and a little sad looking. Sedley shepherds them over to the left half of

the studio, Allie Lowe, dark and graceful, with some of the gentle atmosphere of the huge Southern plantation where she was born, about her still in spite of her trim Manhattan business suit, ushers the wives to the right-hand side.

"The women are the better performers," Allie Lowe tells you proudly. "They come in confidently, all ready for a big night."

The younger wives usually fly off the handle over unimportant quarrels, and after they've succeeded in getting their troubles off their chests they're ready to return to hubby's arms. The older couples are more philosophical, and take this radio excursion as a middle-aged lark. Theirs are usually the funny stories. Take the one about the husband who complained his wife ate crackers in bed.

"What did you do to stop it?" Sedley asked sympathetically.

"I took a hand vacuum cleaner to bed with us and as she started to fill her mouth with the crackers I turned it on. She let out a scream and before I knew it, her nightgown had got caught in the machine. It tore it right off her. But that was oke by me."

A bride of one year is disillusioned. Her husband isn't the same glamorous person he was twelve thrilling months ago.

"When I married Jack he was my ideal. Immaculate, meticulous. Why, he even cleaned his fingernails every day. Then after a few months he started to get sloppy. He shaved only a few times a week, and on Sundays he'd get up late, slump around the house, unshaven. It was disgusting."

"What did you do?" asks Allie Lowe. "I fixed him," she says. "The next Sunday I served him breakfast in my nightgown, my hair uncombed—and I put the food, which wasn't very good, on a soiled tablecloth."

THE women in the audience applauded loudly.

The next to step up to the microphone was a fairly good looking girl. She was trembling:

"I've been married only two years but the last six months have been a horrible nightmare. We have no children—I guess that's what really started our unhappiness."

The girl looked as if she might break down, and Mrs. Miles soothed her: "Keep talking. It will do you good."

"About six months ago the mail brought a letter addressed to my husband. It was on pink stationery and bathed in perfume. I didn't pay much attention to it until that night when Bob read it to himself and tucked it into his wallet. That evening we started to fight about unpaid bills. Next day another letter came, then another—all the same handwriting on the pink stationery. Bob became surly. Honestly, I would have given a million dollars to have him tell me about those letters. But he never mentioned them, and continued to argue about money matters."

"Did you open any of those letters?" asked Mrs. Miles.

"Yes, I did." The studio became breathlessly quiet. "What did you find?"

Suddenly the girl cried, "Oh, Mrs. Miles, it was terrible. The letters were from his sister out West. Her husband had deserted her. She needed money, lots of it. She had asked my husband for help."

"And," interjected Mrs. Miles, "your husband didn't want to upset you with this problem. He was too proud. But it preyed on his mind how he could aid his sister, so he took his troubles out on you."

When trouble overflows—



When water drips down
From overhead,
And Brother and Sister
Are not in bed,
But sailing your slippers
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*Authority on
Feminine Hygiene*



Naturally, we women can't ask a man clerk about personal hygiene accessories. So let me give you the benefit of my experience on intimate items in which you can have complete confidence.

Mary Pauline Callender

For Utmost Comfort

Perhaps a friend has told you about the pinless Kotex belt. It's truly a new design for living! Dainty secure clasps prevent slipping. The belt is flat and thin, woven to a curve that fits. This gives self-balance—you can bend every-which-way without harness-like restraint, without being waist-line conscious! Yet this extra comfort and safety costs nothing extra. Your store has 2 types: Kotex Wonderform at 25c and the DeLuxe at 35c.



For Personal Daintiness



If you've listened to the radio story of Mary Marlin, you've heard me tell how Quest, the "positive" deodorant powder, assures all-day-long body freshness.

And being unscented it can't interfere with your perfume. You'll want Quest for under-arms, feet, and for use on sanitary napkins—it doesn't clog pores or irritate the skin. See how long the large 35c can lasts, and you'll agree this is indeed a small price for the personal daintiness every woman treasures.

For the Last Days

Here's something new that's gaining favor with many women. *Invisible* sanitary protection of the tampon type—and the name is Fibs. They are a product of the famous Kotex laboratories—the best recommendation I know for hygienic safety. Perhaps you'll want to try Fibs when less protection is needed. They're absolutely secure—may conveniently be carried in your purse for emergency measures. The box of 12 is 25c.



A Gift For You!

In fact, three gifts. One is a booklet by a physician, "Facts about Menstruation." The others are "Marjorie May's 12th Birthday" (for girls of 12) and "Marjorie May Learns About Life" (for girls in their teens). They give facts in a simple, motherly manner for you to tell your daughter. All are free—write me for the ones you want. Mary Pauline Callender, Room-1461, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

"Yes," the girl sobbed. "And when he found I had opened his letters he left the house."

Other people on the program that night were asked for their opinions on this case. One weazened little man said he never opened his wife's mail because "there might be bills in 'em." Mrs. Miles called upon a woman married twenty-five years, who defended the girl's action.

"When two people marry," she contended, "all individual reactions must disappear. They become one unit, one person. My home is open for my husband, and I have no secrets."

The hurrying, impatient clock ticks an end to the debate, and all the husbands and wives leave the studio a much happier lot. It's true that in some way these sessions do help the couples, make it possible for them to iron out their difficulties—even though Sedley and Allie Lowe never give any advice, even when asked.

WE never express an opinion or take sides," Sedley says. "We believe that the best way to help people is to let them help themselves."

And besides—as I pointed out in the beginning of this article—Sedley and Allie Lowe themselves don't agree on marriage! If they started in to give opinions, they'd soon be fighting up in front of the microphone, as hard as any of the married couples.

Even their own married lives have been vastly different. Sedley has been divorced once, married happily the second time. He has a twenty-year-old daughter named October, because she was born in that month, by his second wife.

"I was married the first time on Christmas Eve and had years of unhappiness," he told me. "Next time I chose April Fool's Day for my wedding and we're still in love. All the Browns have been

married twice, divorced once, and happy in their second union. This has gone on for five generations. My motto is if at first you don't succeed, try again."

On the other hand, Allie Lowe proudly insists there hasn't been a divorce in her family for more than a hundred years, and that she herself is happy with her husband—her first.

Now for their opinions:

Sedley: "The prime essential for happy marriage is sexual adjustment."

Allie Lowe: "There is no prime requisite. No one thing in the lives of husbands and wives can make for a happy union unless it might be that both came from the same social level."

Sedley: "The old adage, 'Love never dies,' is a pathological, biological fallacy. Don't overdo love. I like applesauce but if I'm not careful I'll gorge myself and get sick."

Allie Lowe: "It is, *too*, possible for two people to stay deeply in love all their lives."

Sedley: "If two people love each other they don't have to share identical interests to be happy. They can each respect that part of the other's mind which doesn't concern them."

Allie Lowe: "People shouldn't ever marry out of their class. I mean a football player should marry a football fan, a showgirl should marry her press agent. Opposites don't attract. I know the case of a prominent radio singer who fell in love with a bandleader. It looked like a perfect match until the singer, who is simply crazy about horses, found her groom-to-be never rode in his life, unless it was on a train. She wisely called the marriage off."

"Say," I asked at this point, "don't you ever coincide on a thing?"

"No, we never agree," smiled Sedley.

"Not even on salaries," piped his business partner.

The Comic Tragedy of Gracie Allen's Real Brother

(Continued from page 23)

competition, vaudeville circuit managers plied George with offers of vaudeville tours. Photographers and newspaper reporters camped on the lawn, while George locked himself in his bedroom.

Gracie, seeing what havoc her innocent joke had wrought, tried to turn away the wolves. But it was too late. The search was rolling on without benefit now of its originator. In Washington, the late Speaker of the House, Nicholas Longworth, protested a Huey Long filibuster with:

"It sounds like Gracie Allen's brother."

George Burns was spending half of his days in a telegraph office, discouraging prison wardens all over the country who were holding assorted tramps and vagrants, as Gracie's brother suspects, and waiting for directions for their disposal. The New York police, their tongues in their cheeks, dragged Fred Allen into court, questioned him as a suspect. In San Francisco, more serious coppers questioned George Allen. Did Gracie really know where he was?

This, George Allen decided, was quite the last straw. He wired Gracie:

"Can't you make a living any other way?"

And he left town.

That decision to get out of sight might have cost George Allen his job. But he didn't hesitate. He had had all of the notoriety his nerves could stand. He would hide out until the clamor subsided.

For the duration of the "search," George

Allen really was a missing brother. Gracie, touched by this time at the sincerity of the spotlight jitters he was having, did everything in her power to turn off the pressure. The nation-wide enthusiasm for the fictitious man-hunt wouldn't be dimmed in a day, but it cooled gradually and, after a while, George Allen reported for work again.

Today he can walk down Sacramento Street without shrinking from the stares of the curious. He can go to the theater, can dine in public restaurants without a single photographer's flashlight popping in his face. He is a happy man.

LET it be said to George Allen's credit that he has never chided his sister for the discomfiture her make-believe search has caused him. Gracie little realized when she started the game how vividly it would catch the public fancy; her brother knew that. Gracie was willing after a week or so to let her brother be found; the public preferred him missing. It was a gag-crazy public, not happy-go-lucky Gracie Allen that turned the pack at his head. It's the public, not Gracie, he's afraid to awaken to a new curiosity today.

George Allen will lie low, he tells you. "You never can tell what they'll do next."

And he means the sensation hunters who mobilize at the first hint of a chase—even if the chase is pointed at a shadow, and not at a man.

Ken Murray Wasn't Funny to His Father

(Continued from page 43)

the bill, and there was a good deal of kidding about who was the best comedian—father Doncourt or son Murray.

With a growing irritation Doncourt listened, and noticed his son's cockiness under the kidding. Young Ken had been on the stage now for several years, he was making a living when most fellows his age were at their books, and he had a good share of youthful arrogance. With a pang, too, Doncourt realized that his son looked a great deal like him—minus some wrinkles, some gray hairs, some seventeen years.

IT was a curious mixture of professional rivalry and the paternal desire to discipline a cocksure son that made Doncourt determine to outshine Ken in that performance.

Ken and his girl partner were spotted on the bill several acts before Doncourt. Standing in the wings, the father watched, with a show-me expression on his face, now and then deepening into acute disapproval. His pantomime, his frowns and headshaking, all had their effect on Ken. He grew nervous, fumbled his lines, missed out on laughs. When he walked off the stage there was only mild applause.

Ten minutes later, Doncourt went out and, to put it briefly, wowed them. He came sailing back, after half a dozen bows, to where Ken stood, crestfallen, in the wings.

"See?" he gloated. "That's the way to do it. I had 'em," he added modestly, "eating out of my hand."

Ken looked up. "Maybe you're right," he said. "I guess I'm pretty rotten."

All of Doncourt's sweet triumph turned straightway into something tasteless and flat. All the professional rivalry which, he now realized, had been growing in his mind for years, suddenly dropped away. His arm went around Ken's shoulders.

"No, son," he said contritely, "you aren't. There's just a lot of things you haven't learned yet. And besides—well, I guess I didn't play quite fair, standing there in the wings . . . Look here. Let me give you a couple of pointers. . . ."

Arm in arm, they went through the dingy, dark backstage corridors of the old theater to Doncourt's dressing room.

Just once more, after a lapse of another couple of years, father and son played on the same bill, and this time Doncourt's presence helped his son.

By this time, Ken's star was on the way up, the father's down. Ken was headed for the big time. Doncourt was—well, younger men, fresher men, men with something new in comedy technique, were coming along. Men, in fact, like his own son.

It was in St. Louis, half an hour before curtain time on the first day the bill was playing there. The callboy tapped on Jack's door. "Mr. Murray wants to see you in his dressing room," he called.

Ken was sitting on his trunk, his head between his hands. He looked up, and his father was shocked at the expression on his face.

"She's walked out on me," he said. "What am I going to do now?"

For a moment Doncourt couldn't answer. For the partner who had just walked out on Ken happened also to be Mrs. Ken Murray.

At a time like this men don't express their sympathy in words. "Do?" Doncourt said presently. "Why, go on, of course. The show starts in half an hour."

"How can I? It's a two-act—how can I do it solo?"

Doncourt reached out and shook his son by the shoulder. "Of course you can. Any act can be switched around. You can put it over—if you're a good comedian. For instance, where she sings and you play the trumpet, just have the orchestra play the notes she'd sing, and follow along the way you always do. You can get just as high, it'll sound as good. And you can use the orchestra leader for your gags. . . ."

Ken listened. Wisely, his father was turning his mind to the immediate professional problem, away from his personal tragedy. He grew interested, swiftly planned the changes necessary. And when the time came, he went out on the stage alone to more applause than the double act had ever received.

THAT'S when I knew Ken was really a good comedian," Doncourt told me simply the day I talked to him. "A better comedian than I ever was, or could be, because he's learned a lot we didn't know anything about in the days when I started out. It's all worked out all right, but I'm kind of sorry, now, that I never helped him a little more, instead of trying to keep him off the stage."

Help him? I hope Jack Doncourt reads this. Perhaps, if he does, he'll understand a little better how much he has helped his son.

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Ruby Keeler

WARNER BROTHERS STAR



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larly to keep my skin smooth."

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The Fascinating Behind-the-Scenes Story of Boake Carter

(Continued from page 37)

how we, who are so closely connected with the Boake Carter broadcasts, receive his views and whether, when we disagree with them, we tell him as much. We do. Both the engineer on the show and myself are the first to criticize a single point or number of points he may have made on the air that night.

Contrary to what you may have been led to expect, Mr. Carter gladly receives such criticisms. But if he thinks we have the wrong slant, he'll sit down with us after the program and go into the minutest detail to show us where we are mistaken.

Our close relationship on the broadcast, sitting as we do directly across the microphone from each other, would seem to make for frequent clashes, but knowing that if a person is to be criticized Boake will give ample warning, and that if we disagree he will try to explain and will never lose his temper even if he doesn't succeed, leaves us friends after every fifteen minutes on the air.

How does he react to outside criticism? Well, in the time I have been assigned to his broadcasts, I learned that about a third of his regular mail is criticism. And these letters receive the same treatments as our talks after a show. His answers go thoroughly into the subject on which the writer has complained.

ANOTHER question frequently asked is, "What kind of man is he to meet?"

First, Boake Carter is the most democratic person in the world. Newspaper training, plus an ability to understand the other fellow, has seen to that. But circumstances alter cases. Let me warn you that if you want to meet him, don't try it just before or after a broadcast. You'll meet with stubborn opposition and quite possibly a sharp dig of a shoulder.

Not his shoulder—mine. That is another of my duties. After each broadcast the engineer and myself flank Mr. Carter on either side and out we march to the elevator, screening the commentator from any of the curious or the more determined autograph hunters who may be hanging around, waiting for their chance.

There are good reasons for this desire to escape from his fans other than the hardships of standing in a corner for long minutes feverishly scribbling autographs on stray scraps of paper. From nine in the morning until late afternoon, Boake is busy rushing about. It is seldom that preparations for the evening's broadcast are begun before 5:30. From then until the closing theme supplied by the two pianos, he isn't home to anyone. By the time eight o'clock rolls around, he is ready for just one thing—home, a quiet dinner, and bed.

During the broadcast itself, he is extremely at ease and can devote all his energies to putting appeal or denunciation into his voice to portray any situation that he is discussing. A few minutes before the show starts, we time the top of each page, starting at the bottom page and timing so that the figure on the page on top reads 14 minutes, 20 seconds—leaving just ten seconds for my closing announcement. Then he is ready.

There is real, honest sincerity in every word he uses in these nightly discussions, and when he calls a spade a spade, as he frequently does, there is a twinkle in his

eye. And before proceeding with the next topic, he lays the page he has been reading carefully aside with a definite gesture, as though saying, "There you are, Mr. —, what are you going to do about that?" Then there usually follows a deep breath and on to the next story.

Boake has pet subjects, topics he loves to discuss, but you probably have noticed that such attacks are not used too often in succession. Again his training as a newspaperman has taught him careful choice of speaking matter.

He speaks, for instance, of the American Merchant Marine and of the United States Coast Guard Service, with a challenge in his voice and a battle light in his eye. When he is off again on the European situation, you can see the definite nod of his head as he passes on to you, the listener, the viewpoint that it's a bitter situation and a general "mess."

When I asked him, not long ago, "Do you think there will be a war soon in Europe?" he sorrowfully replied, "I don't know what will stop it."

He speaks of the need of a new test tank for the Navy and after the broadcast he'll exclaim: "I can't see why in the devil they don't spend a million for such a necessity and make their own tests here, instead of spending many millions for the actual construction of a vessel and then spending more on top of that for changes due to faulty construction when the tank would have shown up such an error in the beginning."

This same firmness in his views on national topics is found in the regulation of his private life. He insists on eight hours' sleep. No one can disturb him while he eats, though he often works during meals, and no noises of any kind must seep through into his office while he prepares his broadcast or works on a new book.

BUT for all the trouble he goes to and all the precautions he takes to insure regulation in his broadcasts, there have been several instances when Boake had to broadcast away from the familiar studio at WCAU, and they provide amusing touches.

In April 1935, while he was making a personal appearance at the Hippodrome theater in Baltimore, he had to broadcast from a small room arranged for the purpose in the theater. It took nearly a whole hour of frantic experiment the first night before we could prevent reverberation in the room. We draped the walls with everything from a piano cover to a bed sheet we had wangled from the manager.

Another time, Boake was confined to the Jefferson Hospital in Philadelphia with an infected toe-bone. Again bed sheets had to be called into play to provide a sort of studio for the broadcasts. Higgins, the engineer, with the use of several spare sheets, constructed a tent over the bed, allowing just enough room for air and the microphone to get through. Otherwise, the terrific hollowness of a hospital room would have ruined the programs.

Boake's broadcasts to the nation while he was covering the trial at Flemington have been and still are the talk of the country.

Listening during those hectic days and nights, you would hardly be expected to have guessed that those broadcasts were made from the corridor of the hotel, amid a milling crowd that grew by fifties every day, most of whom were autograph seekers. Boake, with his back to the wall, somehow got through his fifteen-minute stint every night and then spent hours afterwards signing the books of youngsters. He's never been able to deny a small boy's request for his signature.

I know that the majority of my readers

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30 Days Trial

30 Days Trial in your home to prove Kalamazoo Quality—24-hour shipments—Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

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Kalamazoo has been in business more than 1/3 of a century. Over 1,000,000 satisfied Kalamazoo customers. Don't select a new stove anywhere until you see the Kalamazoo charts that tell you how to judge stove quality. FREE with Catalog. Mail coupon now.

KALAMAZOO STOVE COMPANY, Manufacturers

469 Rochester Avenue, Kalamazoo, Michigan

Warehouses: Utica, N. Y.; Youngstown, Ohio; Reading, Pa.; Springfield, Mass.

FREE Catalog

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469 Rochester Ave., Kalamazoo, Mich.
Dear Sirs: Please send me your FREE CATALOG. Check articles in which you are interested.

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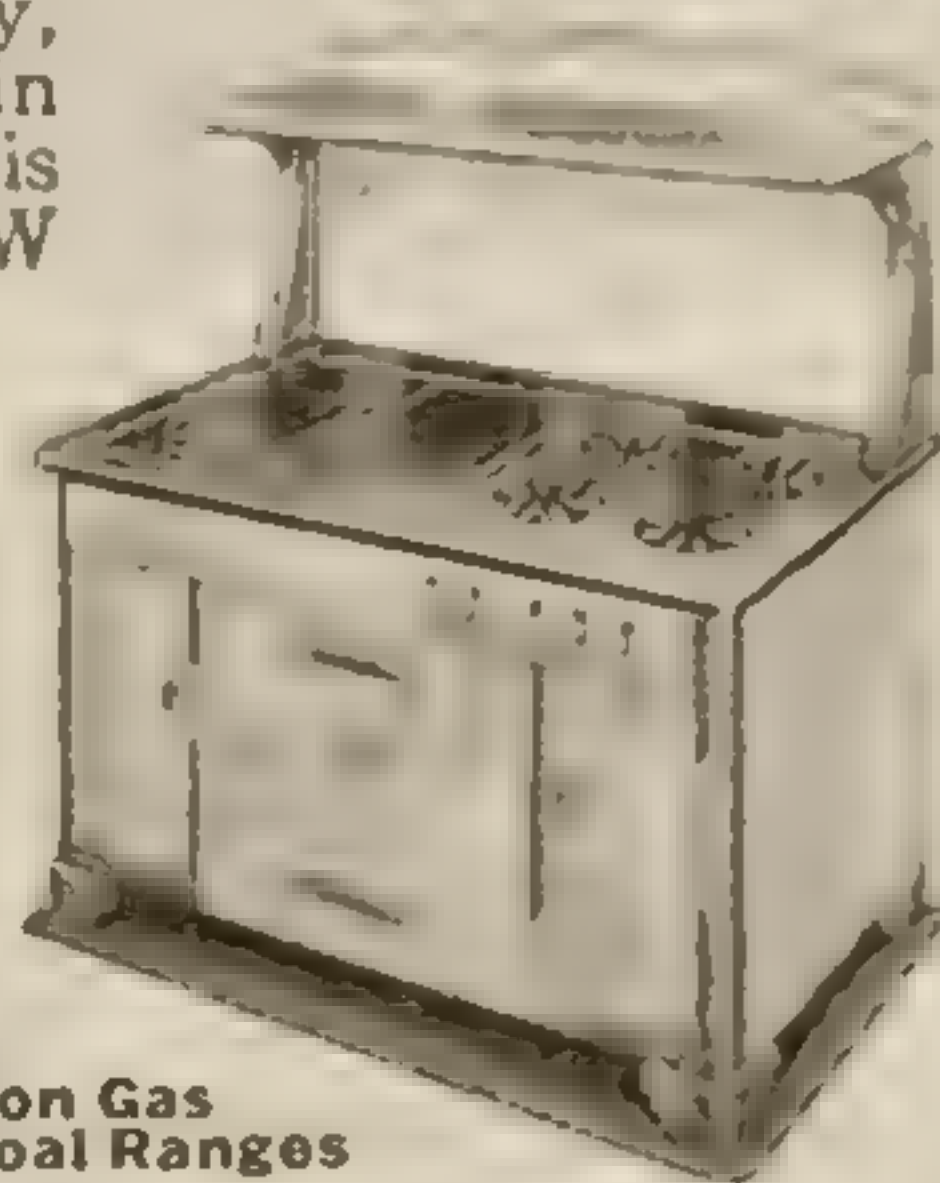
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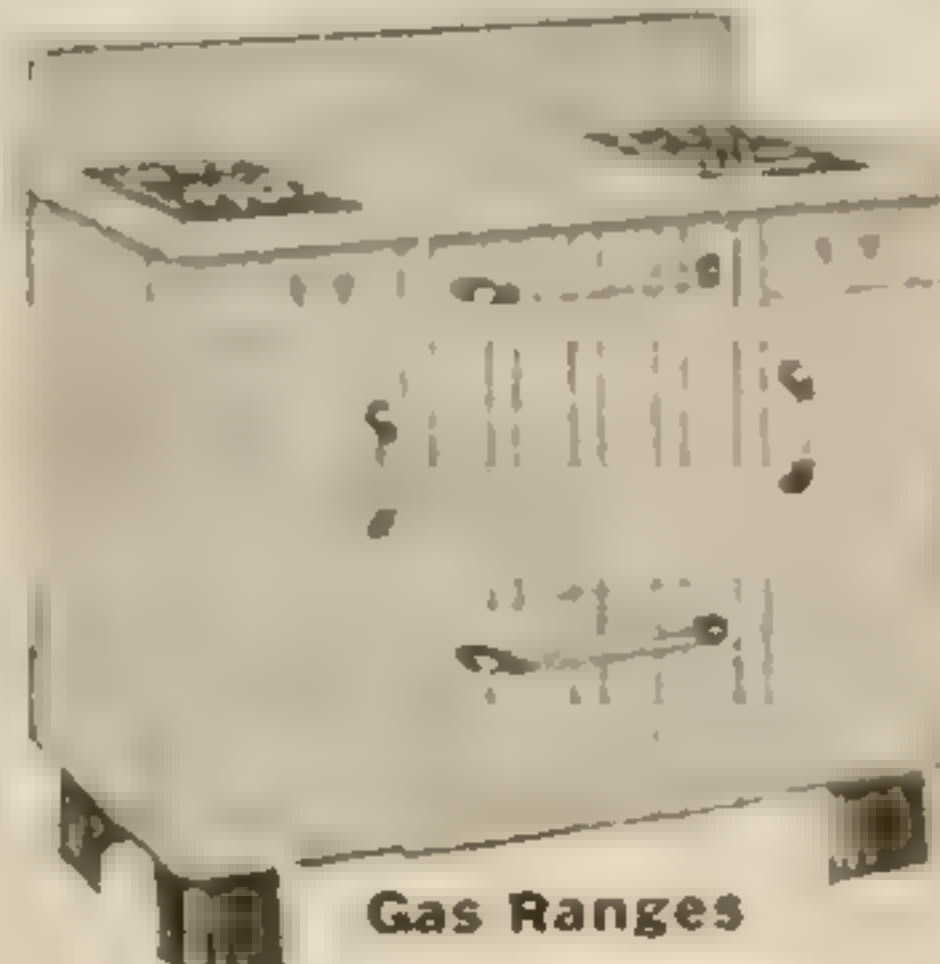
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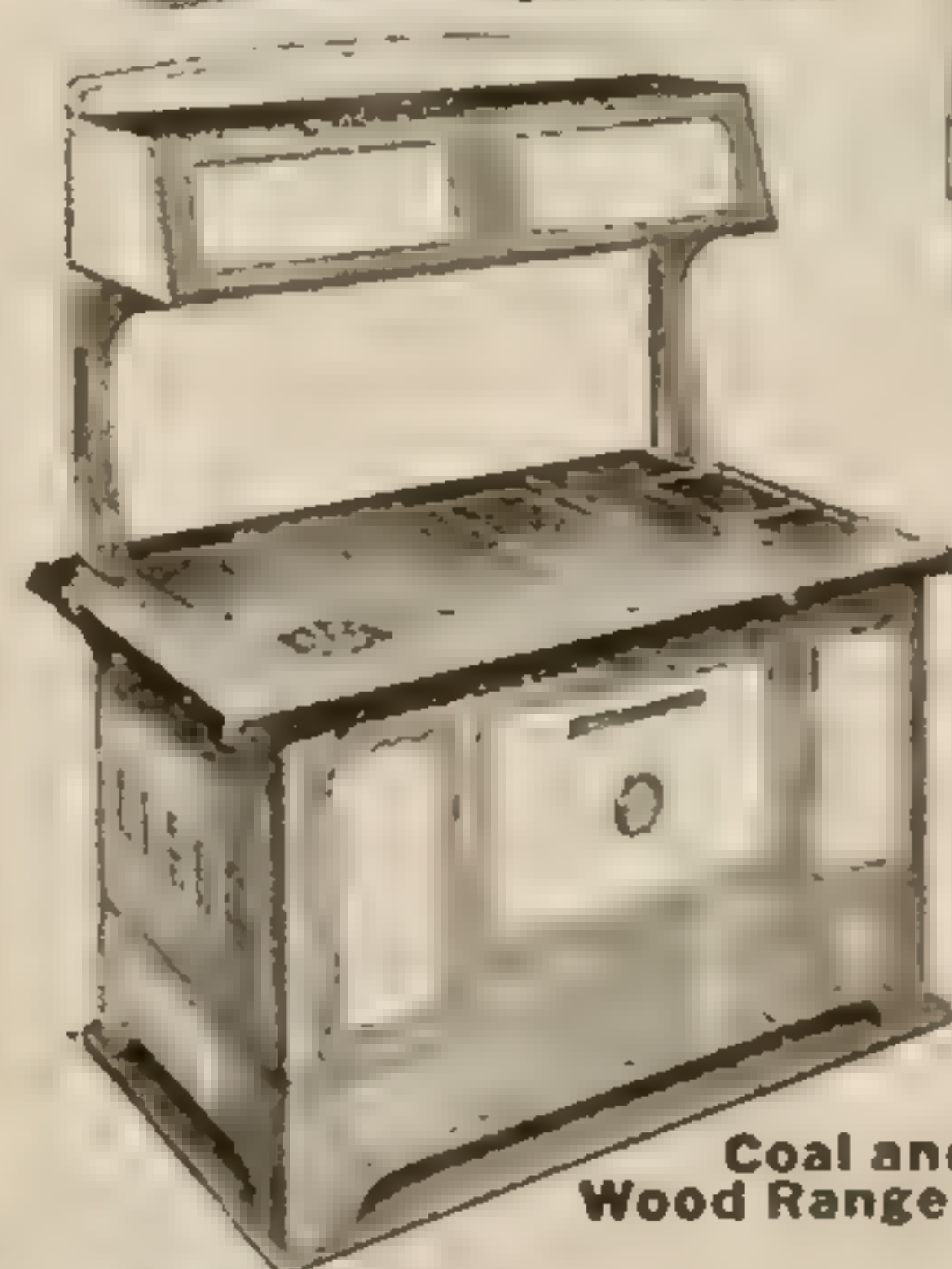
Oil Heaters



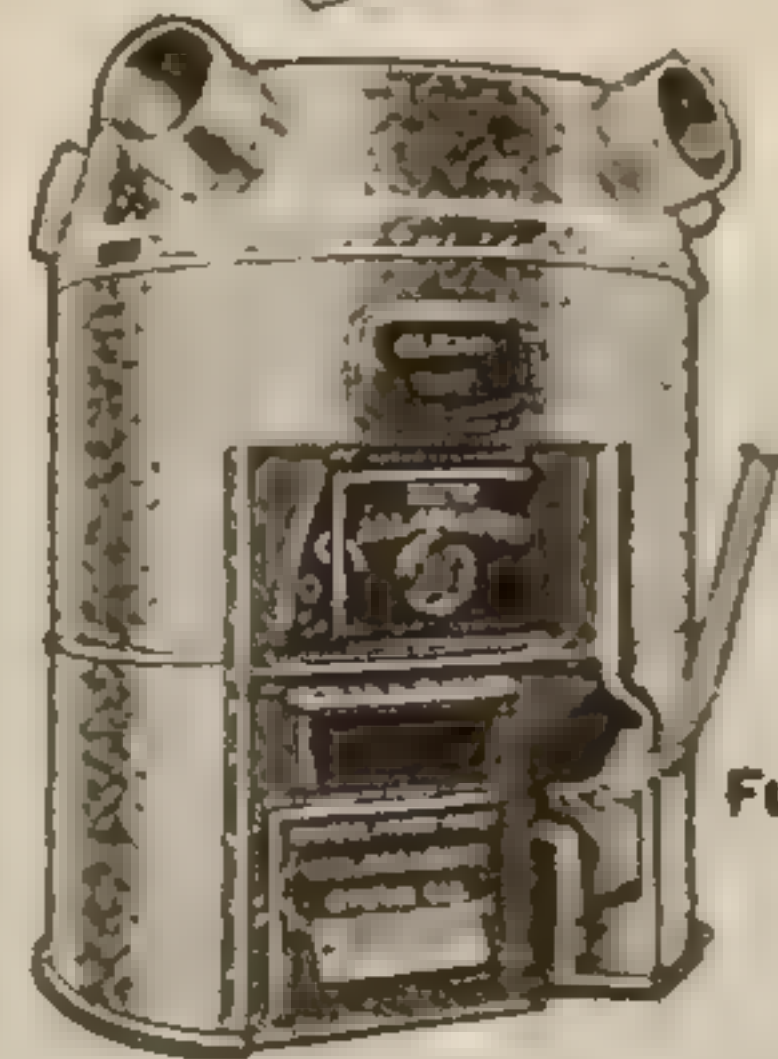
Combination Gas and Coal Ranges



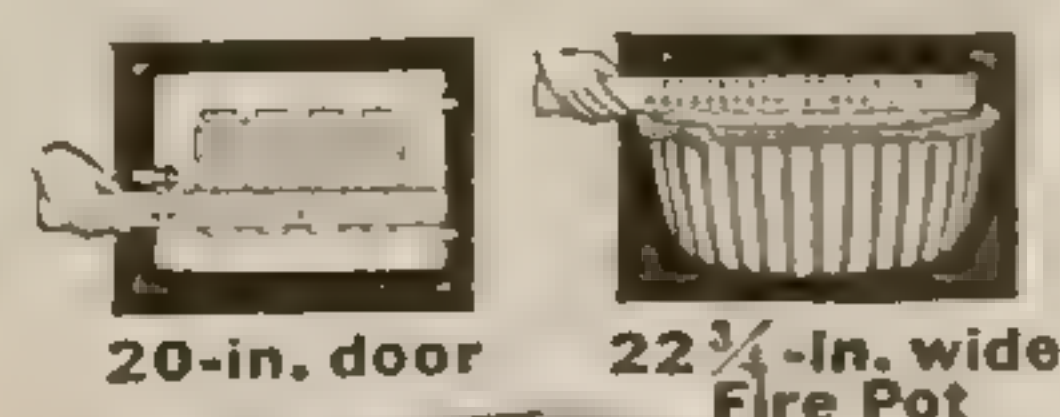
Gas Ranges



Coal and Wood Ranges



Furnaces



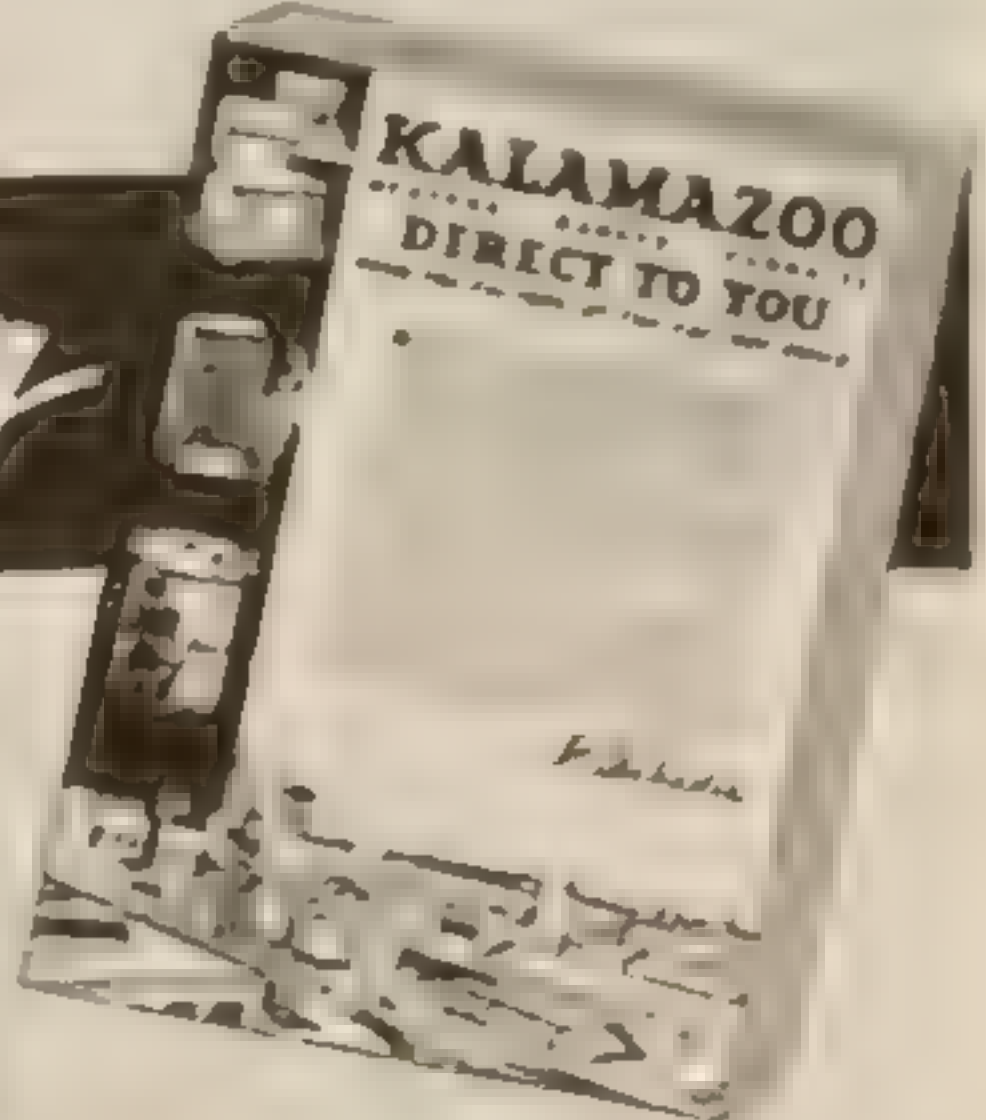
20-in. door

22 1/2-in. wide Fire Pot



Circulating Heaters

"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"
Trade Mark Registered



No girl can be too sure of her daintiness to make this "Armhole Odor" Test

If the slightest dampness collects on the armhole of your dress, it will cling to the fabric, and the warmth of your body will bring out an embarrassing "armhole odor" each time you wear the dress...

IF you have been taking your daintiness for granted, because you deodorize regularly, you will be wise to make this simple "armhole odor" test. You may be unpleasantly surprised!

When you take off your dress tonight, smell it at the armhole. If you have ever perspired in that dress, even slightly, you will find that the fabric at the armhole bears an unmistakable and unlovely odor... in spite of your careful deodorizing! The way that dress smells to *you*—is the way *you* smell to others! And the warmth of your body brings out the offending "armhole odor" each time you put on the dress!

Complete protection only in underarm dryness

It is not enough to keep your underarm sweet. Only a *dry* underarm can keep you and your *clothes* safe from perspiration. When there is any moisture at all, it is bound to dry on the armhole of your dress and rob you of that perfect exquisiteness that is your goal.

Thousands of users discover with relief and delight that Liquid Odorono



gives *complete* protection from "armhole odor," because it definitely keeps the underarm not only sweet but perfectly *dry*.

Your doctor will tell you that Odorono works safely and gently. It merely closes the pores of the small underarm area, so that perspiration is diverted to other less confined parts of the body where it may evaporate freely without giving offense.

Saves expensive frocks

Odorono is safe for your pretty frocks, too—no grease to make them sticky and messy. It will save you too-frequent cleaner's bills and the often permanent stains that follow underarm perspiration.

Odorono comes in two strengths—Regular and Instant. You need use Regular Odorono (Ruby colored) only twice a week. Instant Odorono (Colorless) is for especially sensitive skin or quick emergency use—to be used daily or every other day. On sale at all toilet-goods counters.

Send today for sample vials of both types of Odorono and descriptive leaflet.



RUTH MILLER, The Odorono Co., Inc.
Dept. 9B6, 191 Hudson St., New York City
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)
I enclose 8¢ for sample vials of both Instant and Regular Odorono and descriptive leaflet.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

would like to know more of the exact procedure employed during a broadcast, so allow me to go into detail on this score.

Mr. Higgins and myself are at the studio at 7:30 promptly. We turn on the equipment and test it so that when we go on the air Mr. Carter's opening words are sure to reach the audience of the entire network.

Next, I adjust the mike to Boake's level and place the reading lamp at the corner of the table to avoid any glare on his typewritten pages. It's 7:40 now and Boake is rushing through the doors into the studio. Throwing his hat on the chair provided for that sole purpose, he hands me the pages of his broadcast and we begin the timing.

It's 7:44 now and we're all set. Stopwatch ready, we're both listening to the closing commercial of the program now in progress and when the closing cue comes, I click my watch and give the signal to stand by. When twenty-five seconds elapse I raise my arm, and then lower it to a pointing position when my watch shows that thirty seconds have slipped past. This is the signal agreed upon and there is a deep breath before you hear the customary opening: "Good evening, everyone, Philco Radio Time, Boake Carter speaking."

TEN minutes race by. With five minutes to go, I signal again by placing my hand on the table, palm down. Boake acknowledges the time check with a nod, while continuing to speak. Four minutes—and again the nod as I place four fingers in front of him. Three minutes—three fingers and the nod. Two minutes—two fingers.

There remain now but one minute and thirty seconds. I reset my stop-watch to zero and start Boake's watch at the same time, placing his in front and to the right of him. One minute and the commercial is on its way out over the wires. Fifteen seconds and Boake is saying: "Only Philco has it. And as for programs, I'll let you pick your own tonight while I take a vacation. And so, until tomorrow night, Philco and I say to you, Cheerio."

Then here I come with "Boake Carter has come to you as a presentation... This is the Columbia Broadcasting System."

Together we sit back and listen to the closing theme until the engineer in the control room signals that we're off the air. The pianists leave and we sit back to talk about the program and argue over various points Boake has made. In a few minutes we get up and walk out to the elevators.

"So long, see you later."

Well, it's all over, now what?

Oh yes, I have a rehearsal with the engineer for a show that you'll probably hear later in the evening, so off we go for another session.

Your announcer has been Claude Har- ing.

Watch Next Month for
the New, Distinctive
Radio Mirror Cover
with a Swell Portrait of
Lanny Ross

Facing the Music

(Continued from page 13)

Since Kea Rea left the Dick Messner orchestra to sign a picture contract with United Artists, Dick has acquired a new soloist, brunette Gail Reese. She's eighteen years old, and this is her first important orchestral assignment. You hear the Messner aggregation over the Mutual network, as it plays in the Coconut Grove of New York's Park Central Hotel.

WE'RE TELLING YOU

All you Lombardo fans: Guy, Carmen, and all the boys are an exclusive Mutual summer sustaining feature, but you'll have to stay up until 12:30 Sunday and Wednesday nights, and until 1:30 Saturday nights (EDST) to hear them.

Alice Horn: Rudy Vallee's real name is Hubert Prior Vallee. Sorry, but our friendly relations with Rudy would be ruined forever if we put his home address in print. Incidentally, the story about Rudy in last month's Radio Mirror will tell you some things about him you never knew before.

Dan Van Volkenburgh: Orville Knapp's orchestra was to be at the Ritz Carlton Hotel in Boston until July 15, but at the time of going to press, he hadn't been booked beyond that date. Ted Lewis is busy with a summer vaudeville tour.

Don Green: You're right, Paul Tremaine is in San Diego, and will remain on the West Coast—though possibly not in San Diego—all summer.

ORCHESTRAL ANATOMY

With two major commercial programs running on through the summer, Lennie Hayton won't have much time for vacationing. He and his band are the musical background, you know, for Ed Wynn's Plymouth Motors show on NBC; and Sonny's Flying Red Horse Tavern on CBS, Tuesdays and Fridays respectively. A lot of you have written in asking for the personnel of his orchestra, which is the same for both programs, and here it is:

Harry Waller and Sid Brecker, violas; Harry Bluestone, Julie Held, George Zornig, Bill Barford, Serge Kotlarsky, and Sam Korman, violins; Eddy Powell, Sid Stoneburn, Herman Kress, and Ben Harrod, saxophones; Jack Jenney and Morey Samuels, trombones; Charlie Margulis, Ralph Muzzillo, and Hymie Rosenbaum, trumpets; Dave Barbour, guitar; Arthur Bernstein, bass-viol; Sam Rosen, drums; Morty Kahn, piano; and Abe Borodkin, cello. Not forgetting, of course, Lennie himself, whose piano solos are fine except that there aren't enough of them.

* * *

Arnold Johnson, musical director of Mutual's original Amateur Night, possesses a 220-acre farm near Redding Ridge, Conn. There are eleven buildings on the farm, and Arnold—unlike other radio stars—tries to run his estate for a profit. Besides, he hires unemployed musicians to do the farm-work.

Mal Hallett, whose orchestra is heard on the Mutual network, does some mighty road-work. Here are some statistics on the amount of luggage the band transports from town to town on those one-night stands: 400 arrangements of tunes, four suits of clothes for each musician (a sports suit, dark suit, tuxedo and full dress for theater shows) twenty-five musical instruments and 100 accessories. In weight the luggage amounts to 300 pounds



IS IT DRY AND SCALY?

Here's a Face Cream that Lubricates as It Cleanses

By *Lady Esther*

Maybe you are a victim of dry skin? About 7 out of 10 women today are.

Dry skin is due to several things. One is the outdoor life we lead compared to our mothers' time. We spend more time in the open. Exposure to weather—to sun and wind—tend to take the natural oils out of the skin and make it dry and withered.

Our reducing diets, too, are a cause of dry skin. To keep slender, we leave fats out of our diets. This cuts down the oil supply of the skin and tends to make it dry.

A Dry Skin is an Old Skin

A dry skin is an old skin. It looks withered and wrinkled. It looks faded. A dry skin also fails to take make-up well. It makes powder show up plainly. It makes rouge look harsh and artificial.

If your skin is at all inclined to be dry it would be well for you to look into your cleansing methods. You must avoid anything that tends to dry the skin or irritate it. You must be sure to use gentle, soothing measures.

First, a Penetrating Cream

Lady Esther Face Cream is an excellent corrective of dry skin. For, as this cream cleanses the skin, it also lubricates it.

The first thing Lady Esther Face Cream does is to cleanse your skin thoroughly. It is a *penetrating* face cream. It actually penetrates the pores, but gently and soothingly.

Entering the pores, without rubbing, it goes to work on the imbedded waxy matter there. It loosens the hardened grime—dissolves it—and makes it easily removable. When you have cleansed your skin with Lady Esther Face Cream, you see it—you can feel it! Your skin instantly appears clearer and whiter. It feels clean—tingles with new life and freshness.

But, Lady Esther Face Cream also lubricates the skin. It resupplies it with a fine oil

that overcomes dryness and keeps the skin velvety soft and smooth. This lubrication and freshening of the skin keeps it young-looking. It wards off lines and wrinkles. It gives it smoothness—permits it to take make-up better.

In every way you will improve the condition of your skin with the use of Lady Esther Face Cream. More than eight million women can testify to that.

See With Your Own Eyes

Feel With Your Own Fingers!

Suppose you try Lady Esther Face Cream and see with your own eyes—and feel with your own fingers—what it will do for your skin.

I am perfectly willing that you make the test at my expense. Just send your name and address and by return mail you'll receive a 7-days' supply of Lady Esther Face Cream postpaid and free.

Use this cream as the directions tell you. Notice the dirt it gets out of your skin you never thought was there. Mark how the pores reduce themselves when relieved of their clogging burden.

Note, too, how delicately it lubricates your skin and how freshly soft and smooth it keeps it. A trial will prove convincing.

Mail the coupon today for your 7-days' supply of cream. With the cream I shall also send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.) (25)

FREE

Lady Esther, 2034 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail your seven-days' supply of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream; also all five shades of your Face Powder.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)

You can't get away with it!

In Business

"She looks bright and acts bright—why on earth doesn't she get wise to herself? I'm certainly not going to stand for *this*. It's either Mum for her or a new secretary for me."



In Love

"She isn't the girl I thought she was. She could be so swell, too, if it weren't for this. Wonder why somebody doesn't tell her, or give her some Mum or something. Well, I can't be bothered."

EMPLOYERS and men in love are alike in this — they refuse to bother with a girl who is careless about underarm perspiration odor.

The up-to-date girl knows the quick, easy answer to this problem. The daily Mum habit!

It takes only half a minute to use Mum. Then you're safe all day long.

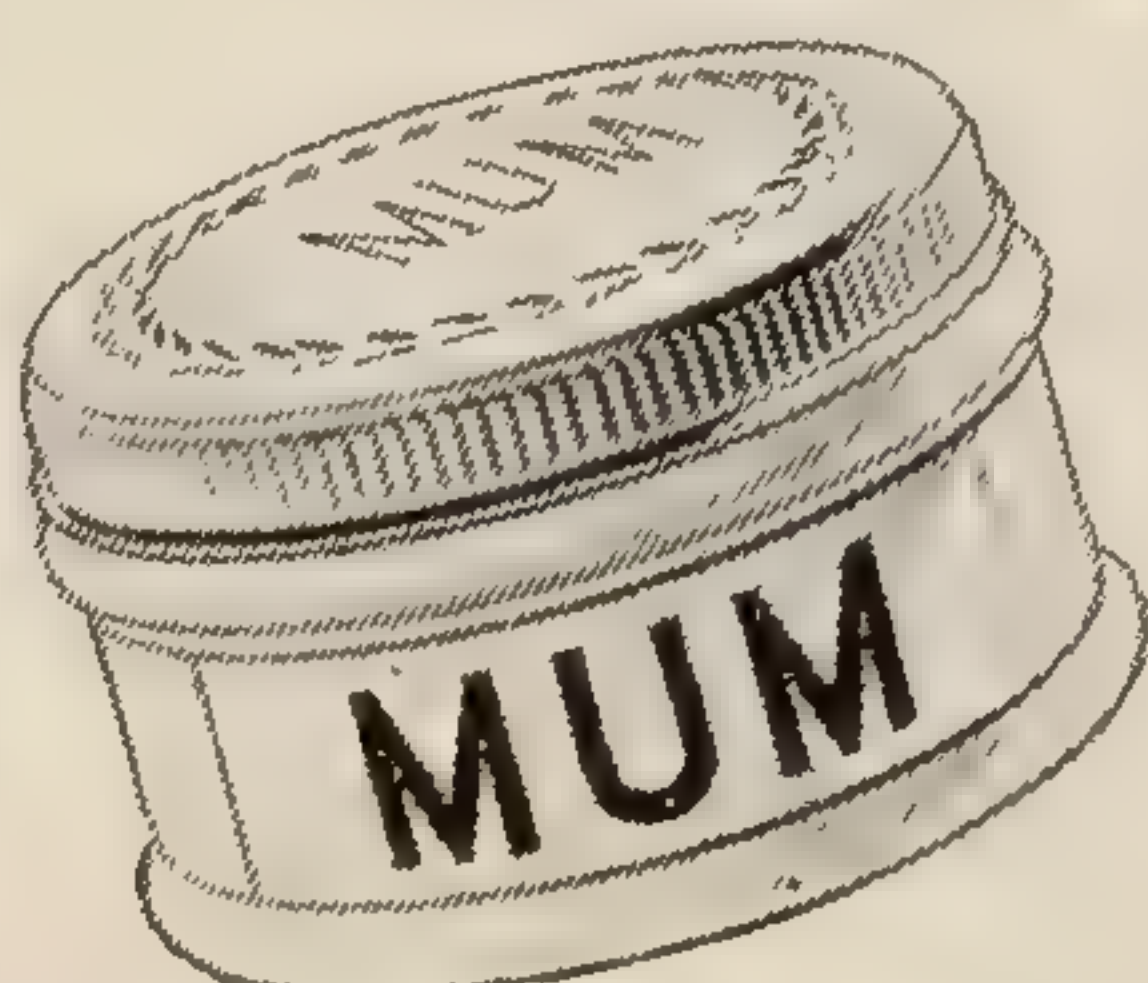
Use Mum any time, *even after you're dressed*. For it's harmless to clothing.

And it's so soothing to the skin you can use it right after shaving the underarms.

Mum doesn't prevent the natural perspiration, you know. But it does prevent every trace of perspiration *odor*.

Remember — nothing so quickly kills a man's interest in a girl as ugly perspiration odor. Don't risk it — use Mum regularly, every day! Bristol-Myers, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

MUM



USE MUM ON SANITARY NAPKINS, TOO, and you'll never have another moment's worry about this source of unpleasantness.

takes the odor out of perspiration

of music, half a ton of wardrobe and trunks, and more than a thousand pounds of musical instruments.

* * *

WHERE THE BANDS ARE PLAYING

THIS is especially a month of migration for the bands and it is doubly difficult to spot them at any one place. However, we have done our best with the list below:

- Armstrong, Louis—One nighters.
- Barnett, Charles—Glen Island Casino, New Rochelle, N. Y.
- Bernie, Ben—In California and pictures.
- Casa Loma—On road.
- Crosby, Bob—Lexington Hotel, N. Y., and tour.
- Denny, Jack—French Casino, N. Y.
- Donahue, Al—Rainbow Room, Radio City, N. Y.
- Duchin, Eddy—On tour.
- Fio Rito, Ted—On tour.
- Garber, Jan—On tour.
- Goodman, Benny—Palomar Ballroom, Los Angeles.
- Hall, George—Hotel Taft, N. Y.
- Harris, Phil—On tour.
- Heidt, Horace—Drake Hotel, Chicago.
- Johnson, Johnny—On tour.
- Jones, Isham—On tour.
- Kavelin, Al—On tour.
- Kemp, Hal—On tour.
- King, Henry—St. Francis Hotel, San Francisco.
- King, Wayne—Waldorf Hotel, N. Y.
- Little, Jack—Catalina Island, San Francisco.
- Lombardo, Guy—Palmer House, Chicago.
- Lyman, Abe—On tour.
- Lucas, Nick — Hollywood Restaurant, N. Y.
- Martin, Freddy—Aragon Ballroom, Chicago.
- Morgan, Russ—Biltmore Hotel, N. Y.
- Nelson, Ozzie—On tour.
- Noble, Ray—On tour.
- Vallee, Rudy—On tour.
- Weems, Ted—On tour.
- Whiteman, Paul—On tour.

- * - * - *

Use the coupon below as a convenient way of asking us for answers to your questions. But remember, sometimes we've answered those questions elsewhere in Facing the Music.

**Ken Alden,
Facing the Music,
RADIO MIRROR,
122 East 42nd Street,
New York City.**

I want to know more about:

Orchestral Anatomy.....

Theme Song Section.....

Following the Leaders.....

Or.....

Name.....

Address.....

The Secret Behind Joe Penner's Radio Comeback

(Continued from page 26)

because he himself wasn't satisfied with his work.

"But at the same time," he went on, "I was *afraid* to try anything different! I was afraid to throw a new line into the script while the broadcast was on the air, on the spur of the moment, for fear I'd mess everything up and ruin the program."

In what seems to me to have been a pathetic attempt at compromise, Joe went to his sponsors and asked them to change the program, invite guest stars, so that at least he could interview the visitors and thus inject a new note into his work. But the sponsors were more than satisfied with the results of their radio show, and they didn't understand Joe's personal feelings, so they only told him not to worry.

All these dissatisfactions culminated in Joe's mind on that June day of last year. They culminated in the conviction that he had got himself into a rut from which only drastic action could save him.

"Maybe I was a little bit crazy," he admitted, "but the only thing that kept me from taking a train and simply disappearing was that I didn't have the money. I wouldn't even have called my wife, I felt so nervous and desperate."

THE fruit of that desperation was a conversation on the following morning with the agency which handled the program. For the last time, Joe offered suggestions for revising the show in such a way as to give him an opportunity to create a more flexible comedy technique. Yet—and here is an amazing quirk of the human mind—he was forcing himself to make those suggestions. He really wanted to try something new, but at the same time he was afraid to.

He could not have told you, himself, whether he was glad or sorry when the suggestions were not accepted, and he left the air.

With Mrs. Penner, Joe moved to Hollywood, where he rested and made a picture. His return to New York this spring was solely for the purpose of making a three-week vaudeville tour and getting ready to go to Europe. He didn't intend to sign any of the radio contracts which had been offered him, for his RKO contract would provide him with all the work and all the income he needed.

But the old dissatisfaction with himself still rankled, and in Long Beach, where his vaudeville act was to open, he said on an impulse he still doesn't understand to the theater manager:

"Why not let me be master of ceremonies of the whole show, besides doing my own act? You know, introduce the other acts, and make a few cracks about them?"

The manager, naturally, accepted at once, delighted to have Joe Penner not only headlining the show, but appearing all through it. But Joe, who had spoken almost without thinking, and had really expected to be refused once more, was thrown into a panic.

He returned to his hotel room in Long Beach and had it out with himself. The show was due to start in just a few hours. There was no time to prepare any sort of

script. Whatever he said by way of introduction would have to be impromptu. And he was frightened to death!

"Come on, Penner," he said to himself, "you've wanted to do something hard for years. You've just never had the nerve. Now's your chance. If you don't take it now, you'll never get it again, and you'll hate yourself for the rest of your life."

He took the chance. He went out on the stage "cold," trusting to inspiration—and the inspiration came. He introduced the performers gracefully and easily, and got off some remarks which perhaps wouldn't have looked funny on paper but made the audience laugh as heartily as it had ever done in the days when he was repeating lines from memory.

He suddenly got the feeling that he and the audience were friends, having a good, informal time together. It was a feeling he'd never experienced before in his life.

He dared to go farther. After his own act, he was called again and again, and instead of using a prepared encore, he suddenly heard himself saying, "Ladies and gentlemen, I'll give you my impression of that marvelous tap dancer, Eleanor Powell!"

"Now, I can't dance a step," Joe explained when he told me of the incident. "I did the first thing I could think of—leaned over and told the orchestra to play something 'double forte' which means as loud and fast as possible. Then I just waved my arms and made faces while the orchestra made all that noise, as if I were counting on it to drown out my clumsy footwork. Like this—"

He jumped up from his chair and demonstrated wildly. It was funny, all right, because it was good pantomime, and Joe hadn't yet lost the spontaneity of that first unrehearsed encore.

Throughout his vaudeville tour, he was full of new tricks, like a kid trying out the possibilities of a new toy. He was only one week in Long Beach before moving to a new city, new theater, and new supporting show, for which he had to prepare a completely different master of ceremonies spiel. But by that time Joe thought changing his act was fun.

A NEW Joe Penner came back to New York from that brief tour. For the first time he was not afraid of the possibilities for experimentation in his work which opened out in front of him. If he had still been afraid, he wouldn't have made up his mind to accept one of the offers for radio work which were extended.

As it was, he agreed to audition for Cocomalt, whipped up a show, auditioned, and had signed the contract, all in less time than it has taken to sell any other program in radio history.

Unless I'm very much mistaken, it will be a new Joe Penner you'll hear on the air, too. Harry Conn, who used to write Jack Benny's material, will do the script, and it will be a flexible sort of script, giving Joe a chance to do more than chortle through his nose and repeat catch phrases. Most of all, Joe will remember the truth of a remark Conn made the afternoon I was present:

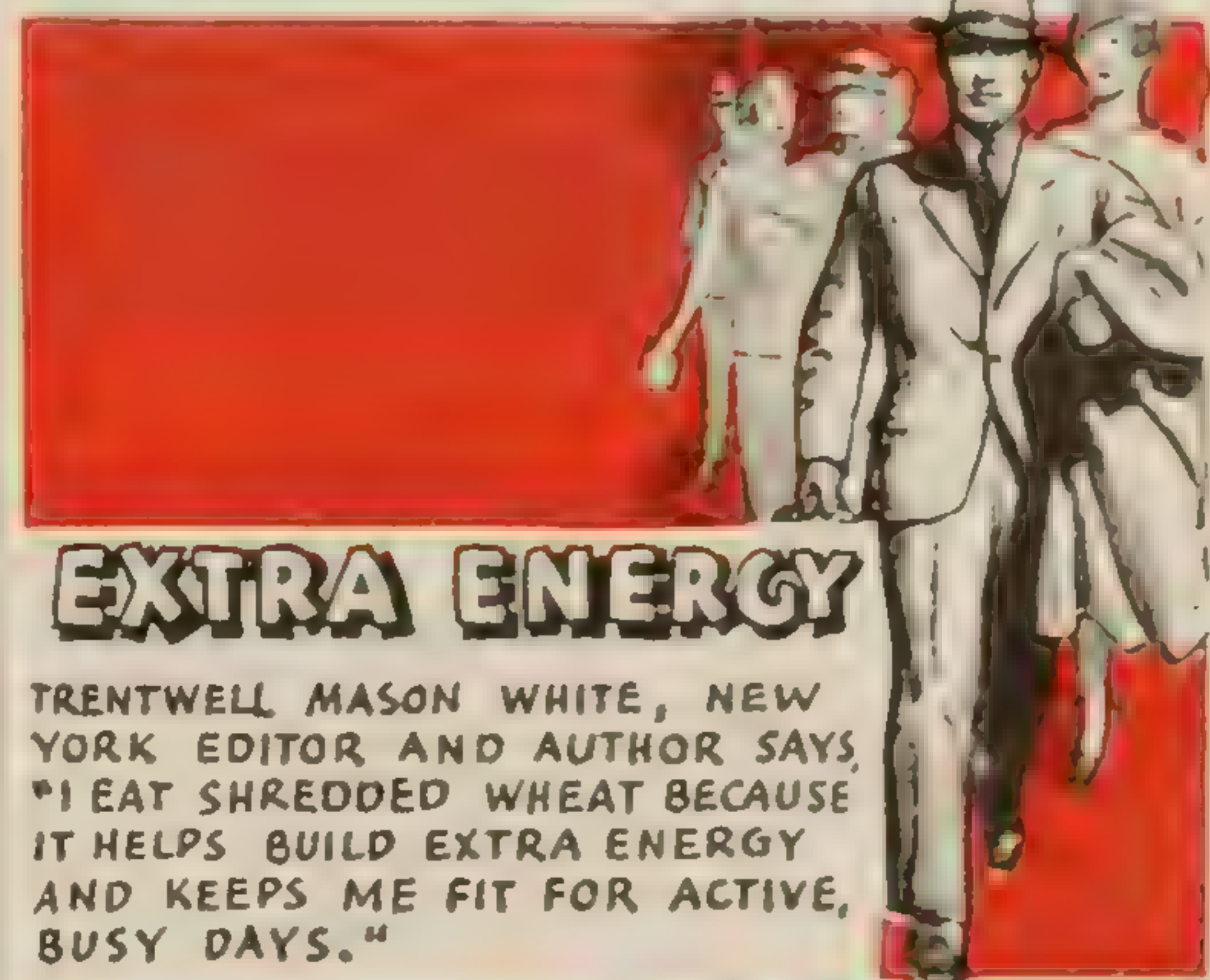
"It isn't what you say that's funny, Joe—it's the way you say it."

KEEP **ACTIVE** AND **ALERT** WITH CRISP, DELICIOUS SHREDDED WHEAT



ADRIENNE AMES

MISS AMES, TALENTED HOLLYWOOD STAR, SAYS, "SHREDDED WHEAT WITH MILK AND FRUIT CERTAINLY IS TOPS FOR REAL FLAVOR AND NOURISHMENT." TRY CRISP, GOLDEN-BROWN SHREDDED WHEAT TOMORROW MORNING WITH YOUR FAVORITE FRUITS OR BERRIES.



EXTRA ENERGY

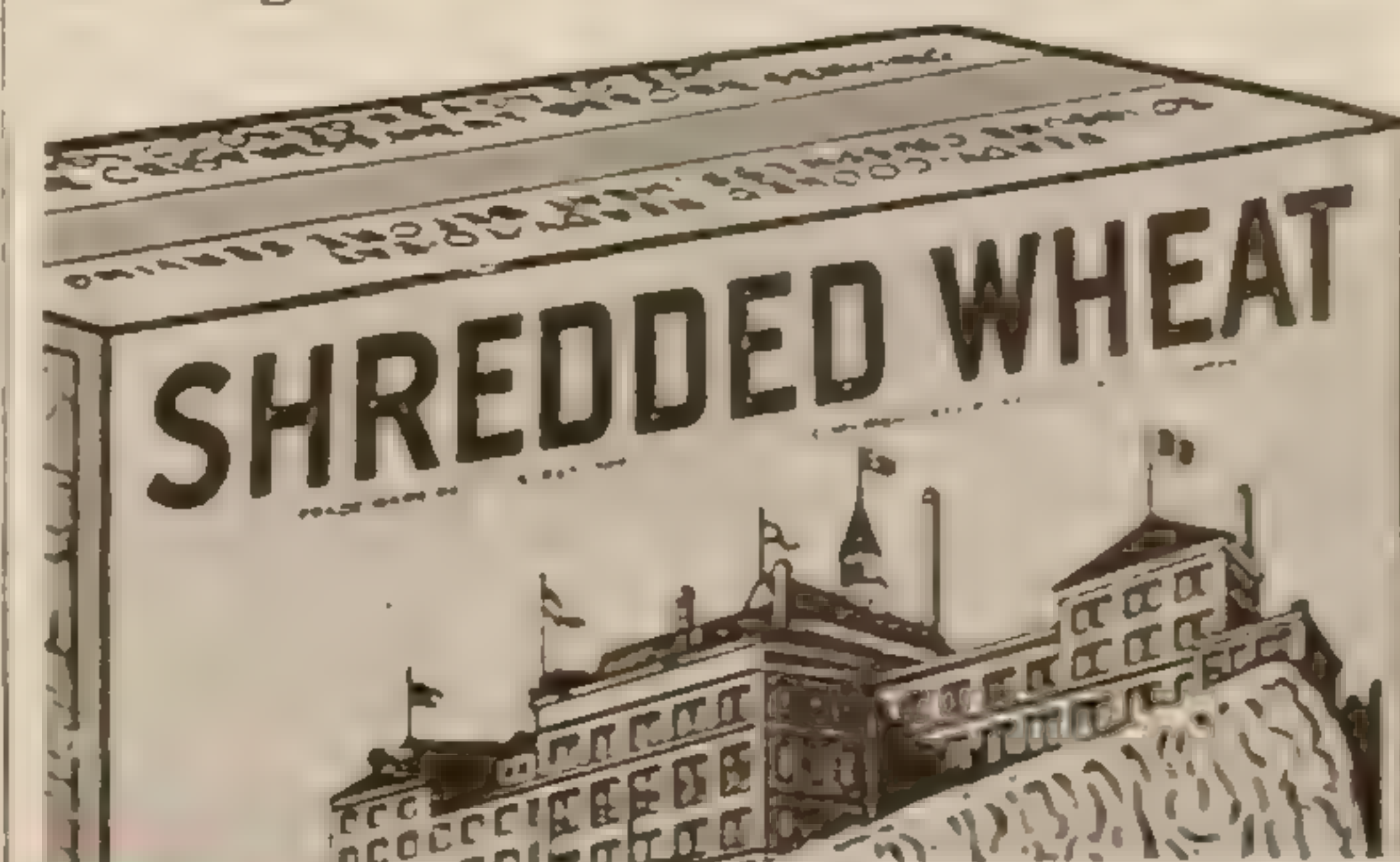
TRENTWELL MASON WHITE, NEW YORK EDITOR AND AUTHOR SAYS, "I EAT SHREDDED WHEAT BECAUSE IT HELPS BUILD EXTRA ENERGY AND KEEPS ME FIT FOR ACTIVE, BUSY DAYS."



ACTIVE, ALERT

MRS. J. CLINTON SHEPHERD, WESTPORT, CONN., MOTHER OF EDWIN AND JOY SAYS, "THE RIGHT FOODS HELP THEM STAND OUT ABOVE THE CROWD, AND I KNOW SHREDDED WHEAT GIVES THEM VITAL FOOD ESSENTIALS. IT SUPPLIES A NATURAL BALANCE OF VITAMINS, CARBOHYDRATES, PROTEINS AND MINERAL SALTS."

Ask for the package showing the picture of Niagara Falls and the red N.B.C. Seal



A Product of National Biscuit Company. bakers of Ritz, Uneda Biscuit and other famous varieties!

There's a story behind the songs Igor Gorin sings on Hollywood Hotel. It's revealed in the October issue of

RADIO MIRROR

Will Hollywood Put Sex Into Radio?

(Continued from page 21)

Weak, Rundown Nervous Skinny!

HERE'S PROOF
THAT IN 1 WEEK
YOU CAN BUILD
UP HUSKY NEW
RED-BLOODED
STRENGTH, NEW
ENERGY AND
AT LEAST
5 EXTRA LBS.
OR NO COST!



As the result of tests covering thousands of cases of skinniness—both natural or as the result of poor health, weakened, rundown condition or poor blood—science now claims the trouble is largely IODINE - STARVED GLANDS. When these glands—particularly the important gland which controls weight building—lack NATURAL PLANT IODINE, even diets rich in starches and fats fail to add weight. That's why skinny people often have huge appetites yet stay skinny.

Now, however, with the introduction of Seedol Kelpamalt, a mineral concentrate derived from a huge 90-foot sea vegetable harvested off the Pacific Coast—you can be assured of a rich, concentrated supply of this precious substance. 1,300 times richer in iodine than oysters, Seedol Kelpamalt at last puts food to work for you. Its 12 other minerals stimulate the digestive glands which alone produce the juices that enable you to digest fats and starches. 3 Seedol Kelpamalt tablets contain more iron and copper than 1 lb. of spinach or 7½ lbs. of fresh tomatoes, more iodine than 1,386 lbs. lettuce.

Start Seedol Kelpamalt today. Even if you are "naturally skinny" you must add 5 lbs. the first week or the trial is free. Your own doctor will approve this way. 100 jumbo size Seedol Kelpamalt Tablets—four to five times the size of ordinary tablets—cost but a few cents a day to use. Get Seedol Kelpamalt today. Seedol Kelpamalt is sold at all good drug stores. If your dealer has not yet received his supply, send \$1.00 for special introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address below.

SEEDOL
Kelpamalt Tablets

Manufacturer's Note—Inferior products, sold as kelp and malt preparations—in imitation of the genuine Seedol Kelpamalt are being offered as substitutes. The Kelpamalt Company will reward for information covering any case where an imitation product has been represented as the original Seedol Kelpamalt. Don't be fooled. Demand genuine Seedol Kelpamalt Tablets. They are easily assimilated, do not upset stomach nor injure teeth. Results guaranteed or money back.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER

Write today for fascinating instructive 50-page book on How to Add Weight Quickly, Build New Strength, Energy and Strong Nerves. Mineral contents of Food and their effects on the human body. New facts about NATURAL IODINE. Standard weight and measurement charts. Daily menus for weight building. Absolutely free. No obligation. Kelpamalt Co., Dept. 931, 27-33 West 20th St., New York City.

Accept This Startling No Risk Offer!

Your Money Back If
Kelpamalt Does Not

1. Improve Appetite.
2. Add at least 5 lbs. of Good Solid Flesh.
3. Strengthen Nerves.
4. Banish Ordinary Stomach Distress.
5. Make You Sleep Sounder.
6. Give you New Strength, Energy and Endurance.
7. Clear up skin.

type on the columnists' reviews of "The Legionnaire and the Lady" had grown cold, the battle cry against this new element in entertainment was sounded from at least one quarter. All the managers in the small theaters from Boston to San Diego rose up on their hind legs and shouted a prolonged and lusty protest. They, as exhibitors, emphatically don't want radio in this new form. "The glamor which until now has been exclusively ours," they shouted in effect, "is being used to keep cash customers out of our theaters and in their own homes!" The power of the exhibitors when they really register a kick cannot be underestimated—but more of that later.

Here we are at the most important point of all. That word *glamor*.

That is what Hollywood is beginning to inject into quiet, homey little old radio. It's injecting this quality which not long ago was called sex. And as sex, it might justifiably have been frowned on by people who love their homes and are ready to fight in order to keep them free of outside influences they don't approve of. Until a very short time ago, sex was thought of as smut.

Then the word glamor crept into use, a modern, all-inclusive definition of sex, as Hollywood has brought it to the screens of the world. The glamor of life as we all wish we could live it, a quality too vague to be described in words. We've all felt it, a mixture of ecstasy and heart-break, at moments in our lives. But to Hollywood, and to Hollywood alone, belongs the trick of communicating it to our minds.

Can Hollywood teach its little sister, radio, the same trick? Well, like it or not, the lessons are going on, for if Marlene Dietrich plus Clark Gable or Myrna Loy plus Bill Powell didn't add up to glamor, movie cathedrals from Maine to San Diego would be tenanted by rows of empty seats.

AND as if putting such glamorous stars on the air weren't enough, radio is tapping Hollywood's best directorial talent. It is drafting the same men who have been most successful in making box office smashes for the screen, which ought to prove that it is more than willing to learn what these men can teach it.

It is doing, what's more, something Hollywood never has bothered to do. It is bringing you in closer touch with these directors, letting you hear their voices and their views on Hollywood, movies, and radio. It is giving you your first chance to know first hand such men as W. S. Van Dyke, Frank Capra, and others.

The outstanding example of this new move to bring Hollywood's directorial knowledge to radio is, of course, Cecil B. DeMille, who is the Lux Theater's permanent advisory director. For years,

simply the mention of DeMille's name has called up visions of all the movies' glamor. His magnificent, lavish productions—he produced the first full length feature—and his frank treatment of sex started the films upon the road to becoming the powerful entertainment medium they are today.

Look back and think of "The Squaw Man," "The Crusades," "Male and Female" and "Cleopatra." You can't help but realize, thinking of those super colossals, how much moviedom owes to DeMille. Much of knowledge, that part which deals with the films as something for people to see, he can't give to radio. But he can give his understanding of human emotions and of entertainment values.

IN the next few months you will meet, via the air, many more men whose names perhaps you scarcely know today, yet who have been responsible, in their capacity as directors, for a large part of your pleasure at the movies.

All this means that into your living rooms will be brought more and more personalities which always before you've had to travel to your nearest movie house to see. What's more, they'll undoubtedly be presented in a way new to radio. You can't, no matter how far distant it is even today, overlook television and the part these stars are bound to play in its development.

Perhaps you, personally, prefer the more sedate kind of program, flavored with nothing more exciting than the well-loved bars of familiar music, or the homespun comedy of the old-time air performers.

On the other hand, it's likely that you'll find the influence of Hollywood more and more intriguing. That's what the movie exhibitors are afraid of, at any rate, and in the end their combined influence may be sufficient to cause a complete backward swing of the pendulum.

The exhibitors are seriously considering a movement to prevent the film companies from allowing any of their stars to appear on the air. Clauses should be written into new contracts, the exhibitors insist, absolutely forbidding any radio engagements. And if the exhibitors ever get angry enough really to make up their minds to a concerted effort, they might be powerful enough to bar every movie star in Hollywood from broadcasting studios. The only catch in this case being the desires of the stars themselves to pick up this comparatively easy money which usually runs into thousands of dollars per performance.

But until such an if, when, and maybe, there's a new slogan being hung up on the walls of the offices which house broadcasting officials. It's there for everyone to see:

Glamor rules the airways!

IN THE OCTOBER ISSUE—

Another intensely human instalment in the life of the Kraft Music Hall comedian, Bob Burns, which finds him walking the dusty streets of mining villages without the price of a breakfast in his pockets.

Learn Homemaking from the Stars

(Continued from page 47)

everything just as it ought to be."

Mrs. Kemp's method is a good one for every young bride to follow. Go to a reliable store and if possible purchase all your things in the one place. You will find expert cooperation and advice available to you without any extra charge.

"You've no idea how much I learned buying that way," Mrs. Kemp went on enthusiastically. "One of the dangers when you're out on that sort of grand shopping spree is buying too much furniture. When you use modern furniture you *do* have to be careful to leave plenty of wide open spaces. A cluttered up modern room is positively nightmarish."

Incidentally that is one reason why modern decor is so practical for newlyweds just setting out in housekeeping. You will find that you need far less actual furniture than you do in older forms of decoration. However, if you are going to live in an apartment be sure you do not choose the more massive pieces. Remember that your new stream-lined furniture must have a sense of space or the effect is destroyed.

"One of the things that intrigued me more than anything else was getting this carpet." Mrs. Kemp pointed to the lovely broadloom brown and cream floor covering with its geometric rectangle that went so perfectly with the brown and beige furniture upholstery. "Do you know, this carpet was made up for it. I just selected the colors I wanted and the design, and the rug department put it together for me. I understand it is cemented together by a new patented process. The beautiful part

about it is that no matter how often we move or what size the room it is to go in, the carpet can be made to fit. If it's a larger room I'd just have another border put around. If the room were smaller I'd have either the brown part cut down or the cream rectangle in the center made smaller."

YES, modern manufacturers are doing magical things with floor coverings. There is absolutely no limit to what can be accomplished with this new patented broadloom carpeting. Your fancy can soar uninhibited. For example, the broadloom can be laid out in blocks of contrasting colors, usually the dominant colors of your room, or in any other geometric design you wish. Patterns, no matter how intricate, can be stencilled and inlaid in any color you choose. If you desire a border of many colored strips all you have to do is order it, or a monogram in the center—there is positively no limit. And the best part of it all is that you will find this type of floor covering much more reasonable than the orientals or even imitation orientals, and of course it's the perfect thing for the modern house.

Another carpet innovation is hair felt which Mrs. Kemp uses in lovely ivory off-white in the master bedroom.

"The funny part about it was that I fell in love with it because it was soft and woolly, almost like an angora kitten. And when I heard the price I nearly fell over. It was so cheap I thought there must be a catch somewhere. But there isn't. I

find that it's as strong as iron and believe me between the two children and the cat and dog it gets plenty of wear and in spite of the very light color it cleans beautifully."

And here's another tip for the new bride from Mrs. Kemp. Although Venetian blinds take care of the window treatment of the whole house, informal rooms like the kitchen, playroom and nursery are hung with oilcloth—yes plain ordinary, oilcloth shelving such as you purchase in any hardware store.

In the playroom it is bright, shiny red "Hal and I made the drapes up in less than an hour. We just got wide shelving (you know it already has an edging) and tacked up the side lengths. Then we pleated the valance and put tiny invisible tacks in to hold the pleats. It's cheap, practical and easy to clean. All you need is a damp cloth and—I think it's unusual looking."

Try it, I know you'll love it.

If you would like to know the trade name of the broadloom carpet described above, or the method of cleaning the new type of carpeting, write to me in care of RADIO MIRROR, and I'll be delighted to pass along the information.

Be sure to look in the October issue of RADIO MIRROR for pictures of Margaret Speaks' beautiful home. Margaret's the summer star of the Firestone program heard over an NBC network. You'll get a lot more grand hints on beautifying your home.

Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel III says: "Pond's Vanishing Cream removes little roughnesses at once . . . keeps my skin soft and white."



NOSE AND CHIN GET *Flaky?*

Melt Rough Places Smooth

ONE DAY your nose is flaky—powder won't "stick"! Next day, your chin . . . Often, after a day in the sun, your whole face scuffs up with flaky bits.

Do you know what they are?—Dead skin cells!

They cling stubbornly, show up terribly—even under make-up.

But you can *melt* them away easily—with a keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream). A distinguished dermatologist explains:

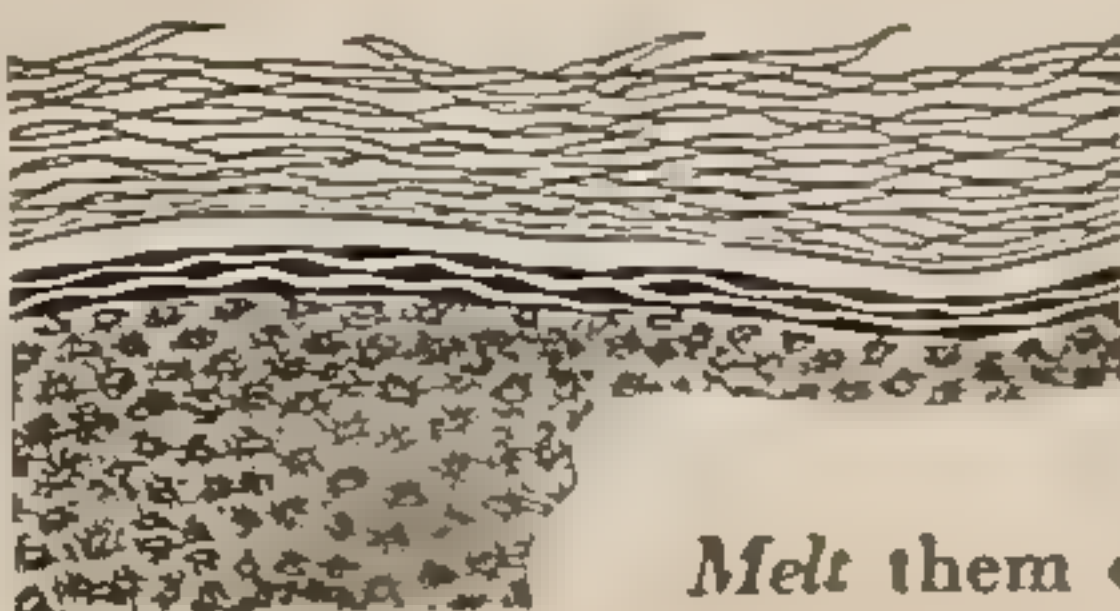
Young Skin Appears

"When the dried-out cells on surface skin are melted away with a keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream), the underlying cells come into view. These cells are young and

supple. They immediately give the skin a smooth, fresh appearance. Coloring is improved, texture finer.

"Vanishing Cream, regularly applied, keeps the skin in a constantly softened condition."

A keratolytic cream, Pond's Vanishing Cream smooths your skin just that quickly! It melts flaky particles right away. Puts an end to powder trouble. Use it regularly



Outer Skin

(magnified) At top you see surface cells dried out into flaky bits that feel rough, "catch" powder.

Melt them off—for smoothness!

to keep your skin silken-soft at all times.

For a smooth make-up—Before powdering, soften your skin with Pond's Vanishing Cream. Now your skin is smooth all over—even your nose and chin. Make-up spreads evenly, clings.

Overnight for lasting softness—Follow your nightly cleansing with Pond's Vanishing Cream. Face, neck, hands, elbows. It isn't greasy. You go to bed looking lovely . . . Next morning your skin has won extra softness!

8-Piece Package

POND'S, Dept. J135, Clinton, Conn. Rush 8-piece package containing special tube of Pond's Vanishing Cream, generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1936, Pond's Extract Company

Strange Ways the Stars Spend Their Fortunes

(Continued from page 19)



Thought she was safe but her mouth wash failed!

Why depend on mouth washes that merely mask mouth odors

Romance is a delicate thing. Why take chances on mouth washes that merely hide mouth odors for a matter of minutes—then fail you! Zonite is the only well known Personal antiseptic that actually destroys even onion odor—killing it FOR GOOD!

Zonite TASTES like the real antiseptic it is. But its taste and odor vanish in a few minutes, leaving the mouth delightfully refreshed. Get a bottle today and prove these remarkable results yourself. Harmless to tissues. See directions. At all U. S. and Canadian druggists.



ZONITE IS 5 TIMES MORE GERMICIDAL, BY TEST, THAN ANY OTHER NON-POISONOUS ANTISEPTIC!
Faster Healing for Cuts • Bruises • Burns
NO PAIN • NO BURN • NO STAIN
ZONITE PRODUCTS CORP., NEW YORK CITY

Finds Way To Have Young Looking Skin at 35!



SMART, modern women no longer submit to the tragedy of "old skin" just because they are 30, 35, 40! A wonderful new creme, applied at night like cold cream, acts a scientific

way to free the skin of that veil of semi-visible darkening particles which ordinary creams cannot remove after a certain age. So gentle and quick—often only 5 days is time enough to bring out a glorious rose petal softness and fineness and white, clear look of youth. And, the way it eliminates common surface blemishes—ugly pimples, blackheads, freckles—is a revelation! Ask for this creme—Golden Peacock Bleach Creme at all drug and department stores.

making all the stars dig deeply into their salaries—in which there's often lots of good digging room. Lucy Monroe has a small farm above Rye, New York, into which she's sunk money hoping that her chickens will get it back. Carmela Ponselle is trying to make a go of the apple orchard at Old Orchard, Maine, and on the other end of the country, Don Wilson has just bought a fruit ranch in California—possibly with six delicious flavors. Don's classic expenditure, however, and you should hear Jack Benny go after him on it, was staking the prospector who even now is wandering about the desert somewhere looking for gold.

Lanny Ross is the boy who's really putting money from his pocket into the ground. He's developing a big farm in upper New York State. Because he's been receiving threatening letters lately, in which people demand money, Lanny won't say how much he's putting in, but judging from the size of the place, it must be a considerable sum. The farm is 400 acres, and its principal product will be beef cattle. Yet withal, his wife says, they expect to make no money from it.

It would seem that Lanny gets more kick out of buying and selling stamps than selling meat for profit. The other day he sold for \$7.50, a Graf Zeppelin stamp he had bought for \$2.50. He was as delighted as if he'd gotten a salary boost.

The farm owned by Ben Bernie and Phil Baker has taken more money from them than they have from it. It's a 35 acre place near Harrison, New York, called the Bernie Milk Farm. Women go there to have fat taken from them. Don't be alarmed. The boys leave its management to their sisters. Gives them something to do.

It all dates back to the days when Bernie and Baker toured the country as a first rank vaudeville team. Since that time, they have sunk around \$30,000 in it. Still, at \$5,000 a week. . . .

"It's that way with everything I do," Phil says a little wistfully. "Every investment I ever made outside my profession was a sure fire loss."

Still, Phil has done better than some with the money he put into Broadway shows in which he was starred. Mark Warnow has put several thousand dollars into two Broadway plays. Now he's investing in a recording company.

Harry Von Zell spends for pleasure. His great delight is writing plays, casting his friends in them, and making motion pictures of them. Lots of fun at parties, at the cost of some \$4,000 which he has invested in equipment.

Unlike the genial Town Hall announcer, many of the stars are deadly serious about putting out money and trying to get it back in greater measure. Walter O'Keefe has just organized an advertising agency as a sideline. Morton Downey has invested some of his earnings in a patented glass factory in Brooklyn, and Emery Deutsch is producing an automatic automobile top of his own design. On the Pacific Coast, Abe Lyman owns a string of lunch wagons, while in the East, he keeps throwing money into night clubs.

Kate Smith's business-like handling of her plump \$7,500 weekly radio income arouses admiration in the studio world. To handle her enterprises, she has formed a corporation called Kayted, Inc., the title being derived from her name and that of Ted Collins, her faithful manager. She has offices and keeps regular hours.

You have been told that her professional basketball team was one of her enterprises, and that it has been making money for her. But now Kate has trotted out some more money and like Joe Louis, has bought a baseball team. Whether that will bring her steady profits too, is yet to be seen, but it does stand as outstanding evidence of the remarkable financial tastes of the big radio names.

The terrific financial beating which Eddie Cantor took in the 1929 crash is still remembered. He plunged and plunged until the stocks themselves plunged so far it was no use. When he finally admitted that he was a comedian and not a financial wizard, he didn't cry over it. In fact he sat down and wrote a book about it, and from the sales of it, got back at least a part of what he'd lost.

Eddie, like Al Jolson and George Jessel, was an East Side kid. In New York that means poor. He's never forgotten those scorching smelly summer evenings in the tenement district, the long restless nights of stifling heat. And for that reason he helps send the less fortunate youngsters to summer camp every year.

Of course Eddie would be the last to claim sole credit for this thoughtful act. Every year, stage, radio and screen stars donate their services in a benefit performance at the Alvin Theater in New York City. Profits as high as \$6,000 have been taken in at one performance. And there are other former East Side boys who are co-financers of the project with Eddie. Yet I have been told that the comedian does give from his pocket some \$5,000 every year.

Radio's most fantastic combination of investments is probably those made by Frank Luther and his wife, Zora Layman. To begin with, Frank had spent \$18,500 on stocks before 1929. The crash took care of that very nicely. There wasn't any of that left when the dust settled. But of course he did keep on making money, and what better way, he thought, than to put some in a recording company?

This time it was but a mere \$8,000 that disappeared. Frank has the heart of a fighter as well as a singer, so he decided to buy a first mortgage on a farm in Kansas. Not long afterward, to his glee, he discovered that through another agent, wife Zora had bought the second mortgage. But his held precedence, so they decided to go half and half.

Then they began to worry. There they were, money tied up in a farm which wasn't any too productive. That was before oil was struck. Within three years now, oil has been struck twice, and now they are busy making out leases to operators.

STRANGER yet, is the enterprise in California into which they put money. The business was making no profit, yet a friend persuaded them to invest. Today they are getting checks regularly from it. That business is a funeral parlor.

That's just about the end of Frank and Zora's remarkable financial story, except that recently, perhaps for just a touch of variety, they bought stock in a champagne company.

You all know of Colonel Stoopnagle's hilariously impractical inventions. Cellophane mattresses for old maids who don't want to get out of beds to see if anyone's under them, for instance. Or alarm clocks with half a bell for people who sleep two in a room and only one wants to get up early.

His latest is an electric iron with a tip


Be Wise—Alkalize



Alka-Seltzer Makes a sparkling alkalizing solution containing an analgesic (aspirin) and it gives prompt, pleasant relief for Headaches, Sour Stomach, Distress after Meals, Colds and other minor Aches and Pains.

MY GOSH! WHY DON'T YOU MODERNIZE AND ALKALIZE INSTEAD?

I HAD TO SLEEP ONE OFF, OL' MAN, SO I STAYED RIGHT IN BED



MORNING MISERY

NOT MINE! WITH ALKA-SELTZER, I AM JOHNNIE ON-THE-SPOT.



ACID INDIGESTION

I HOPE MY PICNIC LUNCH WON'T TIE YOUR STOMACH IN A KNOT



I'D TAKE AN ALKA-SELTZER, FLO—IT ALWAYS CLEARS MY DOME

O DEAR! MY HEAD IS ACHING SO, I THINK I'LL HIKE FOR HOME



HEADACHE

Earn Extra Money QUICK!

SELL CHRISTMAS CARDS

Amazing value! Assortment of 21 Christmas folders for only \$1. Smart, new! Pays you 100% profit and Cash Bonus. Full or spare time. We start you! No experience required. Extra profits from Religious, Gift Wrappings, other assts., sell for 50c up. **FREE SAMPLE Offer!**

Artistic Card Co., 413 Way St., Elmira, N. Y.



FREE Sample Case to Agents

Look Years Younger

APPROVED WAY TO TINT

GRAY HAIR

Quickly and safely you can tint those streaks of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. BROWNATONE and a small brush does it. Used and approved for over twenty-four years. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Economical and lasting—will not wash out. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Easy to prove by tinting a lock of your own hair. BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.



TUNE IN THE NATIONAL BARN DANCE SATURDAY NIGHT NBC-NETWORK

30¢-60¢ AT ALL DRUGGISTS

Alkalize with Alka-Seltzer

SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA

that bends so that the tip alone can get into small places when ironing. No fooling. He's had models made and already he has spent several thousand dollars in trying to market it. When it is generally sold, he is sure it will revolutionize methods of ironing, and save housewives lots of annoyance. He has applied for basic patents in every country but Japan.

The working of the iron defies description as far as I'm concerned, and I doubt if the Colonel will tell about it on the air. At any rate, the heel of the iron gets out of the way when you want the toe to get into small places. The Colonel is rather proud of the name he thought up for it. It's "Press-Toe."

When the Colonel talks about the iron, Budd stands by and shakes his head with a sad wisdom. No more investments for Budd for awhile.

Remember last fall when he and the Colonel separated for a time? That was when Budd organized a band and took it on tour.

"The tour lasted from November to March," Budd says, "and as far as I'm concerned, it was a complete flop. I was out \$2,850 when I wound up."

"I'm just in a bad streak. A friend recently gave me an 1864 penny for a lucky piece. In the coin market it was worth ten dollars. The other day—I guess it was because Mr. Bopp was yelling so loud and I was distracted—I handed it with an ordinary penny to a newsboy for a paper."

Still, with all the strange ways stars spend their money, the response from some twenty-odd artists I questioned might be heartening to some of you. When I asked them what they did with their savings, the invariable response was: "What savings?"

They were the wounded veterans of the army of strange spending radio stars.

Reflections in the Radio

Mirror

(Continued from page 4)

theme song. So many of you have written in to me the past year or so requesting the revival of this late hour program of classical music, I'd like to have you drop me a line and tell me if you still think the idea's a good one.

HAVE you listened to the Ed Wynn show lately? If you have, you must have noticed how he devotes a small portion of each broadcast to his philosophy. Though it's delivered with many a laugh and a snicker, it means a great deal to Ed. As he said when he first resumed his radio work this year, it's been his most cherished dream that some day he will be able to fill—to some extent—the shoes of beloved Will Rogers. These bits of philosophy worked into his programs are the beginning of his attempt.

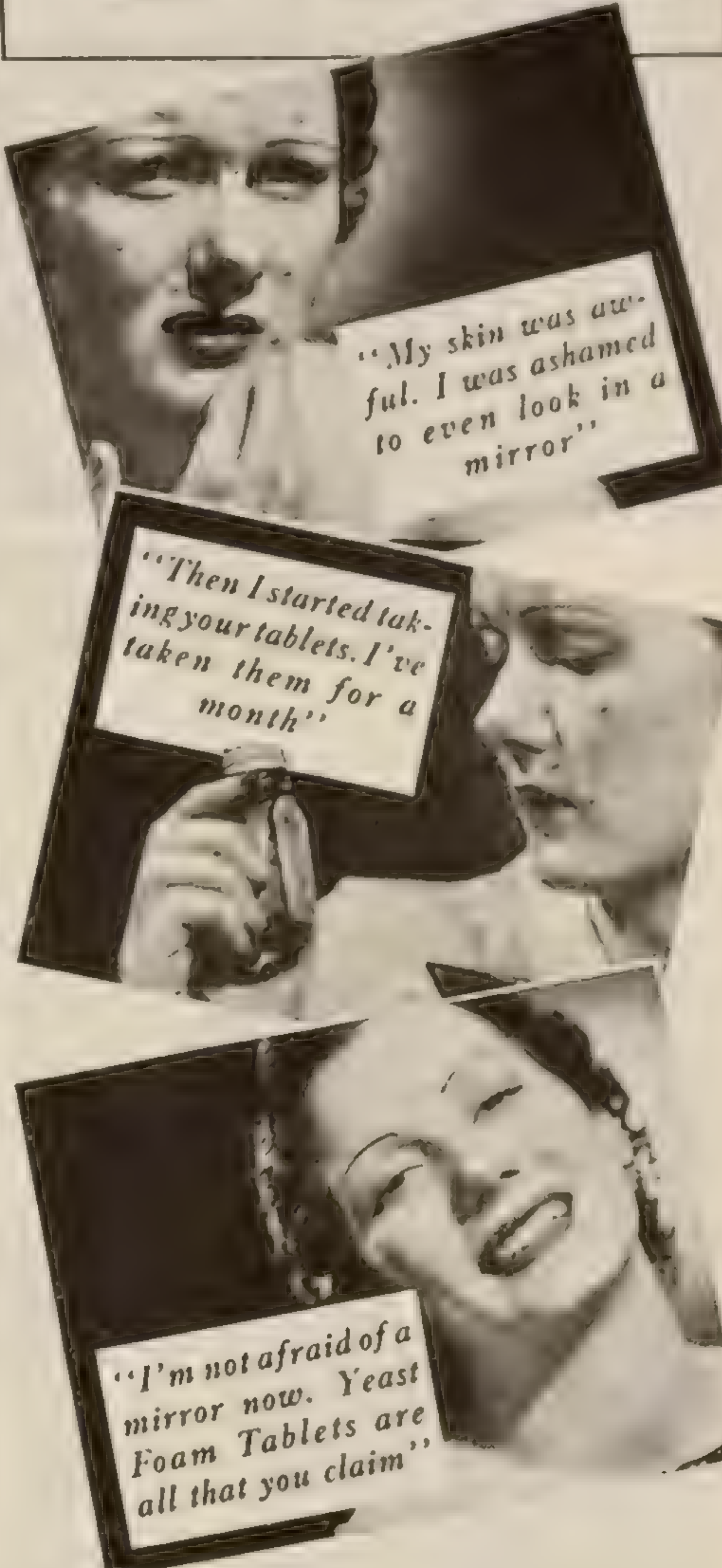
It's interesting to note, incidentally, how his popularity rating in a national survey jumped up following his switch back to the same time and same network he had for Texaco, just when most of the other big shows were suffering a loss in the number of listeners, due to the early advent of hot weather.

IF you live in a part of the country that enables you to tune in any station belonging to the Inter-City network, headed by WMCA, or the Mutual network, I want to give you a program tip. Tune in Sunday nights to Goodwill Court, broadcast from 10:00 to 11:00, EDST. It's as full of human emotion as any program I've ever heard on the air.

WORKED WONDERS FOR HER SKIN!

This advertisement is based on an actual experience reported in an unsolicited letter. Subscribed and sworn to before me.

Ernest H. Pettibone
NOTARY PUBLIC



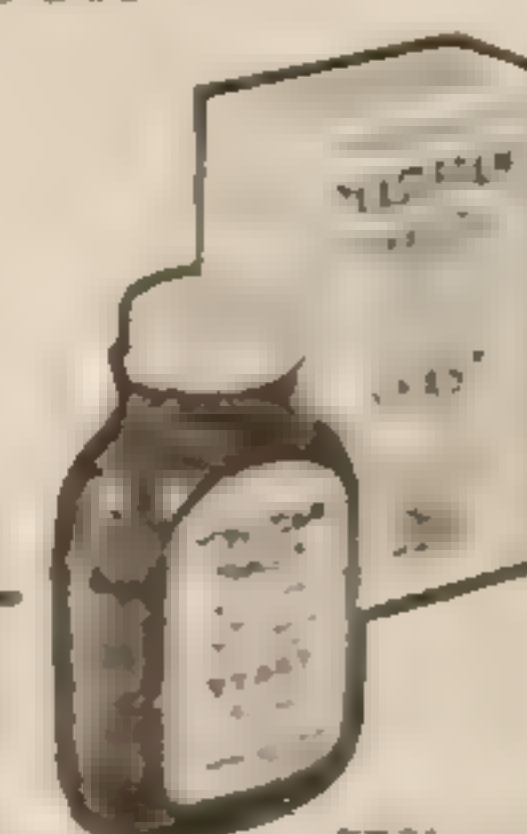
"My skin was awful. I was ashamed to even look in a mirror"

"Then I started taking your tablets. I've taken them for a month"

"I'm not afraid of a mirror now. Yeast Foam Tablets are all that you claim"

ARE YOU missing good times—suffering needless embarrassment—because of a pimply, blemished skin? Then this true story from real life is meant for you! It's an actual experience, not an advertising claim—just one of thousands of letters from grateful users of pleasant-tasting Yeast Foam Tablets.

Let Yeast Foam Tablets help you as they have helped thousands of others. This pasteurized yeast is rich in precious natural elements which stimulate sluggish digestive organs—restore natural elimination—and rid the body of the poisons which are the real cause of so many unsightly skins. You'll look better—and feel better.



Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today—and refuse substitutes.

Free! Mail Coupon NOW for Sample

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.
1750 N. Ashland Av., Chicago, Ill.

Without obligation, please send free trial sample of Yeast Foam Tablets. RG 9-36

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____



Women ask me:

"WHAT DOES KOTEX OFFER THAT OTHERS DON'T?"

The answer is: These exclusive Kotex features that Can't Chafe . . . Can't Fail . . . Can't Show!

Mary Pauline Callender
Authority on Feminine Hygiene

KOTEX CAN'T CHAFE

The sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton to prevent chafing and irritation. Thus Wondersoft Kotex provides lasting comfort and freedom. But sides only are cushioned—the center surface is free to absorb.



KOTEX CAN'T FAIL

Kotex has a special "Equalizer" center whose channels guide moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk—prevents twisting and roping. The filler of Kotex is actually 5 TIMES more absorbent than cotton.

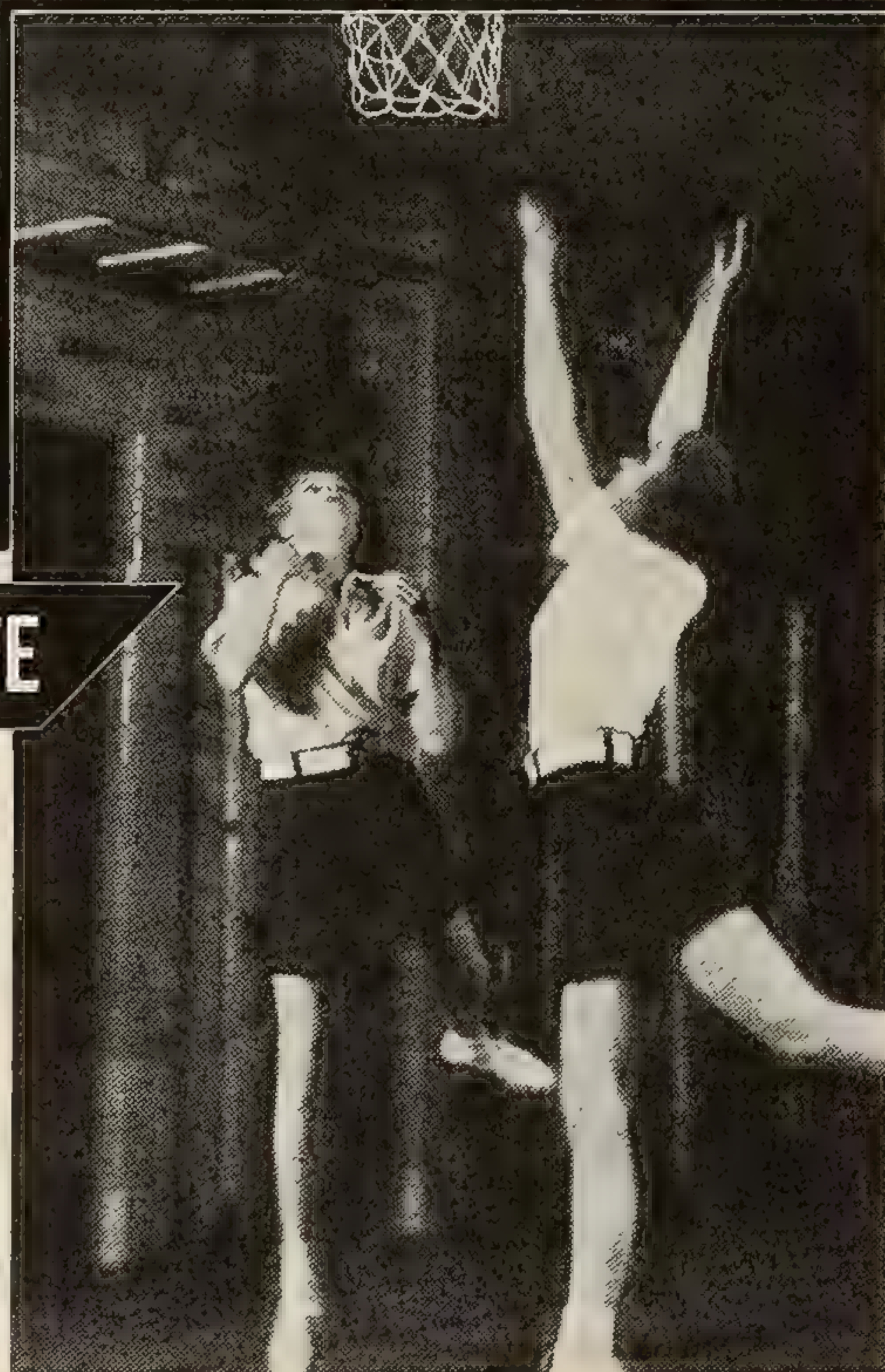
KOTEX CAN'T SHOW

The rounded ends of Kotex are flattened and tapered to provide absolute invisibility. Even the sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown, reveals no telltale wrinkles.

3 TYPES OF KOTEX ALL AT SAME LOW PRICE

1. REGULAR—IN THE BLUE BOX—For the ordinary needs of most women.
2. JUNIOR—IN THE GREEN BOX—Somewhat narrower—when less protection is needed.
3. SUPER—IN THE BROWN BOX—Extra layers give extra protection, yet it is no longer or wider than Regular.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX A SANITARY NAPKIN
made from Cellucotton (not cotton)



The Love That Saved

Fibber McGee

(Continued from page 35)

to settle down. And he hated to give up the profession he loved.

It couldn't go on like that forever. On one of his trips home Jim found that he had a rival. The town baker, older than Marion, but a man of property, wanted to marry her—and he had her parents' enthusiastic approval.

Marion still loved Jim, but in a large family and a small town it's not so easy for a girl to be independent and have her own way. She cried a little when she told him about the baker.

Jim squared his shoulders and his blue eyes grew steady and resigned. After all, in a clear-cut decision like this, there was only one thing to do.

"Let's get married," he said, "and put an end to all this foolishness. I'll find some sort of job here in Peoria, and then maybe your folks won't mind me so much."

And get married they did, not saying anything beforehand to their families. It was a good thing they hadn't waited any longer, because their honeymoon was only five days old when Jim was drafted. They sent him to a training camp and then to France. But at least he went with the knowledge that Marion was his, now, for good. Only something out of the smoking muzzle of a gun could ever separate them again.

The war came to an end, and Jim returned safely to Peoria, ready to redeem his promise to settle down in one place like a sensible person. He did try. He was first a machinist, then a day laborer, then a time keeper, then an insurance agent. Inwardly, he hated all these jobs, so it's small wonder he failed at them. He was deeply ashamed, and very unhappy.

THROUGH it all, Marion remained loyal and loving; and it was she who gave him the courage to work things out in his own way, not other people's. When it became obvious that the insurance business wasn't going to make expenses, she said:

"Let's go on the road together, Jim. I don't know anything about playing on the stage, but I think I'd like it, and you can teach me."

Marion's support was all Jim needed. He got in touch with some of his friends in vaudeville and organized a party of four people, including himself and Marion. Marion already could play the piano, and with that knowledge as a foundation she soon learned to play the Swiss bells and marimbaphone.

Her family was scandalized, and said it had known all along things would end up like this. Marion set her chin and defied them all. There was only one place for a wife—at her husband's side, wherever he went.

It would be nice to tell you that the Jordans made plenty of money, after this, and lived happily ever after, but only the last statement would be true. Theirs was a life of sleeper-jumps and second-rate hotels, smelly dressing rooms and long hours of work, meager pay and the constant fear of being stranded. Still—they were happy. There was always something new to see, and sometimes funny things happened, such as the time Jim learned that his advance man was going around advertising the act as having fifteen instrumentalists. Audiences were disappointed when they paid their admissions

and saw, instead, four people who could play fifteen instruments between them.

Jim first heard of this when a theater manager complained bitterly to him. He flew into a towering and dramatic rage, dispatched a telegram to the advance man, firing him—and followed that wire with another, hiring him back, as soon as the theater man had departed. After that, Jim staged this little act whenever it seemed necessary. Not exactly ethical, perhaps, but the act really wasn't prosperous enough to afford ethics.

Once they were stranded, and had to go back in disgrace to Peoria; and another time Marion had to leave the act to prepare for the arrival of their first child, Kathryn. And once more, when she returned to the company, she and Jim listened to other people's advice when they should have followed their own instincts, for they left Kathryn with her grandparents in Peoria.

For a while, they could return to Peoria every now and then to see her, but when she was about a year old they set out on a tour which kept them away for more than a year.

When they returned, little Kathryn didn't recognize them. She ran away from them on her fat, uncertain little legs, screaming in fright.

Jim was afraid to look at Marion, afraid to look at her parents. He had failed as a father, too. His child didn't know him.

Again Marion's practical common sense saved the situation. Cutting through the objections of her parents, she announced that Kathryn would henceforth accompany her and Jim on the road, until she was old enough to go to school.

The little girl took to theatrical life with every bit as much zest as her parents. For a year, until Jim, Jr., was born, she went along, dabbling contentedly in her mother's make-up box during performances, blooming and healthy as a country child under the nomadic conditions of vaudeville.

If it hadn't been for radio, both Kathryn and Jimmie would probably have been raised as stage children. It offered the opportunity for a real home, an easier life, without the sacrifice of the only profession Jim ever really had. Jim and Marion entered radio work in Chicago,

shortly after Junior was born, enough years ago to qualify them as veterans today. Here again success didn't come easily. At first they were on the air two hours every day, under a variety of different names, and earning only a few dollars a week. Not until the start of the Fibber McGee and Molly series for Johnson's Wax did they move into real stardom.

Perhaps it's because success did come so slowly that it has changed them so little. They live very simply in the northwestern section of Chicago, get up in time to send the children to school every morning, drive a Pontiac car to and from the studio. Marion is still the loyal, practical, loving wife; Jim still a bit erratic, still not quite sure his way is the best, and looking to Marion and the children for advice and encouragement.

Regularly, they spend their Sundays with the children, driving in the country if the weather is good; and Jim always tests his radio material on Kathryn and Junior, too. If they say a joke's no good, out it goes.

FOR their broadcasts they wear outlandish and exaggerated clothes. A split straw hat, tan vest, tight coat of one color and trousers of another, high yellow button shoes, for Jim. A cheap house dress (\$1.49 in a bargain basement) and a soft black straw hat, covered with flowers, protruding feathers, and maybe a vegetable or two, for Marion. Yet if you talk to them after a broadcast, when they have changed into neat, ordinary clothes, you sense a remnant of that same homely, country-cousin atmosphere. It stays with them. It's theirs.

You won't get a chance to talk to them very long, though. Marion gets restless; she wonders if the children are all right; and she reminds Jim it's time they were going home.

And as they say goodnight and leave you, you're apt to reflect that here are two people who have managed to combine the simplicity and homespun dignity their parents bequeathed them, with the wider life and interests those same parents distrusted. Which should be sufficient proof, if you still need any, that Jim's way was the best way after all.



FOR YOU *and* YOUR BABY...

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Let us save you the time and energy you'd spend in drudgery if you prepared your baby's strained vegetables! Let us help your baby—more than most market-bought vegetables could, because:

Gerber's are raised in selected soils, from pedigreed seed, under supervision; *sun-ripened* and picked just ripe; then—since time would steal special values—*rushed* to our kitchens, within one hour's trucking distance; cooked with air kept *out* and natural moisture kept *in*, retaining in high degree the precious vitamins and mineral salts.

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STRAINED TOMATOES, GREEN BEANS, BEETS, CARROTS, PEAS, SPINACH, VEGETABLE SOUP. ALSO, STRAINED PRUNES AND CEREAL.

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Just mail 3 Gerber Labels and 10c for boy or girl doll: Say which you choose. Doll is satene, stuffed; sanitary, safe.

GERBER PRODUCTS COMPANY
FREMONT, MICHIGAN
(In Canada: Green and Packed by Fine Foods of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)

8 inch doll

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

AGE OF BABY..... BOY..... GIRL.....

"Mealtime Psychology"—a booklet on infant feeding also free on request. "Baby Book" on general infant care, 10c additional.



When TRUE STORY Magazine conducted a poll to find the Ideal Married Couple, Mr. and Mrs. Hubert McDonell won and were presented with this trophy by Bernarr Macfadden, publisher of the magazine.

First Aids to Beauty

(Continued from page 54)

absolutely essential to health and charm, and never before have there been so many varieties and scientific designs for every purpose. Whisk brooms and clothes brushes are necessary, too, for good grooming. Then for real, wholesome cleanliness there's nothing like a fine bath brush for scrubbing the skin into sleek freshness and glowing health—and you simply can't clean between your shoulder blades properly without one! There are hand brushes and complexion brushes and nail brushes, too, not to mention the tiny brushes for brows and lashes which you can buy at any ten-cent store.

The last-named are excellent for training the hairs of the eyebrows to grow in the right direction. For keeping the brows well weeded out and tidy, there are new scissors-shaped tweezers, so much easier to handle than the old style barber shop variety. These sell for only a quarter, with handles enameled in pastel shades to match that truly marvelous innovation, the heatless eyelash curler (also illustrated); it takes very little practice to become adept in using this simple instrument and only thirty seconds of your time to give a decided curl to the upper eyelashes of each eye. It's particularly invaluable while applying mascara, because it holds your lashes in perfect alignment and the quick-drying mascara just makes the curl more pronounced and lasting. If you don't use mascara, it's equally helpful while touching up the tips of the lashes with vaseline or cream (and even the loveliest natural eyelashes need a bit of treatment), either while making up or for overnight care. The framework, you see, gives you protection against spattering these preparations on your lids or in your eyes.

AT the present time we're all having our own special make-up problems. Most of us either have our summer tan already or are eager to find the right cosmetics to give us that sun-kissed summer glow. In this period, above all others, we must choose our foundation creams with care and pay particular attention to arms and shoulders which are usually covered in other seasons. Your foundation cream should never be darker than your skin, no matter what shade of powder you are wearing; match it to your predominant natural skin color and then, if you choose, wear one of the dark summer powders on top of that. Generally speaking, foundation creams which are applied with liquids are much more satisfactory in summer time; they actually furnish you a moistureproof protection against exposure to sun and wind.

Liquid powders are a great help in blending your facial make-up down into your shoulders and arms; that's why one of the most famous of all preparations of this type is called a "make-up blender." In midsummer, this becomes a particularly vital problem, since few of us are fortunate enough to tan evenly without blotches or "high-water marks" which must be camouflaged with skillful make-up.

In the more colorful cosmetics for summer—such as eyeshadow, rouge and lipstick—we must be still more careful! No matter what color your eyes are, or what shade of eyeshadow you have found most becoming in other seasons, use brown eyeshadow now! That may be surprising at first glance, but not when you consider that brown is the predominating skin tone in summer months. For the same reason, the new rusty tones of rouge and lipstick are much more becoming now than any

HOLLYWOOD



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Imperial Pictures

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Seven cakes of finest toilet soaps in handsome package sells for only 25c. The kind of soap used in every home every day. Up to 100% profit for you. Write for money-making details and facts about other sensational Victor Soap deals. For quick action send 25c for actual full-sized sample.
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You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost.

Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained.

Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

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LAKE LABORATORIES

Box 6, Northwestern Station, Dept. M-12, Detroit, Mich.

other colors. Whatever shade you eventually decide on, do avoid make-up with any purplish or lavender overtones, which not only clash with tanned complexions but look harsh and unattractive under brilliant sunlight. Naturally, this applies to nail polish, too, both for fingertips and toes. Nothing clashes more than badly harmonized lipstick and nail polish, the two highlights of all make-up. Recognizing this, the company which pioneered in matching polish and rouge has brought out a special summer line.

As for the care of the skin itself, here are two more preparations you can use at home quickly and conveniently. At last, the cosmetic firms have answered our prayers and given us an effective oatmeal mask which requires only *two minutes* to use! All you have to do is mix the oatmeal powder with a few drops of water in the palm of the hand and apply the mixture to your face. Leave it on for two minutes and just rinse it off with cold water. That's all there is to it—and you'll find it so refreshing at the end of a hot day, so beneficial in smoothing wind-roughened complexions. It will also cleanse your skin of impurities, such as blackheads, large pores and blotches, which have proved themselves impervious to soap-and-water or cream treatments.

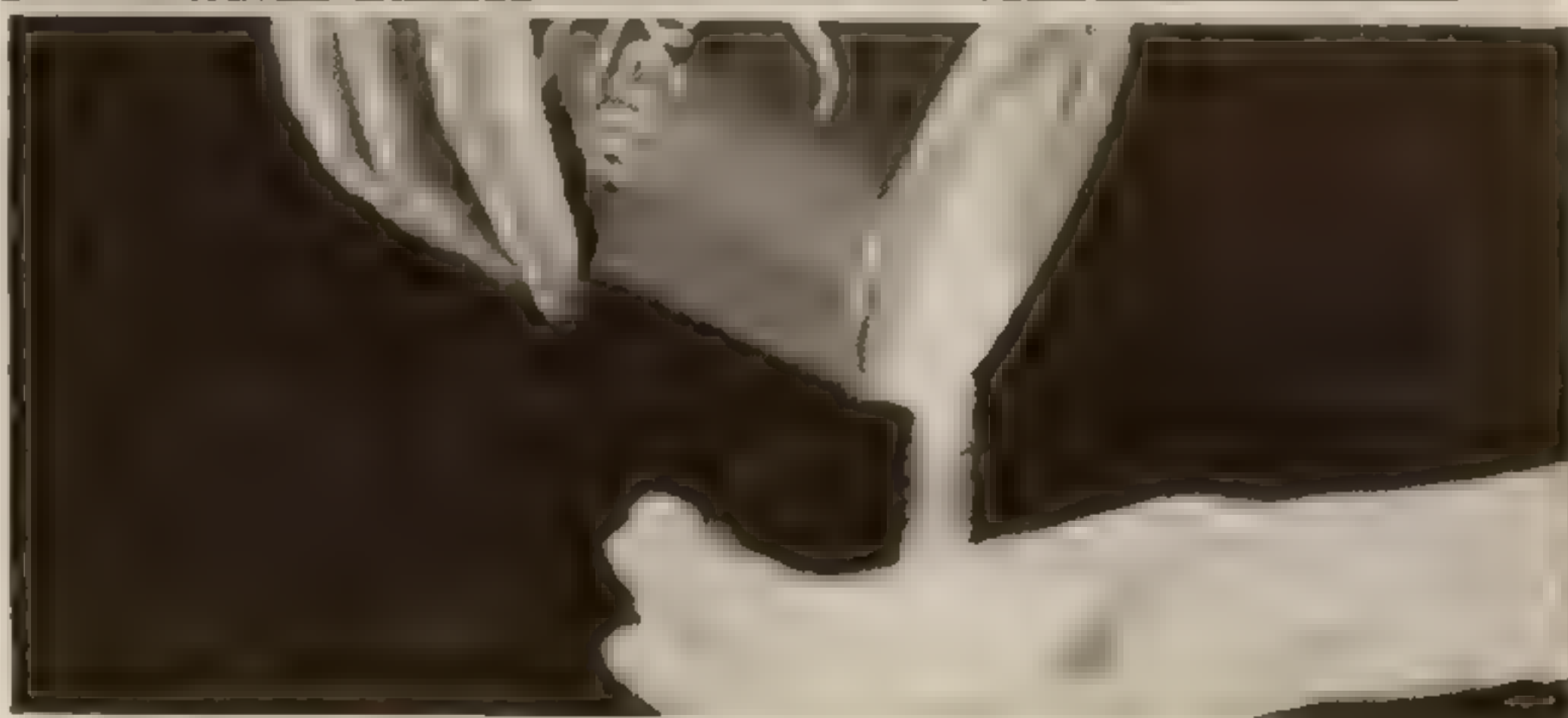
FOR other moments during the day, when you want to freshen your make-up after a motor trip or just before cocktails (and in summer, particularly, you don't want to apply new cosmetics over your old make-up), there's a quick-cleansing lotion which removes dust and perspiration in a second without drying the skin or leaving it greasy.

Another paramount problem on warm days is the annoyance of keeping a perfectly good wave in place from day to day, in spite of perspiration and sea-water. To counteract this, we have a new bouffant cap designed on the principle of a flying helmet, so that it fits snugly and is adjustable to any head-size. Primarily it's intended to protect your coiffure overnight, but it's also a grand aid in keeping your hair unruffled while tugging dresses on or off over your head.

Now, more than ever, we need to be able to convey most of our dressing-table accessories from one place to another. For this purpose there are a number of compact waterproof kits with safe, patented closings, which can contain an unbelievable amount of material and yet be packed away in small space. There are tiny pouches for your handbag to keep lipsticks and mascaras from discoloring your hankies and light summer purses. There are others to prevent your toothpaste and damp brushes from tumbling about in your week-end bag, and larger ones to accommodate all your wash-cloths, bottles and jars while you're on vacation. Most fascinating of all, perhaps, are the specially designed bags for beach wear—one, a rubber-lined pillow bag into which you can stuff your towel while lying on the sands and the other, an ensemble with a gay tie-scarf and rubberized bag of unique design to hold your suit and swimming necessities. These are all remarkably inexpensive in price and really styled with an eye to attractiveness and charm.

Have I been able to make these unusual beauty aids half so fascinating in print as they are in reality? You really must see them to appreciate them. Every item is available anywhere in the country and I'll be glad to send you a leaflet giving full information as to prices, colors and names, if you'll just write me, enclosing a large, stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address Joyce Anderson, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City.

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BLACKHEADS
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2 APPLY to face. Wash off. Takes 2 minutes.



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They Talk Themselves Into Trouble

(Continued from page 49)

beat on special events. Advertisers were seeking his services.

Then, the girl was lovely and that always makes it easier for the man to talk blithely about the married state. He did, and she did—and presently they found themselves Mr. and Mrs.

Well, they didn't love one another. They found that out later; and they also learned that they could talk themselves blue in the face and they still wouldn't love each other. So, after a year and a half, they quit. It made Paul unhappy for a time and he still becomes pretty distressed about it. It's one of those things.

Ken Roberts and Bert Parks say that they are usually quiet and self-effacing, but that when they do talk, they often talk too much. And Ken adds that everyone must watch that, but not nearly so closely as announcers.

Just to illustrate, they had two almost similar experiences a couple of months ago. First Ken; then, a week later, Bert.

Ken had been at a private party at a home in Long Island. He had been holding up what he believed to be his own end of the many sided conversation—and no more—when he remembered he had to make a phone call.

He excused himself and went to the next room. He was unable to find the phone book, so he returned to ask if any one knew the number he needed. As he re-entered the room, a girl was saying, disgustedly: "That Ken Roberts. He just thinks he knows everything."

Bert Parks' experience was similar, but more pointed. He attended a small party where he had apparently been accorded a big build-up as a CBS announcer and singer.

He came in, was introduced around, and finally settled down with a young couple seated near the piano. They laughed for a while and talked for a while about this and that. All perfectly casual conversation. Then, quite abruptly, the girl said, "Well, now that we've heard you talk, sing something."

The point is that if an announcer does more than pass the time of day, he is be-

lieved by many to be showing off his golden speaking voice. As a result, a great many of your favorites are almost mute when you try to talk to them.

They've learned their lesson.

Ted Husing, who used to get himself into some sweet jams because his tongue is quicker than the eye, insists that he will no longer argue with people—even about games he has covered. He says that even when he wins, he loses.

Alan Kent, than whom there is none cleverer, closes up like a clam when he isn't among intimate friends. George Hicks says he's talked himself into so many pickles, it's a wonder he can still use his own name.

Harry Von Zell sums it up pretty well.

He says, "When I feel an urge to jabber coming on, I remember some of the things that have happened, take a firm hold on myself, and say, 'Von Zell, shut yo' mouf.'"

HE'S been doing that steadily since the time he attended an opera not many months ago.

Harry was seated in a special box and introduced to the other occupants in that hurried fashion people employ when the orchestra is tuning up.

As the soloist finished his song, Harry turned to the foreign looking woman at his immediate left and said, with just a touch of good-humored opprobation coloring his words, "Conceited ass, isn't he?"

The foreign looking woman nodded gravely. "Probably," she said, "because he es so fortunate as to have me for the wife."

All of Harry's famed poise fled. He flushed. He stammered. He stuttered. The singer's wife smiled coldly. Harry could not venture an opinion for more than a week without tripping over the words.

That is the way it goes with those smooth voiced announcers, though.

If, for the good of your own ego, you must win an argument with someone, maybe you should pick on them.

You'd come off with flying colors.

Are You Keeping Young?

(Continued from page 33)

1. Do you find yourself able to feel and be a part of your children's conversation and activities?
2. Do you like having young people about you, or do they annoy and irritate you?
3. Do you feel that the children of today are worse than those of your generation?
4. Does the liberty of the young generation shock you?
5. Do the joys and disappointments of your children seem trivial or exaggerated to you?
6. Do the joys and sorrows of your children evoke memories of your own childhood? Can you recall your emotions under similar circumstances?
7. Has your son or daughter ever confided to you the details of a love affair?
8. Do you, out of sheer mental laziness, wait until your husband comes home from his day's work and complain to him of the delinquencies of your children, or do you try and cope with their faults and misdemeanors yourself?
9. When was the last time you took the trouble to go to school and have a heart to heart talk with your children's teachers?
10. To whom do your children come for help with their lessons—you or your husband?
11. When you walk into a room filled with young people, does the talk and gaiety suddenly abate?
12. Do you drink or smoke in the presence of your children, or do you do either unknown to them?
13. Have you ever confided to your children the silly, foolish things you did as a young girl?
14. Has your son or daughter ever dismissed your questioning with "Oh, Mother, you wouldn't understand."
15. Do your children's friends prefer to come to your home or do your children prefer to go to their homes?
16. When your children invite their friends to your home for dancing or games, is your first thought of your furniture and rugs or for their fun?

17. Have your children ever told you, voluntarily, that a new dress or hat was especially becoming?
18. Do you wear a bathing suit similar to your daughter's?
19. Do you shout at the children when you are tired or irritable?
20. Are your children proud of you; do they seek out your company and advice; do they invite you to their school affairs?

"And then last, but by no means least," the author declared, "is how you stack up as a woman and an individual. Ask yourself these questions—the questions which determine always the course of conduct that would be pursued in any given circumstance by Mrs. Young. Here they are."

1. How long has it been since you made a new woman friend?
2. Can you name without hesitating three interests outside of home, husband and children to which you devote some time, however little, each week or month?
3. What magazines do you read? Do they all fall into the same category or does the subject matter differ?
4. To what news do you first turn in your daily paper? Women's page, cooking or home features, love problems, news of the day, or scandal?
5. What do you know of the vital questions of the day, such as national politics, war, etc.?
6. Have you ever written a letter to your newspaper suggesting an improvement or criticising an evil?
7. Do you gossip?
8. Have you developed, during the past five years, any new interest or hobby?
9. Have you ever earned any money either for yourself or for some charitable cause since you have been married?
(Note the word "earned," rather than "collected.")
10. What good are you to the community in which you live?

"I HAVE done that countless times, taken stock to see where I stood," Mrs. Carrington said reminiscently. "And in that manner I have found the solution of the problem of doing justice to myself, my children and my husband amazingly simplified. Of course it takes a bit of managing, but the results are worth the trouble a hundred fold. Indeed, I strongly advocate jobs or careers for married women whenever possible. Work gives women added stimulus, makes them more interesting as companions both to their husbands and to their children, and the individual income frees them from any financial yoke."

"After all, if every woman who is led to the altar a bride could retain that loveliness and youthfulness and enthusiasm, no marriage would ever fail. The woman who retains youth automatically retains her loveliness and enthusiasm—though her hair be gray and her figure grow generous. Look at mine."

Mrs. Carrington is a striking woman, despite her gray hair, which she has never attempted to dye, and her plump figure, which she has accepted as a mere biological change.

"As far as I am concerned—and the formula will apply equally well to any woman—it is simplicity itself," she said. "I am an author in the morning. In the afternoon, when my children come home from school, I am a mother. At night, when my husband is home from his office, I am a wife."

WHAT SHE SAID TO HER HOSTESS



WHAT SHE SAID TO HERSELF



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Be on the safe side—use Creolin regularly to keep your bathroom clean-smelling and sanitary. Creolin dispels odors quickly and effectively. Pour it into toilet bowl and drains. Put it into the water every time you clean the floor, walls, basin and tub. As a disinfectant, antiseptic and deodorant, Creolin has helped to safeguard health for nearly 50 years. Full directions come with every bottle. At all drug stores. Merck & Co. Inc., Rahway, N. J.



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ADDRESS.....
CITY.....STATE.....

TWO GREAT TRUE STORY BROADCASTS EVERY WEEK

Each week True Story magazine sponsors two splendid radio broadcasts filled with thrills, drama and suspense. They are the True Story Court of Human Relations, which goes on the air every Friday night over NBC Red Network, and the Good Will Court directed by A. L. Alexander, which is broadcast every Sunday night over the Inter-City Group and the Mutual Broadcasting System. By all means tune in both of these splendid broadcasts every week. Combined they offer you an hour and a half of amusement and entertainment of unique and outstanding quality.

SEE YOUR LOCAL NEWSPAPER FOR TIME AND STATIONS . . .



We hope this message may bring for you the decision now to turn, to change to this modern powdered starching and ironing compound. Irons never stick, they don't brown things and you get no spots or rings as with solid starches. We, The Hubinger Co., number 266, Keokuk, Iowa will send our little proof packet. Simply write for "That Wonderful Way To Hot Starch".



Coast-to-Coast Highlights

(Continued from page 9)

announcing staff of KYW here . . . New York: WNEW is keeping up its reputation for unique programs by broadcasting daily five-minute programs announcing births, deaths, marriages and such things as are usually in the paid newspaper advertisements.

* * *

THE RADIO ROVER TELLS

Of the unusual pair on WFBL, Syracuse. When Bill Lundigan announces the woman who broadcasts the Parent-Teacher programs, he introduces his own mother.

Of the trying hour J. Anthony Smythe (Mr. Barbour of One Man's Family) spent the other day while posing for pictures. For almost an hour he had to sit with grease paint on his face, cornstarch in his hair and two squirming children, Ann Shelley and Richard Svihus (Joan and Pinkie) in his lap. The large, sticky lollipops which they were brandishing, landed frequently on the suffering man's face.

Of Jacqueline Weiland, Affiliated Broadcasting Company actress, who will always remember a recent week as the one in which she got two breaks. On a Tuesday she returned to Chicago from Hollywood after her picture contract was up, and immediately broke into radio as an actress and writer. On Thursday she had her second break. She snapped a bone in her ankle when crossing Michigan Boulevard.

Of Edwin Burke, ABC Hollywood chatterer, who apparently has started one boy on a movie career. He broadcast the fact that M-G-M was looking for a six-toed boy, and later received a letter from a Sheboygan listener whose nine-year-old son has six toes on one foot. The motion picture company was notified, though it's still a mystery as to why they'd want a six-toed lad.

ALL AROUND THE TOWNS

CINCINNATI: The stork has come and gone and Jeannine Macy who had been on WLW's Lilac Time, has returned to the air. The stork left a boy and Jeannine goes on WSAI to sing on the Let's Have a Party series, replacing Louise Raymond . . . **Chicago:** After four years of marriage, Don Norman, WCFL's Man On the Street, and Peggy Stauford decided to call it a day. They were divorced . . . **Chicago:** The Lillian Raftis who plays the Irish widow in the ABC dramas, Mrs. Clancy, is really Irish and a widow . . . **Columbus, Ohio:** In case anyone's been confused, WAIU's call letters have been changed to WHKC. They also have some new studios.

* * *

CLEVELAND: Ford Rush, former Gene and Glenn partner, is moving his whole family to this city, having contracted for a long period on WTAM . . . **Los Angeles:** Another announcer shift is that of Reginald Allen, formerly with KGFI. He goes to KFXM, San Bernardino . . . **Knoxville:** When officials of WNOX discovered that college boys and co-eds made a practice of visiting the studios which are on the roof of a hotel, then sneaking out on the roof to spoon under the stars, a padlock was applied to the door. The new studios soon to be opened will eliminate all that. The auditorium studio is to be furnished with church pews instead of chairs. Seats more that way.

Don't RUB YOUR EYES



Invisible gritty dust particles make eyes reddened and sensitive. Don't rub dust in! Remove it safely with Murine. Cooling. Cleansing. Soothing.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Learn PHOTOGRAPHY at Home

Splendid opportunities. Prepare in spare time. Easy plan. No previous experience needed, common school education sufficient. Send for free booklet "Opportunities in Photography", particulars and requirements. American School of Photography Dept. 1386 3601 Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.

INVENTORS

Small ideas may have large commercial possibilities. Write us for FREE book, "Patent Guide for the Inventor" and "Record of Invention" form. Delays are dangerous in patent matters. Free information on how to proceed. CLARENCE A. O'BRIEN & HYMAN BERMAN 1-M Adams Building, Washington, D. C.

NEURITIS Relieve Pain In 9 Minutes

To relieve the torturing pain of Neuritis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia or Lumbago in 9 minutes, get the Doctor's Prescription **NURITO**. Absolutely safe. No opiates, no narcotics. Does the work quickly—must relieve your pain in nine minutes or money back at Drug-gist's. Don't suffer. Use guaranteed **NURITO** today.

KILL THE HAIR ROOT

Remove the hair permanently, safely, privately at home, following simple directions. The Mahler Method positively prevents the hair from growing again. The delightful relief will bring happiness, freedom of mind and greater success. Backed by 35 years of successful use all over the world. Send 6c in stamps TODAY for illustrated Booklet, "How to Remove Superfluous Hair Forever". D. J. Mahler Co., Dept. 586K, Providence, R. I.

LIGHTEN YOUR HAIR WITHOUT PEROXIDE

to ANY Shade you desire SAFELY in 5 to 15 minutes

Careful fastidious women avoid the use of peroxide because peroxide makes hair brittle. Lechler's Instantaneous Hair Lightener requires NO peroxide. Used as a paste it cannot streak. Eliminates "straw" look. Beneficial to permanent waves and bleached hair. Lightens blonde hair grown dark. This is the only preparation that also lightens the scalp. No more dark roots. Used over 20 years by famous beauties, stage and screen stars and children. Harmless. Guaranteed. Mailed complete with brush for application. . . . \$1

36 page booklet "The Art of Lightening Hair Without Peroxide" Free with your first order. LECHLER LABORATORIES, Inc. 560 Broadway (Dept. A.) New York, N. Y.

FRECKLES DISAPPEAR in 5 to 10 days

Don't worry over unsightly freckles. Here's a new way to remove them quickly and gently while you sleep. Simply apply Nadinola Freckle Cream over face and arms at night. Then watch freckles disappear usually in 5 to 10 days. Your skin is cleared, freshened, becomes satin-smooth. NADINOLA Freckle Cream is guaranteed by a laboratory with over 36 years' experience in this type of skin treatment. Only 60c at toilet counters; 10c size at Five and Ten Cent Stores. Or send a dime for trial package to NADINOLA, Box 145, Paris, Tenn.

NADINOLA Freckle Cream

NEVER TOOK A LESSON FROM A TEACHER

—yet Bob is the envy of his music-loving friends



You, too, can learn to play any instrument this amazingly simple way. No expensive teacher. No tiresome exercises or practicing. You learn at home, in your spare time. Yet almost before you know it you are playing real tunes! Then watch the invitations roll in—see how popular you become. Yet the cost is only a few cents a day.

EASY METHOD

You don't have to be "talented." You can't be too young or too old. No teacher to make you nervous. Course is thorough, rapid, simple as A-B-C. First you are told what to do—then a picture shows you how to do it—then you do it yourself and hear it. In a short time you become the envy of your friends, the life of every party.

DEMONSTRATION LESSON FREE!

Send for Free Demonstration Lesson, together with big free booklet which gives you details and proof that will astound you. No obligation. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC

3069-D Brunswick Bldg. New York City, N. Y.

SPARE TIME MONEY Sell 6 Different, New CHRISTMAS CARD ASSORTMENTS

Easy sales showing 21 Christmas Cards retail \$1. Big profit. Also Etchings, Humorous, Gift Wrappings Assts. Free Sample offer. Waltham Art Publishers, 7 Water St., Dept. 14, Boston, Mass. Cost You Low AS 25¢

PLEASANT SMOKE VAPOR gives quick relief to ASTHMATIC SUFFERERS

Send for FREE TRIAL package of 6 cigarettes—prove at our expense how Dr. Guild's Green Mountain Asthmatic Compound soothes and relieves Asthmatic paroxysms. Standard remedy at drug-gists. Cigarettes, 50¢ for 24. Powder, 25¢ and \$1. The J. H. Guild Co., Dept. EE-20, Rupert, Vt.

GREEN MOUNTAIN ASTHMATIC COMPOUND

END MONEY WORRIES This Quick Easy Way!

Just Show New Christmas Cards

Your friends, neighbors, relatives, organizations will be eager to order these new, modern, distinctive Christmas Cards. 175 designs such as they never saw before. Beauty that will take your breath away. Values so great they seem impossible. Box assortments. Religious cards. Gift wrappings. Everyday cards. Imprinting of names when wanted. The most complete greeting-card line in America. Biggest profits. Fastest sellers. No previous experience necessary. No cash deposit required. Saleable boxes sent on approval, postpaid. Rush name today.

THISTLE GREETINGS Dept. 8-J Cincinnati, Ohio

EXTRA BONUS Checks mailed at Christmas, on top of regular cash profits. Just like getting a big Christmas savings check.

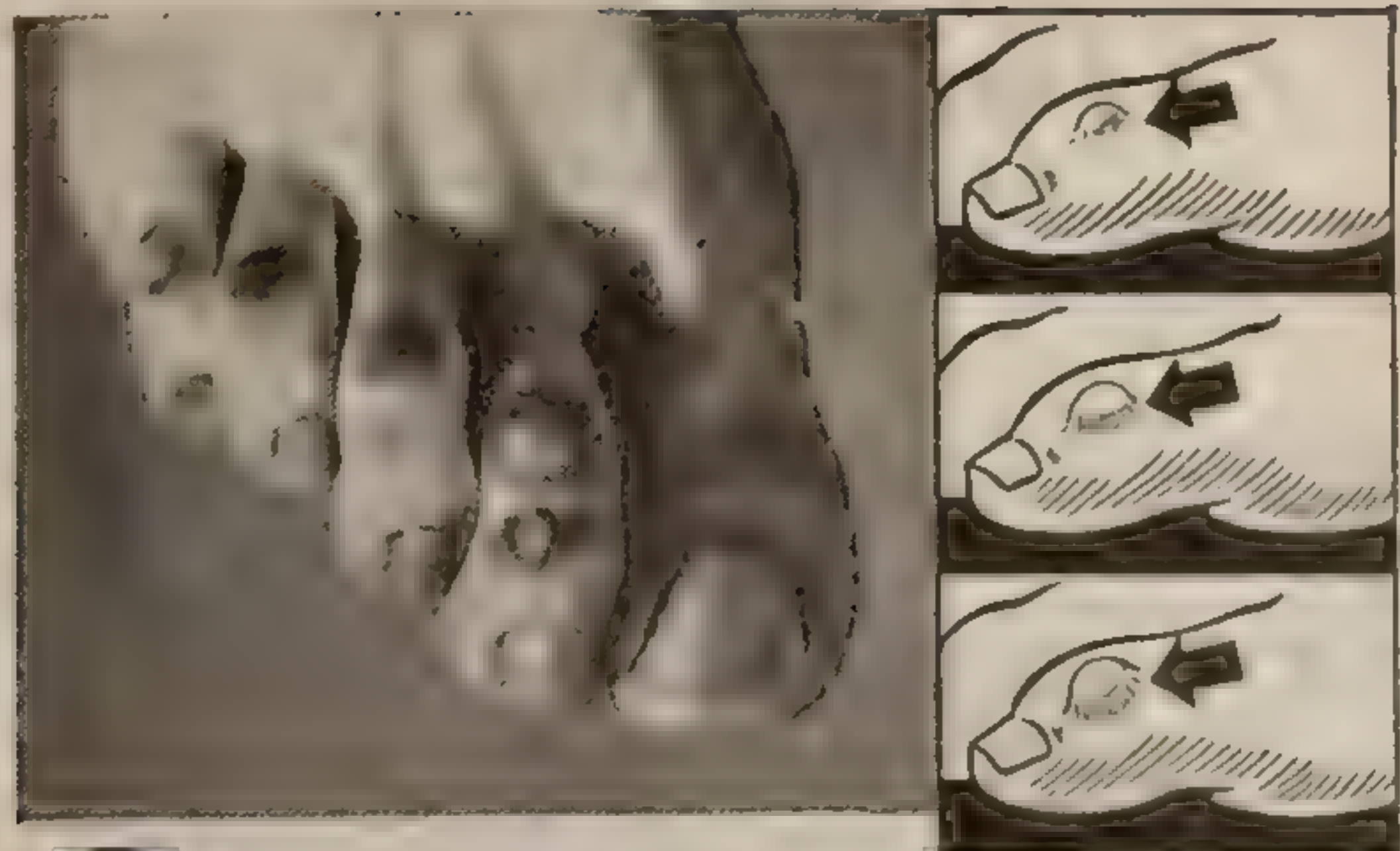
MEN & WOMEN Hotel Positions

Train NOW for hotel, club and institutional field. Salaries up to \$1,800 to \$5,000 a year, living often included. Previous experience proved unnecessary. Qualify at home, in leisure time. National Placement Service FREE of extra charge. Write name and address in margin of this ad, and mail today for FREE Book. Check positions in which you're interested.

GOOD PAY FASCINATING WORK LUXURIOUS SURROUNDINGS SPLENDID OPPORTUNITIES

() Manager () Steward
() Assistant Manager () Hostess
() Chief or Floor Clerk () Housekeeper
() Auditor () Cashier

LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS Room MP-8913 Washington, D. C.



Corns COME BACK BIGGER AND UGLIER

unless removed Root* and all

A CORN goes deep. When you cut or pare it at home, you merely trim the surface. The root remains imbedded in the toe. Soon the corn comes back bigger—more painful—than ever.

But when you Blue-Jay a corn, it's gone for good. In 3 short days the corn lifts out—root and all.

Blue-Jay is a tiny, modern, medicated plaster. Easy to use. Held snugly in place by Wet-Pruf adhesive. Cannot stick to stockings. Get Blue-Jay today and completely banish corns, root and all. 25¢ for package of 6 at all druggists.

FREE OFFER: We will be glad to send one Blue-Jay absolutely free to anyone who has a corn, to prove that it ends pain instantly, removes the corn completely. Just send your name and address to Bauer & Black, Dept. B-27, 2500 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill. Act quickly before this trial offer expires. Write today.

*A plug of dead cells root-like in form and position. If left may serve as focal point for renewed development.

No JOKE TO BE DEAF

—Every deaf person knows that—Mr. Way made himself hear his watch tick after being deaf for twenty-five years, with his Artificial Ear Drums. He wore them day and night. They stopped his head noises. They are invisible and comfortable, no wires or batteries. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Write for TRUE STORY. Also booklet on Deafness. **Artificial Ear Drum THE WAY COMPANY** 719 Hofmann Bldg. Detroit, Michigan

ITCH

... STOPPED IN ONE MINUTE...

Are you tormented with the itching tortures of eczema, rashes, athlete's foot, eruptions, or other skin afflictions? For quick and happy relief, use cooling, antiseptic, liquid **D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION**. Its gentle oils soothe the irritated skin. Clear, greaseless and stainless—dries fast. Stops the most intense itching instantly. A 35¢ trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or money back.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE— WITHOUT CALOMEL

And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

THE liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up". Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25¢ at all drug stores. © 1935, C. M. CO

CHICAGO: Dat ole debbil Windy City fixed ABC's Dave Edelson right enough the other day when he was doing his Sidewalks of Chicago broadcast. Dave had just stepped up to the microphone for the show and was starting to broadcast when a gust of wind snatched his sheets of paper and sent them careening madly away. Dave had to make up his questions as he went along.

Listeners said it sounded better than usual.

* * *

PAUSING IN OUR TRAVELS

MAY we present Dr. Luther S. H. Gable, a remarkable man? Listeners of the Affiliated Broadcasting Company hear him every Thursday at 6:30 P. M., CST, with his Wonder Why Club.

Dr. Gable is the lone survivor of a group of six chemical engineers who refined the first commercial radium in America and is the inventor of the luminous watch dials in this country. Last year, Gable conducted a radium expedition to the Arctic, travelling 3,000 miles by hydroplane in a successful search for new fields of radium. As a lecturer before clubs, schools and on the stage, Dr. Gable is a scientist who talks in plain language.

The program is presented sometimes as a narration by the doctor; sometimes as a visit to the laboratory with strange sound effects; sometimes as a thrilling drama of great accidents and scientific discoveries, with a student youth's voice ever inquiring:

"I wonder why radium costs so much . . . I wonder why the stars twinkle . . . I wonder what makes the Northern Lights go . . . I wonder why . . ."

What Do You Want to Say?

(Continued from page 10)

to say, I want to scream "I heard you the first time" at these kitchen experts who give recipes over the radio, dividing every word into syllables as they speak, and then repeating it, as if they were speaking to a very young or very deaf person. I realize we need time to write down a recipe, but why don't a few more take a lesson from Betty Crocker who pauses after each phrase, but does her repeating of the recipe in entirety—and quickly.

MRS. E. K. WHITESITT, Chanute, Kan.

\$1.00 PRIZE

SHE MISSES MYRT AND MARGE

The time between 7:00 and 7:15 P. M. will never be the same without Myrt and Marge.

I think their sad farewell brought to a close one of radio's most beloved programs.

Sponsor or no sponsor, I'll never be satisfied until Myrt and Marge come back again.

MRS. G. H. JULIAN, West Hartford, Conn.

\$1.00 PRIZE

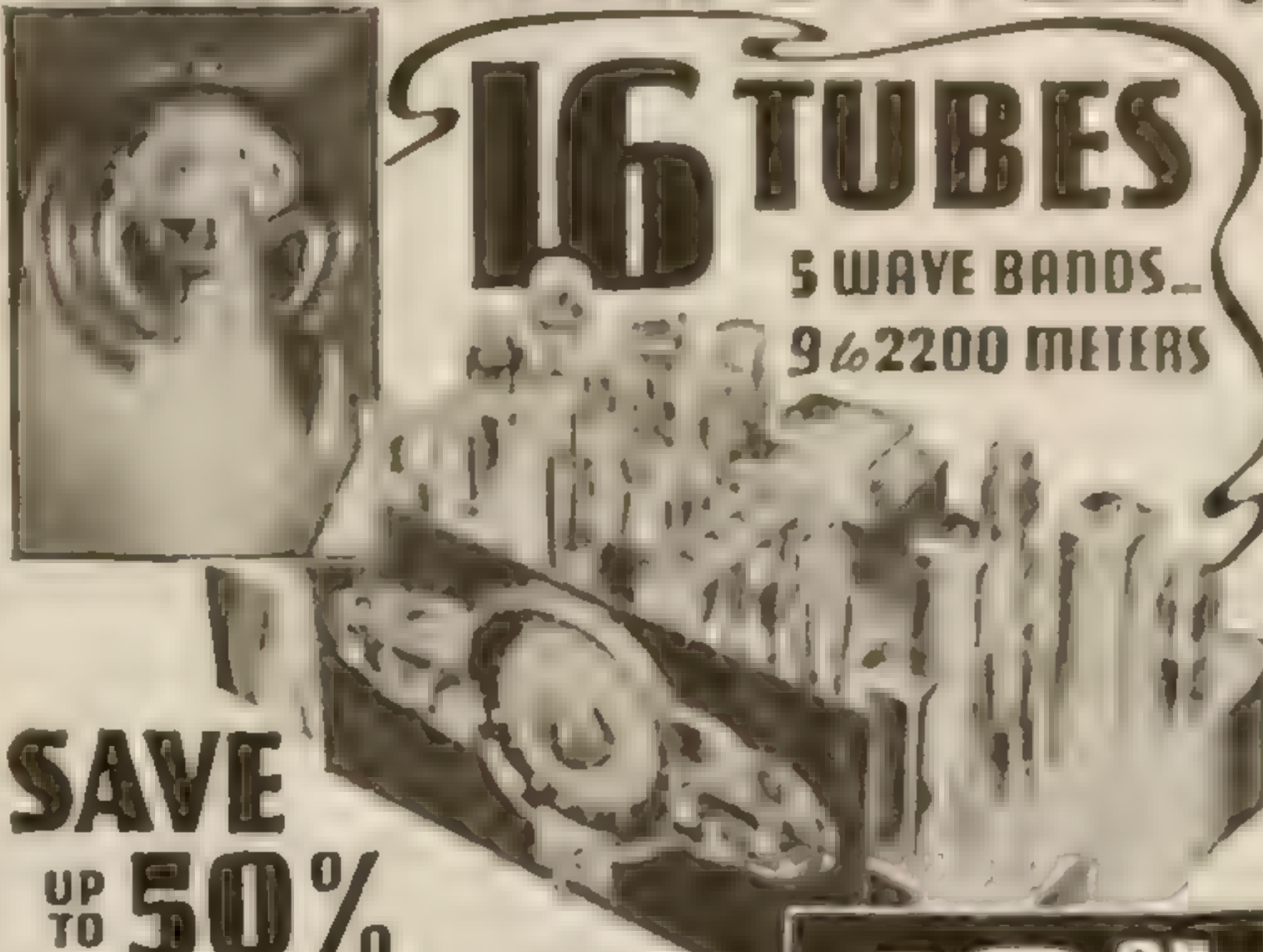
ARE GOOD TENORS ESSENTIAL?

How anyone can find fault with a good tenor is beyond me. How far would Ben Bernie be right now if he didn't have Ray Hendriks and Billy Wilson? The Old Maestro knows how to pick his vocalists and before them he had Jackie Heller and Frankie Parker. After hearing Kenny Baker sing "Stardust," well it only confirms my statement that a good tenor is an asset to any program. I have always looked on the singing of Joe Parsons as

(Continued on page 85)

NOW! SLASH ELECTRIC CURRENT BILLS in Half with...

Magic New Midwest Radio **ELECTRIK SAVER!**



SAVE UP TO 50%

DIRECT FROM FACTORY

EVERYWHERE, radio enthusiasts are praising this amazingly beautiful, bigger, better, more powerful, super selective 16-tube 5-band radio. Out-performs \$200 sets on point-for-point comparison. Before you decide, write for FREE 40-page 1937 catalog. Learn how you can save 50% by buying direct from factory. Why pay more?

16 TUBES
5 WAVE BANDS...
9 to 2200 METERS
\$49.95
COMPLETE WITH GIANT THEATRE-SOUND SPEAKER
TERMS \$10 A DAY

85 Advanced Features

Scores of marvelous features explain Midwest super performance and assure thrilling world-wide all-wave performance. You can switch instantly from American programs . . . to Canadian, police, amateur, commercial, airplane and ship broadcasts . . . to world's finest foreign programs. Powerful Triple Twin tubes (two tubes in one!)—give 18-tube results. Exclusive Elektrik-Saver cuts radio wattage consumption 50%—enables Midwest to operate on voltages as low as 80 volts . . . and to use no more current than ordinary 7-tube set.

30 Days FREE Trial

No middlemen's profits to pay—you buy at wholesale price direct from factory—saving 30% to 50%. As little as 10¢ a day pays for your Midwest . . . and you can try it out in your own home on 30 days FREE trial. You are triply protected with: Foreign Reception Guarantee, One-Year Warranty and Money-Back Guarantee.



MAIL COUPON TODAY for

Free 30-DAY TRIAL OFFER and 40-PAGE FOUR-COLOR Free CATALOG

MIDWEST RADIO CORP.
Dept. C-51, Cincinnati, Ohio

Without obligation on my part, send me your new FREE catalog and complete details of your liberal 30-day FREE trial offer. This is NOT an order.

Special offer and prices prevail only when dealing direct with factory by mail.

Name _____

Address _____

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\$1.00 a month
is all you need to pay for **LIFE INSURANCE**

Postal Life Insurance Company
RD-143, 511 Fifth Ave., New York

GOV'T. JOBS

SALARY TO START \$90 to \$175 MONTHLY
MEN WOMEN
Age Range 18 to 50

Village Clerk
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Special Agent
City Clerk
City Mail Carrier
P. O. Clerk
Stock Clerk
Sales Investigator
Typist

INSTRUCTION SERVICE, Dept. 315-A, St. Louis, Mo.

Send for FREE catalog. No obligation. All sent FREE.

Name _____

Address _____

REVEALING THE GREATEST HEART-THROB STORY IN
THE HISTORY OF THE FLORENCE CRITTENTON HOMES

I WAS AN UNMARRIED MOTHER!



FOR more than fifty years the Florence Crittenton Homes have been foremost in the great social service of ministering to girls who have transgressed the code of organized society. The story of this great service is in itself an inspiring document. Yet it does not compare with many of the individual histories of the unfortunate girls it has guided into worthy, honorable careers.

Realizing the tremendous wealth of human interest written between the lines in the records of these sixty-five homes operating with quiet, efficient dignity across the nation, TRUE STORY asked Dr. Robert South Barrett, National President of the mission, to tell you the most inspiring story of rehabilitation that has come to his attention from among the half a million girls who have been aided by the organization. The story of Virginia Day, beginning in the August issue, is the one he has revealed.

If you are interested in life, if you are interested in practical, common sense help for the unfortunate, if you are interested in knowing in a girl's own words the dramatic story of her betrayal and her courageous fight against the humiliations and handicaps of her life problem, don't miss "I Was An Unmarried Mother." It is at once a solemn warning to everyone and an inspiration to those who have dark days ahead. Look for the title "I Was An Unmarried Mother" in August TRUE STORY, now on sale.

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE

HIS BARGAIN WITH GOD—MAD MONEY—I HATED THE MAN I LOVED—AS LONG AS THERE IS LOVE—THE WOMAN I CAST OUT—I TRIED TO LIVE MY CHILDREN'S LIVES—STRENGTH TO BE FAITHFUL—HEART-BREAK IN SING SING BY WARDEN LEWIS E. LAWES—RUNAWAY MARRIAGE—THE MURDER IN MY HEART—EDGAR GUEST TELLS HIS OWN STORY—STRANGER THAN FICTION—HOME PROBLEMS FORUM—YOUR FAVORITE SCREEN STARS—I'LL NEVER FORGET—THE HOMEMAKER CONDUCTED BY PROFESSOR BRISTOW ADAMS OF CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

ON THE SCREEN

If you are one of the great number of readers who have wanted to see TRUE STORY brought to the screen, you will be delighted to know that arrangements have been completed with Columbia Pictures to make your wish come true! Production on the initial release will get under way in the near future and it will not be long until you can enjoy your favorite magazine on the screen of your favorite theater. Watch for further announcements as this thrilling new feature develops. Ask the manager of your local theater when you can see TRUE STORY Pictures.

TWO GREAT TRUE STORY RADIO PROGRAMS EACH WEEK! TUNE IN THE TRUE STORY COURT OF HUMAN RELATIONS EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT, NBC COAST-TO-COAST RED NETWORK. SEE YOUR LOCAL PAPER FOR NEAREST STATION AND EXACT TIME. ALSO THE FAMOUS RADIO COURT OF GOOD WILL IS NOW SPONSORED BY TRUE STORY EVERY SUNDAY NIGHT. WLW, CINCINNATI; WMCA, NEW YORK; WOR, NEWARK, AND OTHER POWERFUL STATIONS. LOCAL RADIO COLUMNS GIVE HOUR AND NEAREST STATION. HEAR AND ENJOY BOTH OF THESE STIRRING PROGRAMS.

True Story

AUGUST ISSUE NOW AT ALL NEWS STANDS!

No Matter What Your Age
No Need Now to Let
Gray Hair
Cheat You



Now Comb Away Gray This Easy Way

GRAY hair is risky. It screams: "You are getting old!" To end gray hair handicaps all you now have to do is comb it once a day for several days with a few drops of Kolor-Bak sprinkled on your comb, and afterwards regularly only once or twice a week to keep your hair looking nice. Kolor-Bak is a solution for artificially coloring gray hair that imparts color and charm and abolishes gray hair worries. Grayness disappears within a week or two and users report the change is so gradual and so perfect that their friends forget they ever had a gray hair and no one knew they did a thing to it.

Make This Trial Test

Will you test Kolor-Bak without risking a single cent? Then, go to your drug or department store today and get a bottle of Kolor-Bak. Test it under our guarantee that it must make you look 10 years younger and far more attractive or we will pay back your money.

FREE Buy a bottle of KOLOR-BAK today and send top flap of carton to United Remedies, Dept 449, 544 So. Wells St., Chicago—and receive **FREE AND POSTPAID** a 50c box of KUBAK Shampoo.

PERSONALITY

Let the secrets of Hollywood and London help you to win love, health, success and beauty. • A training course in poise, voice culture, and all the arts of making yourself attractive. • Separate lessons for men and women, please state sex. Six lessons in plain wrapper for \$1.00.

LADY LYTTON STUDIO Box 226, Haverhill, Mass.

EARN EASY EXTRA MONEY
Sell Personal Christmas Cards & Stationery from album of 100 samples. Also special low priced line of personal humorous cards. Big commissions. **Also New 21-Folder Xmas Assortment**—Master Creation of 1936. Sells for \$1. Your profit 50c. 6 other boxes—new style Etching, Gift Wrapping, Humorous, Religious, De-Luxe, Every-Day. Extra Bonuses. Experience unnecessary. Write today for 21 **SAMPLES** card box on approval and free sample personal cards. **FREE** WALLACE BROWN, INC., 225 Fifth Ave., Dept. MG-2, New York

Sore Eyes?
Bathe them with LAVOPTIK
Instant relief for inflamed, sore, tired, strained or itching eyes. 6000 eyesight specialists endorse it. 25 years success. Get Lavoptik with free eye cup from your druggist.

**LET KIDNEYS
FLUSH OUT
3 LBS. A DAY**

Clean Out 15 Miles of Kidney Tubes

Nature put over 15 miles of tiny tubes and filters in your kidneys to strain the waste matter out of the blood. Kidneys should pass 3 pints a day and so get rid of more than 3 pounds of waste matter.

When the passing of water is scanty, with smarting and burning, the 15 miles of kidney tubes may need flushing. This danger signal may be the beginning of nagging backache, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes and dizziness.

If kidneys don't empty 3 pints a day and so get rid of more than 3 pounds of waste matter, your body may take up some of these poisons causing serious trouble. Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and help the kidneys to flush out 3 pounds a day. Insist on Doan's Pills.

(Continued from page 83)

more than a novelty or anything else of which the attraction is fast wearing off. For all time and any time, let me listen to an orchestra or program which has as one of its stars a good tenor.

RAY RODAHL, Duluth, Minn.

HONORABLE MENTION

"This month and last we have had to listen to 'Wah-hoo.' I think they played and sang this number in every language except the Chinese. Isn't it possible for some code to be effected that would eliminate such repetition?"—LYDIA JORDAN, Baltimore, Md.

"We always thought 'crooning' was something sweet and low—our mistake—but when men put those awful sobs and throaty shouts into their voices it is just too much. Why even the dog lifts up his voice and howls in protest."—MRS. G. POOLE, New Rochelle, New York.

"The Show Boat first went into rough waters when lovely Annette Hanshaw left the cast. Her unique voice and charming personality were the highlights of each program. Minus Annette the ole boat has never been the same. Consequently, Cap'n Henry and Muriel Wilson left and went 'ashore.' By this time the Show Boat was a badly damaged 'vessel.' And instead of docking the 'boat' and discovering the cause of the damage, it continued on its way, slowly coming to disaster.

"And now Conrad Thibault has left! So the once perfect Show Boat is slowly 'sinking.'"—MARIE C. BASILE, Long Island City, N. Y.

"I have no doubt Today's Children is one of the most popular of the morning broadcasts. I for one, enjoy it immensely. But I do have a criticism to make. Why continue working in new characters? It is hard to keep track of the regular ones, and as the story branches forth in different channels every day, it is difficult to keep up with it, particularly if one happens to miss a broadcast."—MRS. F. W. BAUMANN, Washington, D. C.

"One of the most interesting features on the air is the Melody Treasure Hunt broadcast over station WOR and the Mutual Broadcasting System on Thursday nights. Its purpose is to discover amateur songwriting talent. And believe me, some of the songs heard recently have been great."—HAROLD ASEN, Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Hail to you, Martha Deane—if you were advertising sawdust sausages I should still tune in and enjoy your verbal symphony."—BEATRICE MERRICK, Springfield, Mass.

"If the Parisian tenor soloist on Manhattan Merry-Go-Round is ever eliminated I'll take down the aerial, pull out the ground connection and sell the radio to the first bidder. Now, being of mature years, naturally I am not in love with the owner of that thrilling voice, but God bestowed a gift of magnetism in his voice."—I. F. CLARK, Paso Robles, Cal.

Fame and fortune didn't always smile on the singing star of Ken Murray's program. The tough jobs and hard knocks Phil Regan had to take as a youngster make an appealing story you won't want to miss—in the **OCTOBER RADIO MIRROR**.



NO MORE INK SPOTS

on Hands, Clothes, Woodwork, or Rugs

WHEN THEY START HOMEWORK—

due to Parker's new ink that washes out without trace!

Parker WASHABLE Quink is the only ink that can be spilled SAFELY. And ink is sure to be spilled sometime. So throw out your present ink and take the precaution of getting WASHABLE Quink before another day of school.

One housewife writes us that 15c spent for Parker WASHABLE Quink saved her \$500 rug from ruin.

The Parker Pen Company spent \$68,000 to develop Quink to guard the celebrated Parker Pens from sediment left by pen-clogging inks. A harmless ingredient in Quink dissolves sediment—cleanses your pen as it writes—a Parker or any other pen. This ends clogging. Quink starts instantly—works like a charm. And Quink dries so fast on paper that people say, "I've thrown away my blotters and old ink."

Don't get our PERMANENT Quink unless it's for everlasting records. It's as permanent as the paper. And don't risk other so-called washable inks that may leave a stain. Be sure to ask for WASHABLE

**Parker
Quink**

QUINK by its full name. Not a watery ink, but rich, full-bodied, and brilliant in color. 15c or 25c.

Made by The Parker Pen Co., Janesville, Wis.

**For Age-Lines, Wrinkles,
Flabby Skin, Blemishes,
Try This Beauty Secret**



**Mail Coupon Today for This
3-Minute Beauty Treatment**

Use Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay Creme just 3 minutes instead of an hour with elaborate beauty treatments. Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay means "Always Young" and this creme youthifies and beautifies skin amazingly. Its rare Eastern oils cleanse, freshen, firm and whiten skin instantly. Removes erasable lines, wrinkles. Removes coarse pores. In red oral container—with push-up bottom. Carry with you for use anywhere. Or obtainable in original cake form if desired. All toilet goods counters. 60c.



Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay

FREE—Mail coupon for 7-day package Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay Creme. Will include introductory packages Sem-pray Rouge and Face Powder **FREE**.

ELIZABETH HUSTED, Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay Co., Suite 1245-G, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Send generous 7-day package Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay Creme. Include introductory package Sem-pray Rouge and Face Powder **FREE**. I enclose 10c for packing and mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

COMING NEXT MONTH
\$25,000.00
MANUSCRIPT CONTEST
25 PRIZES of \$1,000.00 EACH

A great new true story manuscript contest will begin next month. It will run for three months and will pay the handsome sum of \$1,000 to each of twenty-five fortunate men and women many of whom in all probability have never written a word for publication. Twenty-five thousand dollars for twenty-five stories—was there ever a more sensational offer or one which held out to the individual contestant a greater opportunity to convert a story into a handsome sum in cash?

The chances are you know a true story of quality and calibre to put you in line for one of these prizes. If you know of such a story it would be a pity indeed not to set it down and send it in. If you win, you win \$1,000. And to win \$1,000 you do not have to submit the best story, nor the tenth best, nor the twentieth. If yours should be the twenty-fifth best it would still be worth \$1,000 to you.

Now is the time to begin making preparations. Start to work out the details of your story. Send for a copy of the booklet "Facts You Should Know About Writing True Stories". Study the simple technique which has proved to be most effective in writing true stories. With this advance notice you have ample time to do a splendid job. Remember, twenty-five men and women are going to receive \$1,000 each.

In addition to awarding twenty-five \$1,000 prizes to the twenty-five best stories received we will consider many others for purchase at our liberal word rates. So even though your story should fall slightly short of winning one of the great \$1,000 prizes you may still realize a substantial sum for it.

By all means plan to send in your story as soon after the contest opens as you conveniently can. This assures early attention and perhaps an early sale with a big prize check to follow later.

Next month's issue of this magazine will contain complete rules. Watch for them and follow them carefully in preparing your entry for submittal. If you want to submit more than one entry you may do so. Only one prize will be awarded to any individual but we may purchase several stories from the same person if they are suitable for publication.

We repeat, and we cannot emphasize it too strongly, if you wish to take full advantage of one of the greatest opportunities of its kind ever offered, *now is the time to prepare*. In sending for the booklet be sure to use the address as given in the coupon.

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 (Print name of state in full.)

Backstage on the White

Rabbit Line

(Continued from page 45)

back and wiggles it.

You can't throw them out of their stride, either! Renee Terry, big for her eleven years, with golden curls over her shoulders, hurries over to the piano. As she picks up a sheet of music, one of the cast, stowed away under the piano, takes hold of the hem of her dress and gives it a yank. Startled, she jumps aside, but manages to begin her song on the right beat. The audience and all the children laugh.

Other frequent passengers of the White Rabbit Line are Jimmy Burke, who plays the trumpet, Audrey Egan, the Linden Trio, Marie Skinner, Joyce Walsh's sister Jean, Dante Saraceni, Vivian Smolen, Eleanor Glantz, Peggy Zinke, Billy and Bobby Mauch, Margaret MacLaren, Estelle Levy, Mildred Schneider, Nancy Peterson, Mary Oldham, the Stevens children, Jackie Kelp, Winifred Toomey, Florence Halop, Thomas Brady, Mary Baune, Patsy and Dotty Dowd, Anne Heather, Edna Roebing, Dabby Lewis, Walter Scott, and Andy, Jimmy, and Tommy Donnelly. Many of them are busy much of the time in commercial shows, too, but they always return to Milton Cross' hour.

Perhaps the few minutes which follow the program are the happiest of all for Mr. Cross. During them, he wanders about, talking to the children, inquiring about the many little things in their little lives. The Stevens children are going to school now—Patsy and Dotty Dowd are over their colds—the Donnelly family spent yesterday in the park. Trivialities? Perhaps, but they mean as much to him as they do to any father.

INDEED Mr. Cross is almost a second father to every child on his program, and for a sad and touching reason. His own little daughter, Gale, an only child, died three years ago, when she was only eight. Since then, the White Rabbit Line and its passengers have been more than ever important to him. Gale was ill in the hospital for six weeks; all that time, and for months after she died, letters of hope and encouragement came for her from all over the United States. She, too, had been on the White Rabbit Line once or twice, and she knew all of her father's favorite songs, so as he presides over a broadcast, perhaps Mr. Cross feels, sometimes, that Gale is there, too.

I know that he has helped several of the children, financially, to get a musical education. How many he has helped, nobody knows but Mr. Cross himself. And I don't think he'll ever tell.

Weekends, he often has three or four of the children visiting him on his farm at Tarrytown, up the Hudson River from Manhattan. Mrs. Cross loves them as much as he, and they both look forward to these house-parties as much as other radio stars do to more sophisticated social affairs.

When they haven't been on the program for two or three weeks, the children always write to him, or drop in and see him at his office, where even in the midst of the busiest day he always manages to spend an hour or two.

Without the shadow of a doubt, it is this personal note of his love for the program which gives it its unique, homelike quality. Necessarily, it must have its efficient, business-like side. Auditions for it alone are a full-time job for Madge Tucker, who presides over an office where



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C.S.N.-trained practical nurses all over the country are earning as much as \$25 to \$35 a week in private practice, in hospitals and sanitariums. Others, like Miss C. H., own nursing-homes. This easy-to-understand course, successful for 37 years and endorsed by physicians—enables men and women 18 to 60 to prepare themselves at home and in their spare time for any type of practical nursing. Best of all, it is possible to earn while learning—Mrs. F. M. took her first case before completing the first lesson and earned \$400 in three months!

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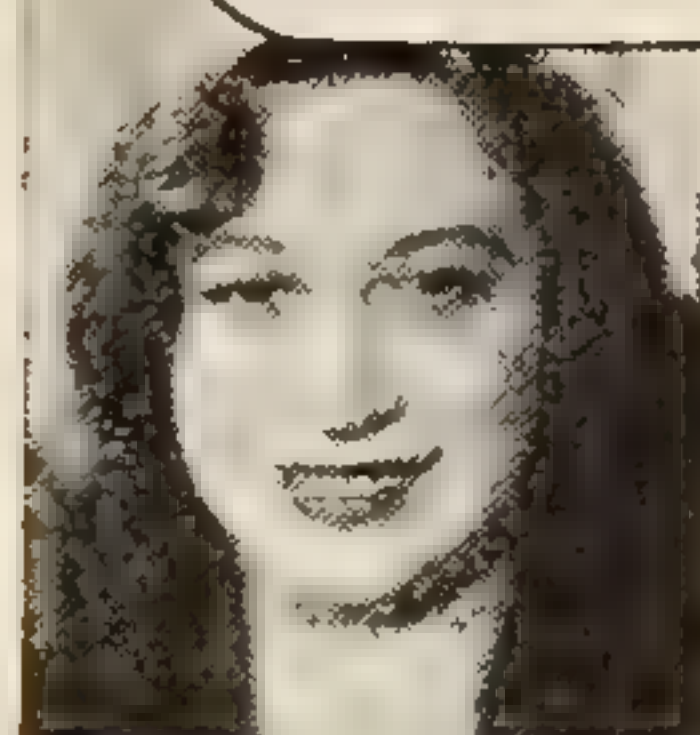
Dept. 189, 100 East Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill. Please send booklet and 32 sample lesson pages.

Name.....

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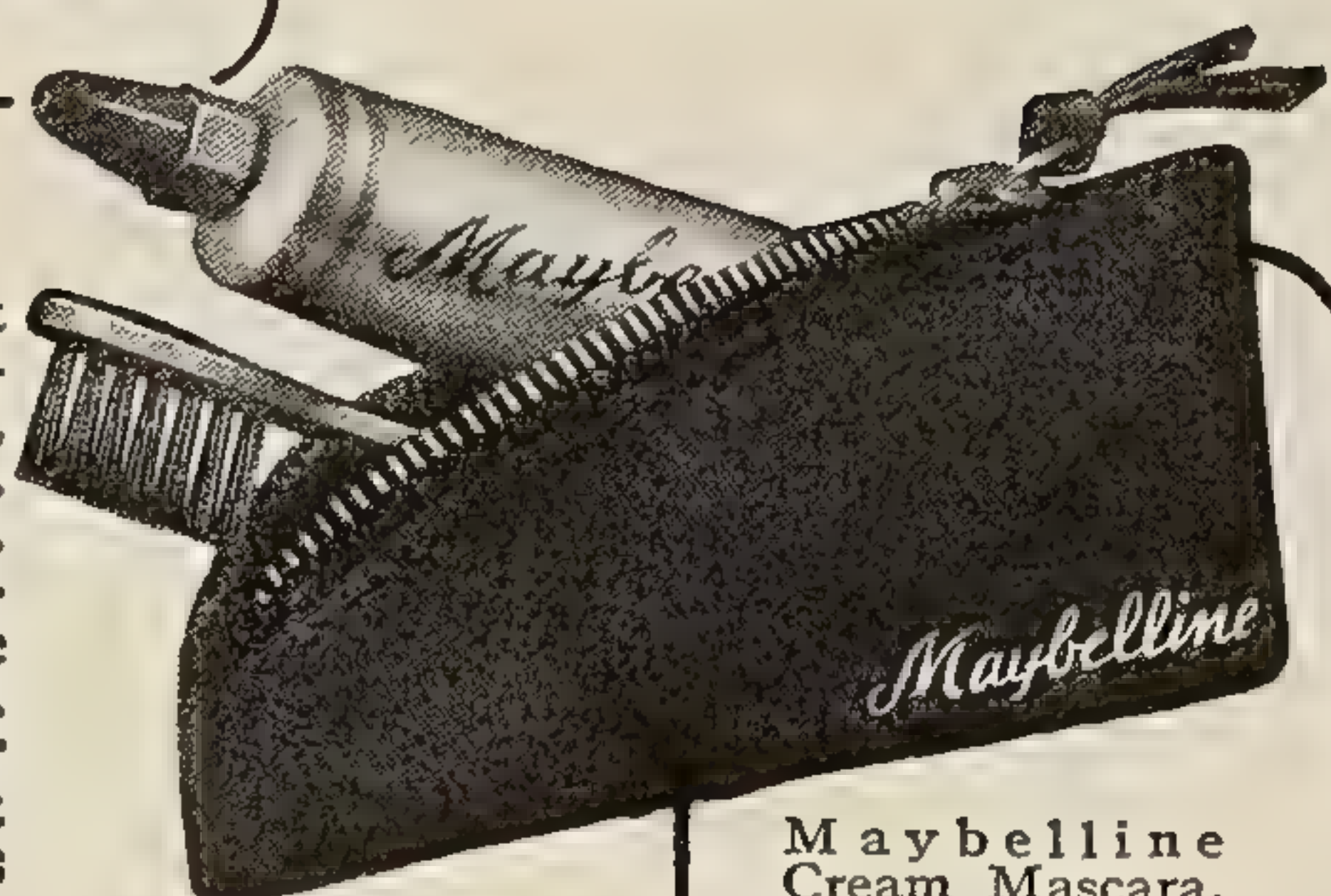


Eye Make-up by **MAYBELLINE**



Rose Saphire

Rose Saphire, New York's famous hat stylist, designs this gorgeous Roman-striped velvet turban—perfect with furs, and proper from noon till midnight. Here is a fashion hint from Mme. Saphire: "Turbans are famous for flattery to the eyes—and your eyes are your most important beauty feature. Therefore, since beauty orders 'Eyes to the front', your eye make-up must naturally be selected with utmost care. Women of discrimination choose Maybelline as the finest which money can buy."



Maybelline Cream Mascara, complete in smart zipper bag—separate pocket for brush. Black, Brown and Blue—75c.



Maybelline famous Solid Form Mascara. Black, Brown and Blue, in gold metal vanity.



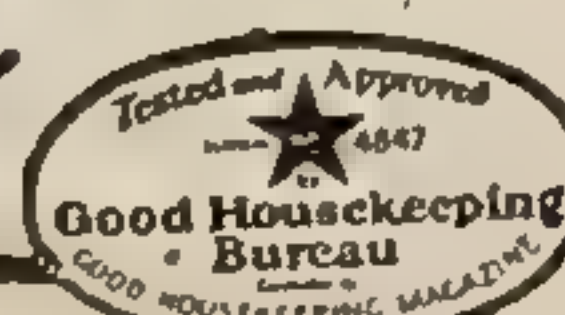
Maybelline Eye Shadow, Smooth, Creamy, in Blue, Blue-Gray, Brown, Green and Violet.



Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil, smooth marking. Black, Brown and Blue.

Maybelline

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS



the children come to try out. She also writes the weekly script. Then there's the job of selecting and arranging the music, attended to by two expert helpers, Ethel Hart and Sylvia Altman.

All the details of a popular and well-established radio show are there—all the files and neatly typed records, all the music-copyright worries, all the try-outs and script changes—but to Milton Cross they don't signify much. He thinks of the program in terms of the children who romp around and pummel him at rehearsals, the kids he loves. And after all, that's probably the wisest way.

Keep Cool with Gelatin

Dishes

(Continued from page 15)

bean puree, with two tablespoons lemon juice and a small wineglass of sherry wine. Chill in mold which has been rinsed in cold water, and serve with lemon slices and finely diced hard boiled egg.

Cold sliced meats, deservedly popular hot weather fare, become a very exciting dish indeed when combined with vegetables and served in aspic. Frank's favorite combination is boiled beef, tomatoes and radishes, but you may use any combination that strikes your fancy and the result will be equally pleasing.

COLD SLICED MEAT IN ASPIC

- 1 tablespoon gelatin
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups stock (beef when using sliced beef; chicken for other meats; beef cubes or canned beef or chicken bouillon may be used)
- Sliced beef
- Sliced tomatoes
- Sliced radishes

Soak the gelatin in water, add to hot consomme and stir until dissolved. Pour a thin layer into a mold which has been rinsed in cold water. When it stiffens arrange the tomato and radish slices in a pattern. Add a second layer of the aspic; when it has stiffened, add slices of the cold beef, cover with more aspic, and continue with the alternating layers, allowing each layer of aspic to stiffen slightly before covering it with the next. Chill, unmold and serve with a garnish of radishes and green pepper rings.

Julia prefers Chicken Supreme in Aspic for her cold entree. The directions for making the aspic are the same as those given above, except that you want to be sure to use chicken consomme instead of beef. Chicken Supreme simply means breast of chicken. Remove the breast, intact, from chicken which has simmered in stock until the meat begins to separate from the bones, and remove the skin carefully. When the first layer of aspic has stiffened in the mold, arrange slices of cucumber, hardboiled eggs and pimiento stuffed olives in a pattern, and add a second layer of aspic. When this stiffens, arrange the chicken breast in the mold, pour aspic over and around it, repeat the cucumber, egg and olive pattern, and add a final layer of aspic.

I'll be glad to send you recipes for Spanish Cream, peach mousse and raspberry whip, together with the cinnamon flavored sauce Julia says is so delicious with fruit desserts. Also the carrot and cabbage salad pictured in the beginning of this article. Just send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your request to Mrs. Margaret Simpson, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

Radio Mirror Rapid Program Directory

(Continued from page 53)

Mutual's Best Bets

(All times Eastern Daylight Saving)

SUNDAY

National Amateur Night, with Benny Rubin and Arnold Johnson's orchestra. Veteran amateur program. (6:00 P.M.)

The Art of Song—orchestra under direction of Alfred Wallenstein; Hazel Hayes, soloist—classical music and lieder songs. (8:00 P.M.)

Good-Will Court—radio's crack human interest drama. (10:30 P.M.)

Guy Lombardo's Orchestra. (12:30 A.M.)

MONDAY

The Witch's Tale—eeriest of the radio spook shows and continuously entertaining. (10:00 P.M.)

Crosley Follies—musical revue with Bill Stoess' orchestra, soloists and chorus. (11:30 P.M.)

TUESDAY

Omar the Mystic. (Mondays through Fridays, 5:15 P.M.)

Alfred Wallenstein's Sinfonietta. (8:30 P.M.)

WEDNESDAY

Mollie of the Movies. (Mondays through Fridays, 3:00 P.M.)

The Lone Ranger. (Monday, Wednesday, Friday, 7:30 P.M.)

The Music Box—orchestra and chorus directed by Virginio Marucci, Mary Wood and Bailey Axton, soloists, in popular and semi-classical music. (8:30 P.M.)

THURSDAY

Grand Opera and Philharmonic Symphony from Lewisohn Stadium. (8:30 P.M.)

Gabriel Heatter. (9:00 P.M.)

FRIDAY

Cesare Sodero directs opera with Willard Amison, Stuart Gracey, large chorus. (9:15 P.M.)

Sophie Tucker and her orchestra. (12:30 A.M.)

SATURDAY

Bryan Field at the Races from Empire City—exclusive descriptions of New York stake races. (4:00 P.M.)

Sherlock Holmes—with Richard Gordon and Harold West. (7:30 P.M.)

Philharmonic Concert from Lewisohn Stadium. (8:30 P.M.)

Mutual's Saturday Night Dance Cavalcade, featuring Lloyd Huntley, Griff Williams, Shep Fields, Guy Lombardo, Horace Heidt. (10:30 P.M. to 2:00 A.M.)



Meet Rita Whiteman, attractive songstress on station WNEW, and Joymakers on WMCA, Wednesdays.

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Feet are easily infected. So don't accept any treatment unless you *know* it is *medically safe*. Above all don't cut your corns or callouses or use caustic liquids or harsh plasters. Be safe and sure—remove them with New *De Luxe* Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads and the separate *Medicated Disks*, included in every box. Pain is instantly relieved and in a short time your corns or callouses lift right out! These soothing, healing pads stop nagging shoe pressure; prevent sore toes and blisters. Easy to apply. New *De Luxe* Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are flesh color, waterproof; don't stick to stocking or come off in the bath. Made in sizes for Corns, Callouses, Bunions and Soft Corns between toes. Sold at all drug, shoe and department stores.

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ALICE WHITE MOVIE ACTRESS WEARING WILKNIT HOSIERY

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

John W. J., Jersey City, N. J.—Chandor's theme song has no name. It's just special music written for his program.

L. G. H., San Francisco, Calif.—Tony and Gus have gone off the air. When they will return is not known at present. However, should they get a spot, you can be sure the announce-

ment will appear in RADIO MIRROR.

Anne B., Belleville, N. J.—Many people have missed Elsie Hitz and Nick Dawson. They will be back soon and are now looking for a suitable story which they hope will become as popular as Dangerous Paradise was.

B. Sax, New York, N. Y.—Edward Johnstone is the name of the man who writes the Buck Rogers sequences. He's about thirty-five years old and is what one might term an amateur scientist. You can write to Mr. Johnstone in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Avenue, New York.

Mrs. John M. H., Dallas, Pa.—Now, if Parkyakarkus was Eddie Cantor's son-in-law don't you think RADIO MIRROR would know about it and then, of course, you would, too?

F. M., Brooklyn, New York—Willie Morris, soprano, is not married so go ahead and write to her in care of her agent, Dave Alber, 1619 Broadway, New York City.

HAVE you a pet superstition?

Maybe it's the same one as Deane Janis'. She believes in her lucky day—October 1. She made her radio debut in Chicago, on that date and also signed her CBS Caravan contract.

Rosaline Greene, Show Boat's Mary Lou, carries a small white elephant with her wherever she goes. So far it has helped her to sign five contracts.

Of course there's the old proverbial mirror, and Phil Baker lives in dread of that.

Phillips Lord, of Gang Busters fame, will tell you he has no superstitions, but he never fails to rub his chin three times before he goes on the air.

I'd better get out the question box now. The first one comes from

Mrs. J. S., Utica, New York—The broadcasting company could not supply the name of the church that Dr. Crane broadcast from. I'd suggest that you write to the Federation of Churches, 105 East 22nd Street, New York City. They might have a record of this.

Bernice H. M., Omaha, Nebraska—I'm sure that Dorothy Oreslin who sings over WEAf is not the same girl you knew in Des Moines. In the first place she hails from Albany, New York. Secondly, she is very young and could hardly have been married fourteen years ago.

Barbara M. W., East Orange, N. J.—RADIO MIRROR didn't run a gallery picture of Patti Chapin on one side and Nelson Eddy on the other. However, we ran a gallery shot of Nelson in the April, 1935, issue. We also ran a full length feature story on Nelson Eddy in the February, 1936, issue. If you desire these two issues, write to the Back Issue Department, 1926 Broadway, New York City, enclosing 20c for each copy.

Lanny Ross fans, attention!—Mary Munger, 23 Harvard Street, Pittsfield, Mass. wants you to get in touch with her. Mary's been running the Lanny Ross club for over a year. They issue a paper every month and each member receives a photo of Mr. Ross.

Mrs. Virginia K., Kansas City, Mo.—James Melton is not broadcasting regularly at present. He's in Hollywood making pictures. However, I am sure you have been hearing him from

YOU CAN'T BEAT THE

ORACLE—NO MATTER

WHAT YOUR QUESTION

time to time as guest star on Hollywood Hotel and Shell Chateau. Jimmy was born in Moultrie, Georgia, on January 2, 1904. It was at the Citra Church in Citra, Florida, that he made his debut as a singer. Jimmy also played the saxophone in college bands.

Mrs. Wm. Mc., Mansfield, Ohio—If you'll write and let me know what stars' photos you want, I will tell you where you can get them. RADIO MIRROR hopes it has pleased you these past few months in the selection of new pictures.

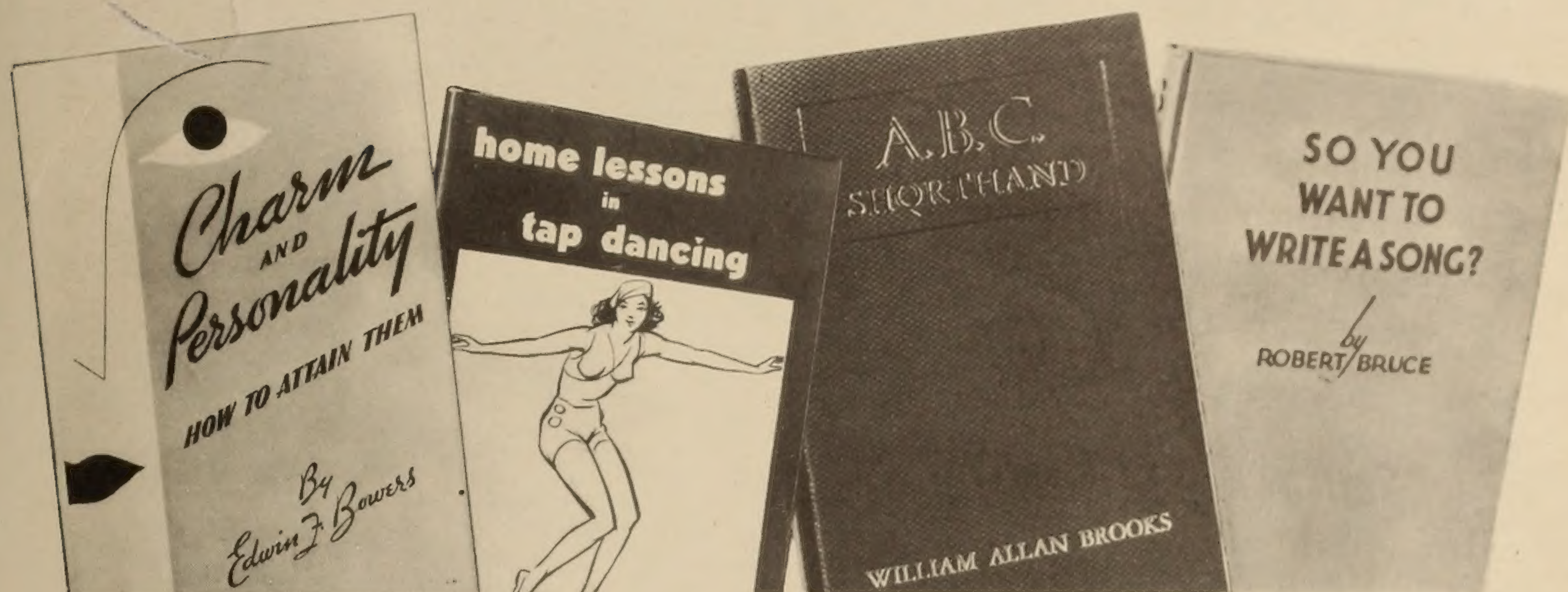
Margaret Johnson, the Honeychile of the Atlantic Family program, looks on while Bob Hope, her co-star, tootles a very merry woodland serenade.



IF YOU ARE AMBITIOUS

One of These Timely Self-help Books

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